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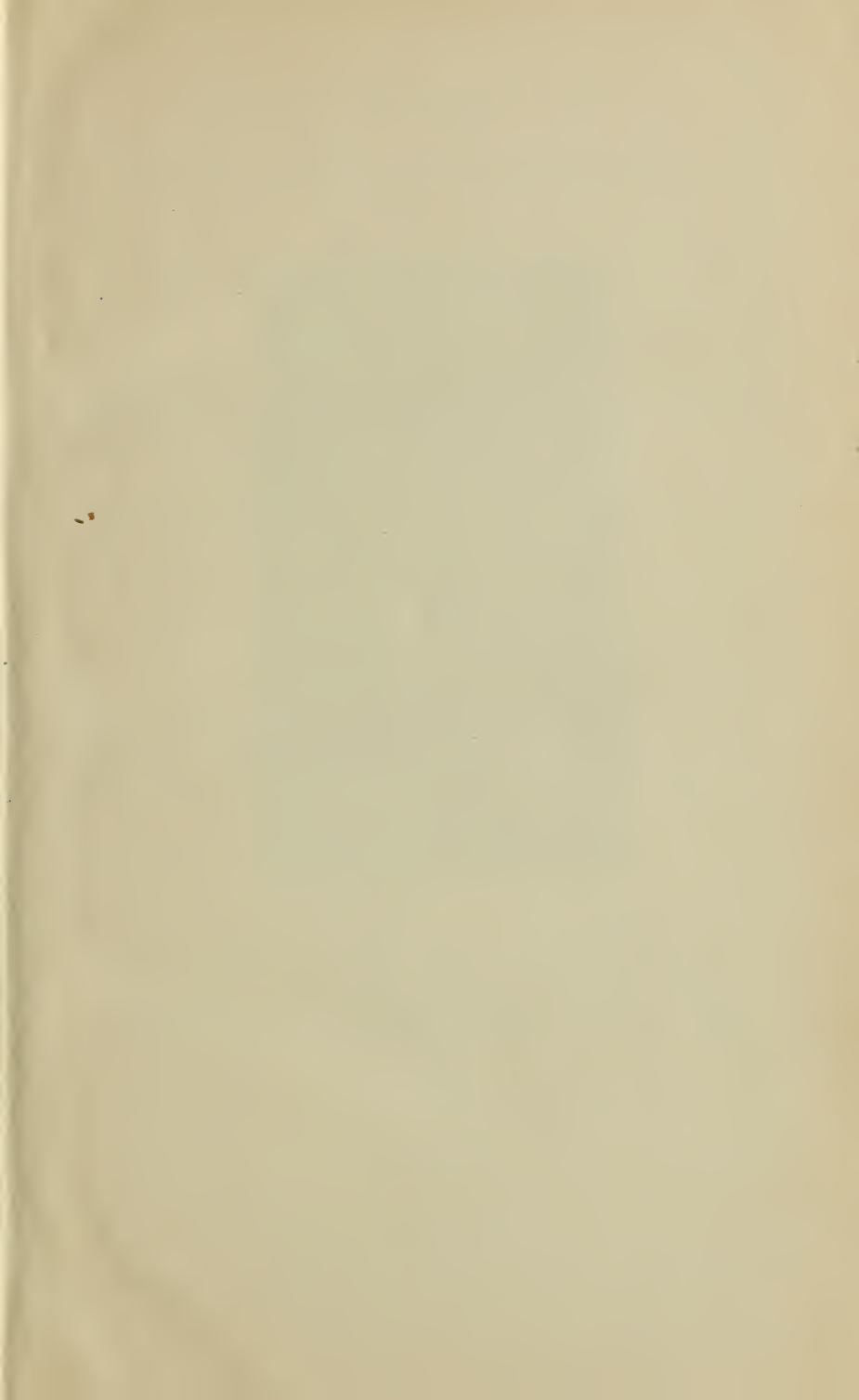
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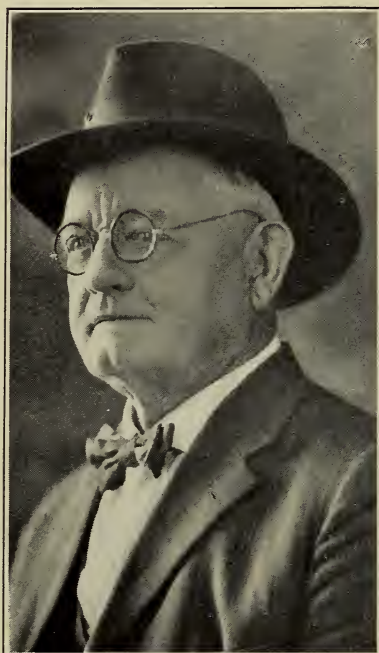
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COL. J. P. GUTELIUS

*At one time President of the International Association of Auctioneers; President three terms of Auctioneers Association of Oklahoma; President of the El Reno Auction School; thirty-two years on the block. Sixty-eight years of age; a live wire today*

# HIGH LIGHTS ON AUCTIONEERING

Opening Talks For Auction Sales

Giving the actual words and figures and the mode of operation in  
many of the most important auction sales in the  
history of the country

BY

COL. <sup>James</sup> J. P. GUTELIUS

The converted auctioneer, with 32 years experience on the block

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## PREFACE

The main object of this book is to have you take a journey with a *real, practical auctioneer*, who has spent thirty-two years on the way, beginning fifteen years before auction schools were heard of, and picture to you the real battles of a beginner; the successes and failures, the sunshine and shadows, that are characteristic of any man who has an ambition to go to the top.

The author of this book had wonderful experiences in thoroughbred stock sales, and remarkable success in real estate and merchandise auctions. He had the honor of being president of the International Auctioneers Association of U. S. A., Canada and Mexico, and three terms as president of the Auctioneers Association of Oklahoma. He desires to write out of his experience a book that will give the man who has an auction bee buzzing in his bonnet the shortest route to the auction block.

Several times in this book he says that an auctioneer is born, not made. For several years he was president of the El Reno Auction School. There he learned this fact. When we say born, we mean that he must be naturally a man of strong personality, good judgment, and very strong lung power. The profession must be fascinating to him, and he should be a live wire on general principles—clean and reliable.

The reader will find several opening talks for different kinds of public sales, that the author wrote to suit many students of the El Reno Auction School, that can be used in in a sale at almost any place with only slight changes, and several of them are suitable for almost any kind of sale at any place.

No part of this book is patterned after any other book; it is written right off the reel of a practical and successful career of auctioneering in six of the western states.

We feel it proper to state here that there is more significance attached to the writing and putting of this book on the market than the reader of this preface can at first imagine, so we might as well define our position and give the reader our

testimony, so that he can get the bearings and at the same time properly locate this auctioneer.

On February 16, 1913, at midnight, the author was genuinely converted in his parlor at 914 South Barker Avenue, El Reno, Okla. Then and there he promised the Lord that if He would save him and give him a personal knowledge of his acceptance with Him, he would serve Him; would fix up all the mistakes in life, even back to his childhood, that were possible. More than that, he would testify for Him all along the way, and that if the Master wanted him to preach the gospel, he would do that. While he has never yet gone into the ministry farther than as a local preacher, he has taken care of his auction business, in which he has been very successful, and the rest of the time, and especially on Sundays, he has devoted to evangelistic work. During this time he has organized among the representative citizens of El Reno, one of the most remarkable gospel teams in all this southwestern country, and with their co-operation he has seen more than two thousand conversions. Some of these boys are sleeping in France until Jesus comes. Others have gone to the glory land, but the good work goes on. If all the auctioneers of this country were real consecrated Christians, with their wonderful opportunities of spreading the gospel, in a short time the churches would come to their own, and this generation of boys and girls, on whom rests the future of the church and the nation, would get a vision of Christ, and real old-time revivals would break out everywhere.

We did not intend to preach a sermon in this introduction, but just to put on a few *high lights*, and let it be manifest from cover to cover that we may have a Partner in the auction business who will hold us fast, keep us clean, bless us physically and spiritually and make the auction profession a joy forever. This business has always been fascinating to the writer, and now, after thirty-two years experience and real service in the field, twenty-two of these years without Christ, and ten years in the service of the Master, should certainly put the writer in position to know the way. Therefore we trust and pray that the readers of this book who have the auction fever and intend being auctioneers will appreciate this book as the author would have appreciated it thirty-two years ago.

*Sincerely yours,*

J. P. GUTELIUS.

## AUTHOR'S NOTE

In publishing this system of teaching men how to become auctioneers, I would like to go on record in the introductory note of this valuable book, in saying that auctioneers are born, you can't make them. We have taught this in the school, and expect to carry out this thought in all our advertising in the selling of this book. With thirty-two years of practical experience in the profession, holding the highest honors that could be conferred on us through the Auctioneers Associations, we do not hesitate to say that we have the best system for the man who has the pep, the personality, the vocabulary, who finds the auction profession fascinating to him. There are men who have all these qualifications. They are diamonds in the rough, but have never had the opportunity of developing their natural abilities. There is a place for every man. If you have not found it, your place is still waiting for you.

The writer is a painter, by trade, a sign writer, a decorator, and has been accused of being an artist. In 1888 he located in Indianapolis, Indiana, during the latter part of the national campaign of Harrison and Morton—Cleveland and Thurman, and did the decorating for many of the great rallies, in the cities and towns of the state. He painted the portraits of all the candidates in many sizes. We might mention many states and places where our work was in evidence, in scenic work and artistic designing. At the time mentioned above he was about thirty-four years of age. We have learned through practical experience and observation that when you become a slave to any particular trade as a mechanic, for a number of years, there will come a time when you will not be much good for anything else. We also learned that if you expect to get anywhere in life financially, you will have to make it with your head rather than with your hands.

One day we had an impression that we could be a real auctioneer if we ever had the opportunity. We had learned also that opportunities come and go. John J. Ingalls once said that opportunity raps once at every man's door. We believed that right then was our opportunity and our time to take advantage of it. In the town where we lived at this time they were closing out a very large stock of general merchandise. It was a large estate, the original owner of which had died. There was to be no reservations. They had employed an auctioneer, the big sale was on and people were there from every part of



the country, looking for the bargains that are supposed to be found at every auction sale.

How could we get in on that sale was the question that was puzzling this writer. We told our wife one evening of our intention to go over and see Newton Kreamer, who was administrator of the estate, possibly he would give us a chance to help in disposing of the large stock of merchandise. The wife rather discouraged us by saying, "You have one trade. Better stick to that if you want to get anywhere. Then, he has employed an auctioneer, and what do you know about dry goods?" Well, that was a solar plexus blow indeed, for we realized that we knew less than nothing about merchandise of any kind.

But, nevertheless, we made a break for the job that evening. We found the banker at home with his family. We squirmed around quite a while before we made our desire known. We really began to think that we had about as much chance of becoming an auctioneer as a hog has of reading the Declaration of Independence.

Finally, the banker, who could easily discern that we had something weighing on our mind, asked, "Is there anything that I can do for you, Jim?" We don't remember what we said, but if we looked like we felt he must have thought he had a white elephant on his hands.

We finally managed to say, "Newton, (that was his first name) I am going to change my tactics in life. I like painting, but this eating up everything in the winter that you earn in the summer doesn't get you anywhere financially. It's one continual hoping for something that you never realize. I am going to be an auctioneer, so I came over here to ask you for the job of selling at auction the stock of merchandise that you have on your hands."

The whole family laughed so that we thought our name was Dennis with a big D. After the laugh he asked us if we would really like to tackle a job as large as that without any knowledge of the values of dry goods and general merchandise. There was only one thing to say under the circumstances, so we said, "Yes." Then he said that he had employed an auctioneer to dispose of the entire stock. That fixed our clock for a few minutes, at least. Then he reconsidered and said, "The auctioneer who is doing the selling is also the postmaster, and many times when the crowd is waiting for a sale he is too busy in the postoffice and the people are disappointed. I had thought seriously of getting another auctioneer, but I had never dreamed that you had any such ambition." So he concluded by saying that if that auctioneer ever disappointed him again he would send for us and give us a chance.



Goodnights said and we were on our way home, thinking that was just a polite way of disposing of a man who had had the nerve to tackle a \$20,000 auction sale of high class merchandise without any knowledge of the same. When we arrived at home our wife asked, "Did you get the sale, Jim?" We might have told her that if we got this sale and another one we would have two, as we have often told her since. We retired and fell asleep, forgetting that there might be another chance.

Auction schools were then unheard of, so far as we know. Then men who tackled the business and stuck made good, but they were few and far between.

A week rolled by and the auction profession was all forgotten in our home. It was on Saturday at one o'clock and we were busily engaged at the barn when our wife called us in a tone of voice that had a peculiar ring of comedy and we knew that the joke was on us.

A man stood at the door waiting for us. It was Lew Grim. He said, "Come on, get your togs on; you've sure gotten your foot in it this time. The house is packed and they are waiting for you to do the auctioneering."

To make things a little warmer for us our wife said, "You will have to hurry, and I am going to dress and go down to see you make a fool of yourself." I will have to admit that I thought her prophecy would come true. In a few minutes I was ready and making a bee line for the auction sale with Mr. Grimm, who had waited for me. On the way uptown he told me the house was crowded, and while today that would appeal to me, I imagined then that if I was able to hold the people and entertain them it would be more through my ignorance than my ability to sell.

There was no time now to talk the deal over, only one thing left for me to do, that was climb up on the counter and say, "Here goes nothing!" The administrator said, "Make your speech and let's go. The people have been waiting a long time already." I told the people I had never made a speech in my life and could not if I was to be hung, and the probabilities were that I would be hung anyway. The proprietor was having a lot of fun at my expense, as he often winked at his friends. His introduction of me to the audience and his exhortation to go ahead and make my speech just about finished me. However I did not lose my voice, but from the way the crowd carried on at times I really thought I had lost my mind.

When the sale closed for the afternoon the proprietor handed me \$5.00 and told me to come back again and sell that evening; so I earned another \$5.00 that night, and it looked like very good money to me. It was during a season of extremely dry

weather and there was shortage of crops and practically nothing to do, so the reader can easily imagine how the writer took the vision of making money with his head instead of his hands.

It took several years of real hard study to become a practical auctioneer, as I have mentioned the fact that there were no auction schools at that time in which to learn the profession. I write this simple story to show the reader how I would have appreciated this system of practical knowledge that I am now putting on the market, instead of groping in the dark, with all the auctioneers in that part of the country fighting me after I had declared myself a competitor in the auction field. With this system I could have been doing business within ninety days on ordinary farm auction sales, and so can you, dear reader, if you have the pep, and the auction bee in your bonnet.

J. P. GUTELIUS.

*April 20, 1922*

## INTRODUCTION AND APPRECIATION

By PROF. A. S. LONDON

This introduces to the public one of the most unique men that it has ever been my privilege to meet, Col. J. P. Gutelius, a religious auctioneer. "Like begets like," is a law of nature and also a law in the book that is now before us—a unique man; a unique book.

THE MAN—It has been my privilege to know Col. J. P. Gutelius for several years. For many years prior to my acquaintance with him he was in the auction business alone. Since my acquaintance with him he has been an auctioneer, *plus* a Christian and a local preacher. In fact, he has made the business of the church and soul winning first in his life. The other matter has been one of paying expenses. He was converted after more than two scores and one decade of time had passed over his life. What a miracle! He had all the qualifications of a sure-enough auctioneer. He was successful in his work. He was rough in his character, as most men in this line of work are today. But, he was converted. He is a changed man. He was regenerated. He did not merely join some church. His nature was changed. He made restitution. He went to work. He has been at it ever since.

I have seen him on the auction block. His work is clean. He works at the job and conducts his sales on a good basis. I have known him to step aside from the auction block and say something to me about Jesus and the work of soul winning. He loves men. He knows how to deal with them.

I have been with him in revival work. He puts the same energy into this work that he does into the work of auctioneering. Although he has almost reached his allotted time in life, he is still a young man. He is energetic. He works hard at his job and believes in a gospel that can save the hardest sinner. He is friendly. He loves children. He is kind to mothers. He has won nearly two thousand souls to Christ, and has organized a gospel team of religious workers that has been felt for miles around his home town.

THE BOOK—This book is unique. I suppose there is none other like it. We have public schools, denominational schools, correspondence schools, parochial schools, night schools, private schools, etc., etc., but who ever heard of an *auction school*. This book tells about such an institution. It also gives addresses that have been successfully used in the career of the

author's life. Throughout the book will be found a strain that reminds one of the fact that the author has been changed. In all the annals of time, I doubt seriously if there has ever been a book written like the one before you. It is written out of the heart experiences of a man who has succeeded in his business. It is really a text book on auctioneering. It also tells of his conversion. I do not know that a book of this character will interest the public at large, but I trust you will read it in order to know something of the author. I love him. He is a friend. He is a Christian gentleman, and as such can be trusted anywhere.

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## PRACTICAL TALK.

### *A Plain, Practical Talk on the Problems that Come And Go in the Profession of Auctioneering*

I am writing this practical talk tonight, July 28, 1922, at my home in El Reno, Okla. The thermometer has been lingering about 100 to 110 above zero for a number of days. There are real hot winds during the day; most of the corn is burnt up, the wheat crop was a failure here. El Reno is a railroad town, and hundreds of men are on strike. One of the biggest banks in the state failed here, with considerably over a million dollars in deposits.

How would the reader like to step out in the heat of the day, dust flying everywhere, thermometer registering about 108 or 109? Well, that is just what I am doing now, two and three days a week. Great crowds come, especially if some good, popular citizen is going away. Then they give free lunch in Oklahoma at auction sales. The lunch usually consists of baker's buns, from 500 to 1,000, and about forty or fifty pounds of bologna of the large variety. The bologna is sometimes called "dog meat," and for this reason some fastidious persons who attend these sales will not touch it, especially when they hear some one call out, "Pass the dog."

Many times the ladies of the different church organizations take charge of the lunch and it is usually carried out in a very satisfactory manner.

Sometimes we have a barbecue and a regular feast. Take it as a whole, it is a great life—every sale in a different territory and with different crowds. But the thought I am trying to present here is that while the profession of an auctioneer is one of the

best, without any capital invested, yet the auctioneer will have some dark days, and must assume an immense amount of responsibility, and he must make good in order to get and hold his territory.

For illustration: Here we are at a sale conducted a few days ago, a long string of machinery, most of it old and badly worn, occasionally a good piece. Everybody is so badly discouraged, a riding plow that would have sold a year ago for forty dollars starts at five dollars; a few one dollar bids, several half-dollar bids and a quarter-dollar bid, and sold for \$8.25.

So the auctioneer hammers away, remembering that the values for which the machinery sells runs parallel with his reputation. After he has said the last word in recommending the purchase of the said machinery, he turns his attention to the horses and mules, knowing that there is no market on earth for them. Here comes a span of bays that would have sold for \$500 a year ago; today they sell for \$150. Old horses from \$5 to \$25; if one is crippled, no sale at all.

Now the cattle sale is on. The cattle markets are paralyzed. Cows that sold for \$40, \$50, \$60 and \$75 sell today for from \$18 to \$35. Real choice milk cows that sold from \$75 to \$250 sell at this sale, after the auctioneer has practically exhausted himself, from \$35 to \$75; occasionally one reaches the \$100 mark.

This is the condition of the country July 28, 1922. Every old-time auctioneer has gone through the mill, and, after all, it is a good thing to try them out and make them pure gold. If they will keep clean and honest and never be a party to a dirty deal, never misrepresent things, so that they will have the confidence of the people, there will come a day when things will adjust themselves, and the



man who has stood the test will be stepping along with flying colors.

One thing you can be assured of: if conditions are not favorable for auction sales, your competitor is having the same trouble that you are. It is up to you to have the best sales, and it may take all the energy you can possibly muster to put it over, but over it must go. The man who employs you can see your efforts and rest assured he will appreciate them. If the sale reaches \$2,500 he will not protest when you collect your 2 per cent, which is \$50. After all, though you had a real battle, in the hottest season in years, failure of crops, bad markets for live stock and grain, depreciation in practically everything the farmer has to sell, the \$50 you earned in a few hours work is fair compensation. It is a good business if you are a live wire and prove your worthiness.

I will tell you how I managed this big sale. When I reached the place I saw automobiles all over the grounds. It seemed to me they were there from everywhere. I managed the dinner and saw that the multitude was fed. When the time arrived to begin the sale I stepped into one of the buildings where I could be alone and talked for awhile to the King of glory. I thanked Him for the sale and asked Him to guide and guard me and give me a good clean sale. I asked Him for abundance of physical power and wisdom, that I might not bring reproach upon His cause. Before I stepped out I had the evidence of His approval. If this auctioneer should have dropped dead in that sale he would be safe in the glory land now. But God gave me wonderful physical power, and He will do the same for you, praise His name!

## BREAKING IN A BASHFUL STUDENT

This was a farm sale, and I succeeded in getting one of my students to make an opening talk in the community where he lived. It was understood that I should disappear when the time arrived to open the sale, and the student climbed up on the machinery and began to call very loudly for the auctioneer, wondering where he was, rather leaving the impression that the auctioneer had left, in the meantime the crowd naturally gathered around him and he began with his opening talk, which follows. After giving the regular terms of the sale, he began selling the machinery. After he has sold a number of pieces the writer comes to the front looking rather surprised, wondering what was going on, while the audience thought it was a real joke on the auctioneer of the day—then I step in and relieve the student who has won his first battle.

He spoke as follows, looking in every direction, apparently wondering what had become of the auctioneer:

"Can any one tell me what became of the auctioneer? Well, doesn't that beat you? It's time to open this sale.

"Say, Mr. Proprietor, if you can't find a better man, what's the matter with me crying this sale? Say, man, do you know about the first thing I ever did when I hit the pike was cry? Yes, that's a fact, but it failed to bring me any revenue, and if it had brought me any, they would have just taken it away from me.

"Why, I was just about the smallest pebble on the beach. The girls used to come to see me and fondle me, but they don't do that now. You see times have changed since then.

"Laying all jokes aside, when we reach manhood and womanhood it becomes a cold business proposi-

tion and you will have to square yourself for the battle of life. If you follow the wrong channel or take the wrong road it's an uphill proposition all the way. So it might be well to look the field over carefully, and be certain about the route you are taking. So I have decided to spoil a good man and make an auctioneer out of him.

"Now I know you were not looking for a mess like this, so I'll give it to you in small doses. I expect to follow the auction business in the future, and I might as well break in today.

"This man is going to move away and leave the farm, and he certainly has a great offering for you. I want you to protect him, and show us where you shine.

"You will notice his fine brood mares, the big kind, the kind the markets of the world want.

"Then his choice milk cows. I mean *real* dairy cows. Did you notice his hogs? Say, man! he is in the hog business for sure.

"High class machinery, and furniture, then again, he sells the whole business without reservation. That makes it a clean proposition. Listen to me, you're attending a real sale today.

"Now then the terms, and this sale goes on—"

Then he gives the terms, etc.

Now the student jumps off the machinery and begins to sell for the first time as follows:

"Here we have a real mower, and it's a McCormick, it needs no introduction in this neighborhood. It's nearly new. How much am I offered for it?

"The man says twenty-five dollars. I thank you. At twenty-five; who will make it the fifty, make it the fifty, make it the fifty? Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, yes I have the twenty-eight. Now I have the twenty-nine—and the thirty. If you don't want this mower go to town and buy a new one, then kick on the Republican administration. Thirty-five dollars I have. What can you

buy for thirty-five dollars today? Thirty-six, thirty-seven—forty, he says. Sold for forty dollars! You sure got a bargain, my friend.”

After the student has sold several other articles in like manner, and very satisfactorily, I appear on the scene, and look surprised. That amuses the crowd, and the big laugh is on. But the boy won the fight, and the compliments of the people.

As the writer has stated, this was the student's first talk that I arranged for him, and good enough for older heads. Some reader of this book who has decided to become an auctioneer could easily pull off this stunt in his own neighborhood.

It is necessary to have an understanding with all concerned, but there is no reason why the young auctioneer should not go on clear through and finish the whole job.



## PUBLIC SPEAKING

*Some Good Pointers on Public Speaking, Especially  
For Short Talks—If the Reader Is Not a  
Gifted Talker, Still There Is a Way,  
As Follows*

In the first place, to speak at a moderate rate you can use about six hundred words in five minutes, or twelve hundred words in ten minutes. If you use more words in said length of time you may destroy the effectiveness of your talk. It is far better to extend your talk a little longer than you expected than to fail to make the impression that you desire.

One of the best plans is to write out your talk and memorize it thoroughly, then practice aloud so you can hear your own voice and get the pitch or key in which you expect to deliver the same.

If you have never made public talks you will find that every time you memorize one you will have more confidence, and it will rapidly increase your vocabulary and give you confidence and a strong personality.

If you are John Jones, don't try to be some one else. Deliver your message or speech simply, directly and with sincerity. Don't get it into your mind that you are delivering a great speech. A real, man to man, heart to heart talk will bring the response. If you take any other route you are liable to be a failure.

There are a number of things to overcome in order to qualify for public speaking, however, every time you learn a good talk thoroughly and deliver the same carefully, you are storing up real practical experience.

The purpose of your public speaking is twofold: First, to convince your audience of the truth of what you say; second, to persuade them to act as you wish them to do. Therefore, it is very necessary that you have a keen knowledge of the real business you expect to transact, so that you can deliver the same with appropriate language and feeling.

The writer never attempted to make a public speech when he began the auction business without first writing it out and then memorizing it well, and practicing it time and again as loud as he expected to deliver the same at the sale.

After I had been in the auction business for some time I was solicited to conduct a standard bred horse sale of very high class trotters. The man who employed me said, "Can you conduct a standard bred horse sale?" meaning, "Do you understand pedigrees of standard bred horses?" I told him I could and would be glad to take care of his business. After I had assumed the responsibility of said sale it began to dawn upon me that I had bitten off more than I could chew. I had never conducted a sale of this



kind, so I got busy and secured all the stud books and familiarized myself with the breeding of each animal and their speed records on the turf. Then I wrote my speech the best I could and memorized it thoroughly. There is no telling how many times I spoke it aloud to an imaginary crowd at a horse sale.

When the sale day arrived I delivered the talk very satisfactorily to all concerned. In fact, I was complimented on my opening talk. That was three weeks of real hard work, but it was schooling for me. I have done the same thing many times since, and from real, practical experience I can recommend this as the best and quickest method of learning to make opening speeches at public sales.

It is not always necessary to open a sale with a talk, but it is necessary to be ready for such an occasion when it is presented. A short talk by way of explanation is always in order, with the terms of sale.

I will quote some pointers that were issued by a popular orator of the Treasury Department for short talks in connection with the Fourth Liberty Loan Campaign:

"Begin with a positive, concrete statement; tell your audience something at the start that will immediately grip their attention.

"Use short sentences. Try to make one word do the work of two.

"Avoid fine phrases. You are not there to give them an earful, but a mind full.

"Always talk to the back row of your audience; you'll hit everything closer in.

"Talk to the simplest intelligence in your audience; you'll hit everything higher up.

"Be natural and direct. Sincerity puts on no style.

"Speak slowly. A jumbled up mess is a waste of time."

You represent the auction business; don't forget this, and don't let your audience forget it.

Remember that the audience will have about as much interest in the sale as you develop in your talk.

Always be dignified in all your public work, and you will command the keenest respect of your audience.

In finishing your talks, always close very strong and sharp, and you will leave the desired impression, that you are a live wire.

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### AUCTIONEERS ARE BORN

There are hundreds of auctioneers in the country who could make a better living at almost anything else. Then, again, there are hundreds of men who could be whirlwinds on the auction block.

Often you will hear a man say, "That fellow would make a splendid auctioneer because he is always in evidence with his mouth." It takes a well balanced man to hit the ball; curves will be thrown from every angle and you must meet them instantaneously. If your percentage of batting is very low, another man will take your place. Always bear in mind that the auction business is a profession today, and, more than that, it is one of the best, and requires little or no capital (a wonderful advantage).

Again, the future will require real clean, well posted, reliable men. Why not? When men spend a lifetime in accumulating their live stock, farm machinery and the necessary equipment to run the farm successfully, they will be very particular whom they employ to dispose of them.

Efficiency is the key note today, and the man who tries to climb up some other way might as well desist, for there is no room for him.

Many men in active life today were persuaded to follow a profession to which they were not adapted, therefore the chances of success for them are very small.

Again I wish to say that auctioneers are born. The El Reno Auction School has put some strong men in the field, from whom you will hear in the future. We always try them out thoroughly to find out if they are adapted to the business.

This article is not written to advertise the school, but is one of a number of articles written to convince the purchaser of this system that the auction profession is one of the best in the world, but it takes a live wire to succeed.

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## BOX SUPPER TALKS

### BOX SUPPER TALK No. 1

Do you know that I was rather anxious to dispose of these surprise packages this evening? Well, it's a fact, and for a number of reasons. In the first place, here is where I get experience, even through a begged invitation. In the second place, no doubt you have heard that I have chosen the auction route for my profession, but if you have not heard it, you certainly hear it now.

I came to the conclusion that I might as well fall dead here in securing money for a noble cause as to die in the wild and woolly auction business.

I believe that if I had my way I would re-cover every one of these packages so that no one could distinguish whose prize was being offered at any time. In fact, I do not know but that has been done, but it's too late now to care. One thing I do know for certain, if you don't have the pleasure of eating with your own sweetheart, some one else will, and that person might be the auctioneer. Now then, don't imagine you are the only pebble on the beach. If I see any fellow making goo goo eyes at the other fellow's girl, then



it's all off, and I'll go to eating at once, and you'll find me the eatingest auctioneer that ever disturbed a mince pie or blew up a bakery.

Speaking about safe blowers, or anarchists; did you ever see one? Listen, did you ever see a more lovely view than a pair of blue eyes hanging onto the feather edge of a gooseberry pie, while her pearly teeth was digging out the center and gooseberries rolling in every direction? At the same time her sweetheart was hanging around with a faroff, sickly look, crying, "I'm the fellow who wrote 'Ta Ra Boom de Ay.'"

Excuse me, it's too deep a subject for me to tackle; I'm gone. Isn't this a peach? How much am I offered for this first package?

## BOX SUPPER TALK No. 2

### *Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I am very well pleased to have the opportunity of disposing of these well selected and neatly arranged packages. I can see plainly, the lady from the time she begins to plan the package, that no doubt will be an agreeable surprise to the lucky buyer. Usually, if she has a sweetheart, she may prefer that he buy it; and, do you know, sometimes I think she puts a mark on it, or arranges it some way that Jack, or John, or Charley, or whatever his name may be, really knows the box as soon as it comes up for sale. Sometimes there may be two men who claim the same package. Then there is a "hot time in the old town tonight," and prices go up. I believe I would cover all the boxes with wrapping paper so that no one could recognize any of the boxes. Then there would be something doing.

These box suppers have more significance attached to them than most people realize. The man who sells them gets the auctioneer's habit. The man who buys

them either wishes that he was young again, or is looking for a sweetheart. The man who has a sweetheart certainly looks bad enough, and if you will carefully watch the performance here this evening, after the packages are permanently located, you will see more goo goo eyes than you have seen for many moons.

Well, this is a box supper, and if anything serious happens, blame the auctioneer.

### BOX SUPPER TALK NO. 3

*Ladies and Gentlemen, Boys and Girls:*

Every last one of you turn your hungry faces this way and I'll paint you a picture of a *real bakery*, that has just moved in. This is the only bakery in the world that bakes doughnuts with holes on both sides and perfectly round in the middle. The more you eat the more you want. The name of this bakery is the *Bake Light Bakery*.

We have sponge cake here in this stock tonight so light that a fly won't light on it, especially in cold weather. We have short cake and long cake, all made from the same dough. But, listen! You want to feast your greedy eyes on the mince pies we are putting out. This bakery against the world on mince pies. These pies will not only satisfy hunger, but they will cure all manner of diseases, such as rains, pains, strains, carbuncles and warts. Now then, if you believe that you are certainly an easy mark.

Apple pies next! What about them? *Say!* that is where we shine. We are the only bakery in the world outside of Calumet and Harts Gravel, Ala., that bake our apple pies upside down. None of the rich flavor escapes. It just can't get away. *Oh, boy! Juicy? Oh, man!* They put color on your face and polish your teeth, so they will have the color of Jap-a-

Lac. Isn't that going some? What more do you want?

Did you say fruit cake? I hope so. We had them in stock for more than sixteen months. The older they get the slower they sell, and finally, we unload them to the gum factory at an awful price, and they make them up into Tutta Fruta. But you are not chewing gum tonight, so I will endeavor to bring to you the freshest and most delicious packages of eats that the Bake Light Bakery ~~surs~~ ever put out.

Well, we must have our ~~for~~ as we go along, but we must not forget that the revenue we derive from these packages goes for a good cause. Let's give it a real boost tonight, and at the same time have enough fun, so we can go home tonight and tell them what made the wildcat wild. Please hand me package No. One, and see who the lucky man will be. How much?

#### BOX SUPPER TALK No. 4

##### *A Good, Clean Story for a Box Supper or Pie Supper*

There was a young man whose parents died some years ago and left him a great fortune. He was the only heir and so inherited the whole estate. He lived several years in the old homestead or mansion alone.

He often thought he would get married and bring his wife to the home of his childhood, but the years rolled by and he was really becoming an old bachelor. One day, however, he met the one of his choice and they were married.

He had repainted and decorated the mansion for his new partner in life. The day he brought her to her future home he said, "My dear, what is mine is yours. Here is where I was born and here we will dwell as we go down the stream of life together. I will turn the keys over to you. There are no secrets here with the exception of one room, and the door to that is locked. Please don't ever ask to enter there.

You can never see the inside of that room, and I will always carry the key to that one door."

"All right," she said, "I care nothing for that room. It has no attraction for me." But a woman's curiosity, you know, began to manifest itself. One day she said:

"John, dear, do you know I can't sleep, for I am worried about the contents of that room. Won't you please, please tell me what is in there?" and she kissed his forehead.

"Well, dear, if you must know, here goes. That room is filled with cheese."

"Cheese!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, cheese. Every time I had a sweetheart I put a cheese in that room until it is filled to the top. Now, dear, don't cry. You are the only one I ever loved."

She began to cry and said, "Oh, John, John! That is not what I am crying about. If I had saved a loaf of bread for every man who has kissed me we would have bread and cheese enough to last us the rest of our natural lives."

So we are not going to tell you any more secrets at this time, and you will have to await further developments. If you buy one of these bargains the lady will tell you the rest while she dines with you. This is the first cheese, and the door is open. Who will be the first lucky man? Isn't that a dainty package! Say, man, how much for this one?

NOTE—I do not favor the telling of many stories at auction sales, however there are occasions where a good, clean story would lift everybody a little and put new life into the sale, especially where there seems to be little interest on account of undesirable offerings. Again, there are many sales that require no opening talk except a description of the goods and the terms. But a new auctioneer in a territory where he is establishing himself would do well to open his sales with a talk by way of introduction. We have arranged these talks very carefully. The writer has heard many of them delivered on the block by students of the El Reno Auction School.



## OPENING TALK BY A STUDENT

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Some time ago I came to the conclusion that a man can't succeed with his hands alone. That he must expect to make it with his head. However, he must be ready to use his hands, whether on the farm, in the office, in the shop, or on the road. The man who doesn't think will not succeed. The man who doesn't know values is a poor buyer. The man who doesn't know and understand human nature is a poor seller. So it makes little difference what legitimate channel a man may pursue in life, he must be a *live, modern, up-to-date thinker*. If he would grasp the situation and conditions of things as he finds them in life, and use the proper diplomacy in line with advanced civilization, the world will pass on you and *you*, and *you*, and *me*; you can not pass on yourself. No, they may accept you, they may not want you. The best capital a man can produce today is a good, *clean character, sober, reliable, honest*, backed up by unlimited energy, and Christianity.

That kind of man needs no introduction. He will hold the fort, and last, and stay, while the other is short-lived and must go. There is a great *shortage on good ones*. I'm wise enough to see that, and if the rounds in the ladder don't break, *believe me*, I'm going up, for I know there is plenty of room at the top, *it's never crowded up there*. They are waiting at the bottom for hand-outs, but not at the *top*.

Now then, what do you suppose I'm driving at? I'll tell you. I have just made a decision of my life, and I believe I have found it. Found what? Found the road that will make life most congenial for me to travel. It's the *auctioneer's route*. I have always had an ambition to learn the profession. I have great confidence in Col. Gutelius, who is giving me the unwritten work. I'm thoroughly satisfied with his sys-

tem, it's absolutely practical and encouraging to me. His first lessons are *honesty, reliability*, in fact, *Christianity*.

I didn't think a man could be a Christian and a good auctioneer. Now I don't think a man can be a good anything without being a Christian. Well, if he doesn't show up here soon I'll start this sale. I wonder what he wants me to do with these dishes? I know what he would do with them if he was here. So what's the matter with me? What shall I do with them?

In the first place, it would be well to pick out all the cracked and damaged dishes, and a few good lookers, pile them on a table close together, leaving the impression that they are there for sale. Just when the auctioneer has completed the above talk which winds up with "What shall I do with them?" then turn loose with his cane and break every dish in sight, as quickly as possible. It would make it a little more interesting to have two or three old jugs on the table with the dishes and break them too, then make a dive for the good dishes, then stop and invite the people to come in, the water is fine. Then begin the sale.

## OPENING TALK BY A LIVE STUDENT

*A Great Many of These Talks the Writer Carries Clear Through a Sale, Giving Every Word Spoken Until the Finish of the Sale. It Is Not the Calling Bids and Lingo of "\$1.00, \$1.00, \$1.00, Who Will Make it the Half?" and so on that the Student Needs Most; That Comes Easy from Hearing Many Auctioneers. It Is Strong Personality and Convincing Power.*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I don't think any one could surprise you more than your humble servant will when you listen to his tale of woe. About eleven years ago I landed in this territory and, strange to say, I have been here ever since. I have seen the hot and the cold, the wet and the dry, in fact, I have seen all the climatic changes here that can come to any country, and, do you know, I am foolish about this place; so I have just decided to stay.

However, I love to think of the home of my childhood, old Georgia. But I have pitched my tent in Oklahoma and here is where our children will mold character, and it is up to us to come clean and make this country worth while.

Some years ago I concluded that some day I will be an auctioneer, and I will be a good one. I believed then that I had the mettle that it takes to make good ones.

I visited the El Reno Auction School and they soon convinced me that if I would do my part they had the system that would do the rest. Today I come to break the news that I am in the auction business, and you will have me to contend with in the future.

I expect to ask for some of your sales and I expect

to be able to deliver the goods. I may not be able to bite off their heads and eat their entire bodies at the first attack, but you may just as well make room for another auctioneer in this territory, for I have come to stay.

Listen to the terms of the sale and this new submarine will make her first dive. (Terms.)

*Here Are Some Real Good Ones. Read Them Over and Over.  
You Must Have Them to Win.*

The auction business today is a profession. Every man who employs an auctioneer wants the best. What is the matter with your being the best? How can we be efficient and worth while? Please get this. There is a premium today on real clean live wires. There are not many on the market. No profession needs them more than the auction business. If you expect to be an auctioneer, make it a life study. Be an authority on values. Familiarize yourself with everything that is likely to come into the sale ring. Know the value of everything you see daily, and it won't be long until it will surprise you how soon one can familiarize himself with the real values of furniture, farm machinery, real estate, live stock, etc.

Know your part well. Win the confidence of the people and never do anything to destroy it. Then jump into the whirlwind of speed and money and you will get your reward.

☆☆☆☆☆

## MY FIRST SPEECH AS AN AUCTIONEER

*I Wrote This for a Student of the School*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

There is always something new under the sun, especially in these days of war and rumors of war.

About the worst thing that ever happened occurred to me on the 22d day of May, 1917, in El Reno, Okla.

In the first place I felt something crawling up my backbone that gave me a wild and woolly sensation



and made me want to tell it to them loud and strong. What do you think it was? Listen, and I'll tell you. It was the auction bee. Say, it was not the first time this bug had ever irritated me. This insect has been buzzing around my noodle for years. Well, I just squared myself and said, "Come on in, old boy, the water is fine, and I'll try you out."

I have been a citizen among you people in this county for more than eleven years. I came from Nebraska, where I was born. I am glad to tell you that Oklahoma looks good to me and I am here to stay. Some of these days in the near future I'll ask you for some of your public sales, for I surely am going into the auction business.

They tell me that auctioneers are born. Well, that's right. So is everybody else. I am not certain whether I was born in the dark or light of the moon. One thing I know for a certainty, I was there with the big mitt. But what has the moon got to do with it, anyway? Let's talk business.

I joined the El Reno Auction School on Wednesday, May 2, 1917, and you can bank on me coming alive, and giving my time in learning how to sell your future offerings for the highest dollar.

Today we have a good offering which sells without reservations. Catch these terms and we are ready to cut loose.

## A GRADUATE OF EL RENO AUCTION SCHOOL

*He Ships a Car of Horses to Georgia, the Home of  
His Childhood, and Sells Them at Auction.*

*The Following Is His Opening Talk,*

*Arranged by the Writer*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Somehow I feel strangely warm today, and when I explain the circumstances to you, when I make plain my coming down to good old Georgia to conduct this important auction sale, in the home of my childhood, then you can easily understand why there is so much significance attached to this, my first sale in the sunny South.

There is an old and beautiful song entitled, "Some Day I'll Wander Back Again." I appreciate that song because I'm at home today. Ten years ago I left this good old state and wandered north to find some undeveloped country. I succeeded in finding it, and I am permanently located in Oklahoma.

All these years I have been anxious to become an auctioneer. A few years ago I met Col. Gutelius, President of the El Reno Auction School, at El Reno, Okla., who at one time was President of the International Association of Auctioneers, and also President of the Oklahoma Association. He was conducting a public sale, and he then told me that I had the earmarks of the making of an auctioneer. Well, to make a long story short, I am a graduate of said school. I earned a diploma, and since then I have conducted many important auction sales in Oklahoma. But what has that to do with this sale? We will visit later, but now I will attempt to show you that we have a real horse sale here today, and we will give the rest of our time to the disposition of this offering.

Each animal or team as they enter the ring will be accurately described and are guaranteed to be just as recommended. We will sell them just as high as

we can; you buy them just as low as you can. There will be no by-bidding; it will be a clean sale and each animal will sell on its merits. Every animal that comes into the ring must sell if you bid on it.

Now then, I have given you our system of conducting this sale, so will proceed to give you the terms. Then you can take these horses to their new homes, and I trust you will treat them as well as we do in Oklahoma, where we produce horses and mules for the markets of the world. The terms are strictly cash. Bring in a span of those blacks and I will show you their new owner.

^ This horse sale talk can be used with some changes for a horse sale almost anywhere. There are many talks in this book that with slight changes may be used on many other occasions. There really are no two sales just alike, so if this talk or any other in this book suits the occasions you may rewrite it, giving to it local color and setting. This rewriting will be an aid to memorizing it.

The student who sold this car of horses in Georgia developed into a successful auctioneer.

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## POINTERS FOR YOUNG AUCTIONEERS

*And They May Be a Help to Older Ones as Well*

To most auctioneers, especially those who make a specialty of farm sales, there will come dull seasons, so I will drop a few hints that I have dug out in my many years of experience, as to how to fill in these dull times with some profitable business.

There was a time, before war prices began to prevail, that I was well posted on the prices of notions, dry goods, clothing, books, stationery, and such things. I always had a snap in reserve and stored away, ready for a sale any time I might need the cash. Prices are gradually coming back to normal, so it won't be long until the same opportunities will

knock at your door, and I rather think they will be better than ever.

In the first place, I secured the catalogs of all the leading wholesale houses and looked them over carefully, familiarizing myself with the prices of all the lines of goods that I cared to sell at auction. Let me give you a list of goods suitable for such sales: Lace curtains, towels, handkerchiefs, job lots of ladies' waists (these I could usually find at any wholesale dry goods house), men's shirts, rain coats, ladies' dress patterns that are manufactured specially for auction sales, glassware, shears, razors, spoons, combs, suspenders, pins, safety pins, stationery, lead pencils, and many other articles, but this is enough to give you an idea of how to stock up. There are several houses that make a specialty of selling to auctioneers.

Get catalogs from Montgomery Ward, Sears Roebuck, Butler Brothers, Chas. B. Rouss of New York; get acquainted with all the prices so that at any time you can walk into one of the best dry goods stores and ask the proprietor if he has any snaps for you; that you intend having an auction sale of merchandise on the streets, and will sell the goods for him on commission or will buy them from him outright, it makes no difference to you.

He may say, "Yes, we have a stack of boys' suits, about thirty suits, that we can't move, and we need the money."

You could say, "If you make the price right, you have sold them to me." Now, it is necessary for you to know what is right, so that you can sell them at auction with a good profit to yourself. Tell him to put on his dead bottom price (always do this before you make him an offer. Then if he makes a good cut, count on splitting it half in two. Tell him the prices at which new goods of that kind may be bought today. (Here is where your knowledge you have secured in the different catalogs comes in good play.) No merchant wants to give away his cost mark, he

very likely thinks you don't know what his goods cost, but when he learns that you are thoroughly informed on prices it will surprise you how he will warm up to you, if you are a live wire in the auction business.

One day I was disappointed in not receiving a batch of goods I expected for a street sale. I believed I could go out and find something, so I went to a first class clothing store and asked the proprietor if he had a job lot of anything he wanted to sell.

"Yes," he said, "I have. I bought two hundred men's shirts some time ago, but I can't sell them, because they are soiled. They were a traveling man's samples and soiled in handling, but they are high grade goods. I bought them for twenty cents each." Then he said he had about twenty-five men's suits, in light colors, and about thirty two-piece boys' suits. I made him an offer, but we were far apart. Then I bade him good day, but as I started out he called me back and said, "I sure want to sell those suits and get them out of the stock. What will you give me for them?" I told him I would cut his price in half. Just as I started out again he called me back and said, "The suits are yours."

Less than two hours after the purchase I had sold the outfit at auction on the street to the tune of \$40 profit. I have done this many times, and I believe the time is soon coming when there will again be a real harvest in general merchandise for the auctioneers who will adjust their methods to the times.

By perusing the catalogs practically from cover to cover made me adept in the description of such goods, and enabled me to bring out all their good points and make a good selling talk. You may do the same.

When I had a large consignment of goods to sell I usually secured several good colored singers, and put on some high class music and songs. I never



cared for any of the low vaudeville stuff that some use to draw a crowd.

In purchasing such a job lot as I have described above to sell the same day, I usually borrowed a trunk or two or three, as I needed, out of which to sell.

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## A UNIQUE TALK FOR A STREET SALE

*This May Be Your First Attempt in Your Home  
Town, But It Will Secure a Crowd in Any Town  
It Must Be Spoken Slowly, With a  
Far-off Look Until You Have  
Secured Your Audience*

"Hello, Dan! Hello, Dan! Dan! Dan! Hello, Dan! Did you ever hear of Dan Patch? Certainly you did. Well, he was the fastest harness horse in the world. He always seemed to have a storage battery hid somewhere when he needed power. When he was in fast company and they tried to smother him; when competition for the prize was thick around him; when to the casual observer it looked gloomy for Dan, then Dan touched the storage battery, and the whole machine was in gear and the race was on.

"Dan Patch was one of the greatest in the lower animal kingdom. But there's another Dan whom you should get acquainted with and he is not a horse, though it may be a 'horse' on you. This is Dan — I am talking about, who will develop every part of his being that goes to make up the livest and most modern auctioneer in the Southwest.

"This idea of auctioneering has been in my cranium for some time; and when I investigated thoroughly I found it a profession worth while, and a profitable business, considering that you have to invest no capital.

"I like the outdoor life. I like the farm and live



stock. I like real estate and merchandise sales. I like the whole program of the auction business.

"I expect to be clean, win the confidence of the people and keep it, so that you can afford to boost for me and say to the world, 'He's a live wire,' and that we say we do, we do.

"I have completed a course in the El Reno Auction School, where only the live ones can stay, where they teach the practical part, where they come alive in public sales.

"This town always looked good to me. I ask you to stand by me as you have stood in other days and I will prove to you that Dan is a sure money getter on the auction block, and that this system of auctioneering is in line with modern civilization.

"Today we have a fine offering. Listen to the terms and the balloon goes up.

This talk was written for one of the students of the El Reno Auction School, for a man whose name was Dan. It could be adjusted for you just as well. Try it. The call at the beginning of "Dan! Dan!" etc., should be spoken very loud and slow, as though you were really calling some one a block away. At the same time paying no attention to the crowd until they are gathered up around you; then cut loose.

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"OCCUPY TILL I COME"

ST. LUKE 19:13

No business of any importance was ever conducted but that had its dark places and thorns, its steep hills, its cloudy days. In the game of life you can make plenty of money if you are real ambitious, a hustler, and practice economy, without any acquaintance with God. You can acquire an education

in science and art. You can possibly attain high honors in the auction profession without God. You may obtain a wonderful reputation as a politician, a financier, a social leader, but after all, reputation is only what the world thinks of you.

But what about character? How can you build that if you are not acquainted with God. Take it from this converted, saved auctioneer, that, to get your proper bearing, in finance, in politics, in all the legitimate avocations of life, you must know God in order to build a good and noble character.

Sometimes we hear some one singing in a jocular way the song, "Let the Women Do the Work." Do not forget the great army of Christian mothers in the background, who have no time for the Belshazzar dances, cards, society birds, the modern games and amusements, but engaged in the biggest business in the world, watching the steps of the little ones, giving them a vision of the Christ, building real Christian character, to make it possible for this old world to hold its equilibrium a while longer.

In a parable that came from the lips of the Man of Galilee are these words, "Occupy till I come." The people of that day said, "We will not have this man to reign over us." A little farther on you will read, "And it came to pass."

Several times in this book I speak of gospel team work. I have a desire in my heart that I may be able to find a gospel team of about seven real consecrated auctioneers. Such a team, if they really have the fire could sweep this country for God. The world is ready for old-time religion. They have had almost everything else.

Dear auctioneer, if this appeals to you, pray over it. You might be one of them. I will not be surprised if I receive letters from men who are ready to say to the Master, "I'll occupy till you come." So be it. Drop me a line.

J. P. GUTELIUS, El Reno, Okla.



#### A GOSPEL REVIVAL TEAM

*Out of a gospel team of thirty men, here are some who are still active, many of them are working in other states. We have seen two thousand conversions. We have organized eleven gospel teams in Okla. They have organized other gospel teams. Eternity alone will tell the results*



## SOME GOOD POINTERS IN THE SOLICITATION OF IMPORTANT SALES

*The W. F. and J. E. J—— Sale*

Thursday, May 20, 1920. While writing copy for this book I am thinking of four public sales that I am to conduct next week. The dates of these sales are May 25th, 26th, 27th, and 28th. They are all important events. Instead of heading this article, "How to Conduct Public Sales," I will head it, "How I Secured, Advertise, Operate, and Will Conduct the W. F. and J. E. J—— Sale," in Kingfisher County, Oklahoma on Wednesday, May 26, 1920. (Remember this is not theory, it is practical, it is hitting the ball.)

In the first place, an auctioneer must be a live wire, and when he hears of an important auction sale that is outside the territory in which he usually does business, it is up to him to find it and land it on his list.

On May 18th, in the evening, I was informed that an important public sale was brewing about twenty-five miles away in Kingfisher County. The probabilities were that another auctioneer, who was the favorite in that section of the country, would be employed, and the date would be fixed the following day; however, I was informed that up to the present no one had been employed.

The friend who informed me of the sale advised me to see the parties early next morning. I decided to see the man that night, and in about half an hour was on my way. (I always made it a rule, if I was going to a sale, and there were two trains going that way to take the first one, for fear the second might be late.)

I reached a town about fourteen miles on the way, where the auto took a fit that lasted about two hours, but finally got over it and was on my way again. The roads were muddy and in bad condition so it was late



in the night when I finally reached the place. I tooted my horn in front of the house and the two brothers came out to see who had the nerve to hit that road at midnight, and the following dialogue took place:

"I understand that you boys are intending having a public auction of your farm and live stock? How about it?"

"Well, that is just what we are intending, and we expect to bill the sale in a few days," they said.

In the meantime the driver of the car, who understood, stepped out of the car and away. (I learned long ago that you can not do business at long range, especially when the parties you are soliciting are more favorable to some one else.)

I called the brothers close to me, as I sat inside the car and began as follows. "I learned in El Reno this evening that you were about to bill this sale and sell this farm at auction as well as the live stock and implements. Now then, I made this twenty-five mile drive solely to secure this sale. If I were not a practical auctioneer and did not understand the values of land and live stock, I might have some hesitancy in asking for this sale. Then again, you must admit that I have the confidence of the people of this territory."

"Well," said the men, "what are your terms?"

I would like to mention to the reader that this is an important point in this preamble, especially when the sale was located in the territory of a man who was conducting public sales at one-half per cent less than your humble servant. (A man must have established prices in any business, and especially in the auction business.) Right here I learned that the difference between the other auctioneer and I was the one-half of one per cent, and I governed myself accordingly, as follows.)

He continued, "Give me your price and I will see



the other man tomorrow, and the lowest man gets the job."

Now it was my move, and I said, "Listen to me. You know that my prices are two per cent to every man."

He said, "Yes."

I continued as I climbed out of the car, "Let us go in the house and write these sale bills up tonight, and I will charge you one and one-half per cent to sell the live stock, machinery, etc., and two per cent to sell the half section of land. Should anything occur that the land should not sell, then I would want two per cent for the sale of the live stock. I'm sure that would be fair and perfectly satisfactory to you." In the meantime we were walking toward the house, where I was soon seated at the table, where I called for a tablet to write up the sale. It was furnished and I secured the job. If the land and all sell it will mean \$400 for a few hours' work.

The waiting game is a thing of the past. The field is full of live wires and they appreciate your coming.

All this work was done in a clean way. Nowhere in this book will you find a suggestion of criticising a competitor, or of being a party to any unclean thing. There is a premium today for auctioneers who will win the confidence of the people and keep it.

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## FIRST PUBLIC TALK

*By a Student at a Furniture Sale in a City*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I believe a word by way of explanation before we open this sale would be in order.

There are many of you people whom I have met while I was associated with other lines of business in

this city, but I am not sure that I have ever met you in the capacity of an auctioneer. It might not interest you to know that I left old Kentucky about twenty-five years ago, and for more than fifteen years have been a resident of your beautiful city, and it might be of less interest to you to know that I found my better half in your town more than twelve years ago. Now, really, don't you think that ought to identify me, especially if I can deliver the goods?

I notice that there are a number of lawn auction sales today in the city in the residence districts. I really should have begun these sales ten years ago, where the representative people will not hesitate to go, and where they can attend a real auction sale and see the offerings before they are disposed of, and get posted on real bargains.

Every city of importance in this country has an established auctioneer who is absolutely reliable and ready to give bank references, and is bonded, so that you have no need to hesitate in consigning your offerings to their care in the way of sale. In this manner we come to your home and advertise a sale, conduct the same on your premises, where the representative people do not hesitate to go, and secure the highest dollar and dispose of your property with such neatness and dispatch that it will be a joy forever. We expect to make this a specialty and solicit your future business.

We have a splendid offering here today of high class furniture and rugs, and while we give every one an opportunity to look them over carefully, we would like to notify you that this sale will be noted for speed. (Terms, etc.)

NOTE—There is no question in the mind of the writer, who has had considerable experience in this line of work, that there is a great field in every large town for a few live wire auctioneers to take care of the residence districts, in disposing of furniture, autos, or any other offerings on the premises. It will save much expense, will sell them for more money, and when

the sale is over the cash is ready. Again, people will go to a sale on the premises who positively will not stand on the street or in an auction house and buy. That means strong competitive buyers, especially if you have desirable goods to offer. Everybody likes to attend an auction sale if you have an interesting offering and an entertaining auctioneer.

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## THE LINGO THAT GOES WITH AUCTIONING

In calling bids in an auction sale it has always been customary to use a certain lingo. For instance, the first bid is one dollar, then the auctioneer begins rapidly "Makitthetwo," instead of Make it the two, then when the bidder makes it two, "Makeitthethree follows in rapid order. The precedent was established early in the history of auctioneering to speak rapidly, and a great many auctioneers cultivate their vocabulary so they can spin out a conglomeration of words so that you will have to be well acquainted with them in order to understand and follow them intelligently. It is true that speed is a great asset in auctioneering. You will notice that I capitalize the rapid system of "DO IT NOW!" at every opportunity in this book. Yet I am trying to do away with so much lingo, by getting the audience thoroughly acquainted with the quality of the goods, and enthused with the bargains, owing to the low prices, then the advantage of laying in a supply so that you will have them when you need them most, and that problem will be settled, and so on, until the break comes and people begin to hold up their hands and you hear them calling from every direction, "I'll take one!" Then you can continue talking as rapidly as a machine gun in action—but the main thing is to get the goods out so that there will be no slacking in the speed of the sale.

In a sale like this hundreds of people buy because they are interested by seeing their neighbors buying,

and it is your business to keep up the interest, even if you have to give away an article occasionally.

Did you ever notice, in real estate, after a property has not changed hands for years, and finally it sells at a good price, people become interested, and often say, "I wish I had known that property was for sale; I would have bought it." After the first sale everybody wants it, and it is no trouble to sell it again. The fact is, the neighbor who has lived in close proximity to the old home that is selling and changing hands so often, had slept on his rights and did not dream that there was a bargain right at his door until a live wire real estate man dropped in and made \$500 profit on the first pass, then the next made \$400, then Neighbor Jones, who pays the freight woke up and got into the game. So I say to the reader again (from practical experience), in the opening of any sale of good value, take your time in demonstrating and showing in detail the value of the articles or stock you have for sale, and then make quick deliveries. *Enthusiasm* is almost as contagious as disease in the auction room, especially if they are convinced that it is a clean deal and the bargains are there.

I believe the time has past for the by-bidding, grafting auctioneer—there is a real premium for the man on the block who can always find his bidder to the satisfaction of the crowd.

Years ago I attended the Illinois State Fair at Freeport. There I met a number of foreigners, some of them Polanders, and I had one of them write a lingo for me, that I memorized, and have since used quite often in public sales, especially when some foreigner tried to make sport of the auctioneer by pulling off some conglomerated mess of words which no one but himself understood, trying to be funny. If the auctioneer can return the compliment instantaneously with just a little more speed and comedy, he is always considered master of the situation and will have clear sailing. Here is the lingo: "Du-pon-crep-



sky pa-sa-ah. Set er-etsky set-er itesky set-er ootsky, frons-osy-ka bullio." Again, (Pennsylvania German) "Hite sen meer doe, iver-morria ni yorick. So gate de weld room."

In selling a horse we have thirty dollars to start. The auctioneer who is much on lingo begins: "Thirty-ka, makita five, makita five. I got the five, makita six, makita six. I got the six, now the forty. I got the forty, makita five. I got the fortika five, makita six, sidika six, sidika seven, sidika eight—I got the nine, makita fifty." And so on down the line as fast as possible, and then sell while the interest is on.

The fastest work, no doubt, is in selling merchandise. Many of the articles are small and the sale would become very monotonous if it was dragged along slowly, but if sold like a storm, goods flying in every direction, and quite frequently a few articles thrown away without selling, the crowd will stay until the cows come home.

An auctioneer must adjust himself and his methods to circumstances, and at the same time ever keep himself in line with the interests of his employer, and as much in the protection of his buyers. To do this he must be an automatic machine, but ever remembering, as I have mentioned elsewhere, that his reputation travels parallel with the values for which he sells.

I have sold tons of books, on the street and elsewhere. At one time I employed two colored singers. I never handled yellow back literature. All the books I sold would be a credit to any library. The singers were the best I ever heard and most of the songs were sentimental or religious songs. One of their favorite songs was "The Holy City," and while I was not a Christian then, I often wished that I were when they sang this song. But here is the thought that I wished to touch upon in this article on "lingo," and the best methods of selling fast and satisfactorily: In my opening talk, as well as the special talk for each book, and set of books, I took a bold stand

against all yellow back literature, coming as it does into the homes of this generation of boys and girls, on whom rests the destiny of the church, the home, the country.

I proved all this to the minds of my audience through burning illustrations—of criminal boys and girls, who had feasted their minds on bad literature, which is one of the Devil's magnets in drawing the soul across the dead line; and when I had covered the territory in behalf of good, wholesome books, almost every one wanted a book, and the sale was a wonderful success. The victory was won, every individual knew just what I was selling, and were all reaching for the books. It was just a question of how long it would take to distribute them. It took only a short time to dispose of this load. Again, this bears me out in my argument in favor of spending plenty of time explaining to the people until they are familiar with the quality and value of the articles to be sold.

There is a good demonstration of this system of selling in Madam M. Williams' "Auction of General Merchandise." I don't think I could write up a sale more practically. You will notice that during her selling of such articles as Japanese covers and negligee shirts, after her crowd was familiar with her bargains through her unique way of describing them and tossing them out directly to the buyers, she captured the whole bunch, and while they held up their hands, she recognized them all by counting their hands, she threw them out and counted out loud so all could see and hear, as follows: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten—then the clerks on the floor took care of collections—and there was a wild time in the old town that afternoon.

God, in His wisdom never created two things alike, and so there can never be two auctioneers just alike. Each one has a setting of his own, also a vocabulary and personality must be different. After the student auctioneer has familiarized himself with



the pointers in this book, and after he has heard all the local auctioneers and some imported ones, possibly some of national reputation, then he will settle down with a fixed purpose and personality all his own, and adjust himself to accommodate his customers.

Auctioneers are apt to become conceited, especially after they have pulled off a few good sales, and so are apt to know less about the profession after they have been working at the job ten years than they think they know the first year. Never boast of your good sales, you may have a bad one tomorrow. Your friends will take care of the boosting.

Many auctioneers have a bad reputation on account of their vulgarity, profanity and untruthfulness. You know what they call them. Come clean, be studious and reliable—and your lingo will come to you in due time.



## A STREET SALE

*Read Notes Below Carefully*

Hello, Bill! Hello, Bill! Say, Bill! Bill! Oh, Bill! Bring Bill over here. Bill, are you coming? Oh, go away, I don't mean my board bill. No, no, I don't mean my laundry bill. I mean the *sale bill*, so I can read the terms and tell you how it all happened. This is really the hardest place to do business!

About ninety per cent of the men who appear on the street to sell, pan out *real grafters*, and when a real clean live wire comes out he's up against a snow-bank, but let's forget it and talk about something that is worth while. I am glad the day is coming when everything that *must* be closed out or disposed of will be sold at auction. It does away with the middle man, and the articles sell on their merits.

You will notice that I have an excellent line of merchandise, in the way of dry goods, notions, etc., and you can expect one of the liveliest street sales that has occurred here for many moons.

Here I have some towels. I need not tell you what they retail for. Instead of selling you one of them, I will sell you three. Look them over carefully. All three go together. How much am I offered for the bunch? Say, what are you trying to do? Are you going to dry your face by solar evaporation? I hope not. That's the way they make salt. You don't want to become a pillar of salt, I'm sure. Do you?

Remember, I never told you what these towels cost, and, more than that, I never will. The lady said fifty cents. I thank you. Sixty over here, and seventy by the boy. Eighty; yes, ninety. That's enough. Sold. You're too late; this man over here bought them at ninety. This man wants three at ninety. This man takes three. The girl takes three. The railroad man wants six. This man with the automow-hay six. These are some towels. I'll be out of the towel business in a few minutes.

They'll clean the pimples off your chin,  
And make your breath smell sweet again.  
Bring down your nose to natural size,  
And chase the wild hair out of your eyes.

You may believe all this, but I don't. This man says he will take what's left. Now you will have to wipe your face on something else. Don't blame me.

The above is for a street sale. The man who will do the selling drives out on the street or locates thereon his boxes or platform where he expects to do the selling. He takes his position as though he was beginning to sell. He pays little attention to those around him, and his first move is to get a good crowd and get them right now. When his goods are all arranged ready for the sale, he squares himself and looks far up the street as though looking for some one and begins to call

out loud enough to be heard a block away, "Hello, Bill! Hello, Bill!" Then he looks down the other street and calls again, real loud, "Hello, Bill! Hello, Bill!" During this time he pays no attention to those around him. He spends about five minutes and sometimes longer calling, but it always secures the crowd. This is a little strategy in auctioneering. (Any other name used in calling would do just as well.) When the crowd begins to gather around you then you begin on paragraph number one, very slowly still looking over the crowd until you have number one completed. Then you pause a minute, and look the crowd square in the face, and with a smile say, "How do you do? I am sure glad to see you;" looking all around you so that you get a square look at every one. Now carefully, and not too loud, remember you are talking to those closer in. The best way, however, to be sure that all hear you (as I have already mentioned) is to talk loud enough for those on the outer edge of the crowd to hear you and you will catch everybody.

A street sale of any kind should begin on small things first, and continue on same until you have your crowd thoroughly established and properly located, and then you are ready to sell from a descriptive standpoint. The people have been grafted to a finish on street sales. Today they are to buy the real article, if you can show them. They have the money, if you have the goods. Business from every phase has been changed since the world war. Today it is speed and money. You show them the real goods and they will show you the money. The next on program, a sale of handkerchiefs.

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, I shall not undertake to tell you what these handkerchiefs cost in the regular way. You know too well. But if I can save you money because I sell them in large quantities, that is to your advantage. These handkerchiefs are sixteen inches square, all hemmed, clean, good ones. Look them over. There are just one half dozen in this bunch. I'll sell the whole bunch together. How much for the whole layout? The lady says fifty cents. I thank you. That's a fraction over eight cents apiece. Figures don't lie. You know that I'm right. You tell me what they ask you for this kind of goods today? You give me just a fair price for them, and I will send you home well supplied with handkerchiefs, and you won't have to ask your wife

or mother every time you want to go into the house, "Ma, have you got a clean handkerchief for me today?" Ma ought to tell you to tear off a part of your shirtsleeve and use that, for that's what you have been using, and no one knows it better than she. Listen to me. (Very loud.) Take it from me, that I will sell you this half dozen handkerchiefs cheaper than you can buy them elsewhere, and I have only about eight cents apiece for them. Who will make it the ten? Thank you, I have the ten and sold to this man for sixty cents. How many do you want my friend, at that price, six or a dozen? The man says one dozen. I don't blame him. Now then, because you bought the first dozen and for other reasons that I might mention I'll just give you one more. No, I'll do better than that. I'll give you two more and that makes just fourteen for one dollar and twenty cents. Look this man over carefully here today, and you will see one real man who is selling goods, who will never be arrested for profiteering. The man over here says he wants a dozen. Sure, why not? Say, they all look alike to me. You get fourteen just the same as number one did, and fourteen over here, and over there. Say, everybody wants them. Fourteen over here. When you get home with this bunch of fine white handkerchiefs and tell your wife what you have done, and the bargains you have found today, oh, boy! there will be some sense to that and it will be a joy forever.

The above talk must be thoroughly memorized so that you can just roll it off. Always look pleasant, wearing a smile. The writer knows what he is talking about from practical experience.

The only way to practice this sale is to have handkerchiefs or something to represent them and then practice the sale alone, at home or wherever you find it convenient, selling to an imaginary audience. This is a good one, if you do your part.

Now we have another variety of handkerchiefs, for men, and here we go. Remember, these talks must be so thoroughly memorized that the auctioneer can roll them off like buckshot



off a tin roof; make change with the same rapidity, always, if possible, see the money the buyer is handing you and meet him with the exact change so that the deal is made almost instantaneously. All this speed is attractive, and puts real pep into the sale, which means success.

Say, man, what do you know about these bargains? Men's hemstitched handkerchiefs, a little larger than those I just sold you, seventeen inches square. These are large enough for any boy, and small enough for any man with a roman nose. You will notice they come in sets of six, so I will break only the first package to convince you that I have a line of extra good quality handkerchiefs.

(Just here the auctioneer passes out a number of the handkerchiefs for inspection, and in a moment calls them back and the sale is on.)

Now then, gentlemen, remember, I am selling you hemstitched handkerchiefs, seventeen inches square. You have looked them over, they are certainly good ones, and you know it, and you need them; now buy them at your own price. How much am I offered for the first six? Some of you fellows have been picking your nose until your fingers are bowlegged, but you can't blame me for it; I have the remedy here, and the directions say take it.

How much am I offered apiece? Who will give me twenty-five cents apiece? I guess quality doesn't cut any ice today. The man over there says ten cents apiece. Listen to me, I am going to make a unique sale. I want to see how long I'll last at that price. Just once I'll take one bid. Sold to this gentleman for sixty cents. Six of these hemstitched handkerchiefs, seventeen inches square for sixty cents. I might as well turn the mess over to you. No, I won't do that, I'll just sell them for sixty cents a package. Well, this man wants one, one over here, and two over there, and two over there, and one over there. The lady takes a dozen. Goodnight, cook. Stop the

deal. Wait a minute. How many have I sold? Hold up your hands, please.

Well, I see I have sold nine packages. Ten times nine are ninety. Here, my friend who bought the first batch, you gave me too much money. Here's a dime; here's a dime for the second mess; here is twenty cents for the man who bought twelve, and twenty for the next, and twenty cents for the lady. Now, then, you people think I don't appreciate the value of money. If you do, you have another guess coming. Listen to me. I am tired making change. That extra dime gives me the heart burn, and I'll make it even fifty cents, and see how long this shop can run on reduced prices. The gentleman over here takes a dozen, and another over there. I see the ladies are getting wise, and everybody wants the big ones. Don't you see how much easier I can make change. The boy says give him a dozen. His shirt sleeves are worn out. All right, son. I see you have blown your cuffs off too. Well, that dozen will hold you. One dozen over here, and the shower is still on. Tomorrow, when this sale has subsided this community will not be so wise, no one will dare say their nose too much. All right, my friend, blow again, you can't bust that handkerchief, your eyes stuck out like organ stops. Blow again. This isn't a big day for handkerchiefs, either. The hotel man says one dozen, and his wife takes two.

Did you ever blow your nose in a hemstitched handkerchief. If you did not, try it, and see what effect it will have on your noserine. Its remarkable.

You must admit this is bargain day in the outdoor carnival, but the end of this blowing campaign is near at hand. The gentleman over here says he'll take one. All right, I thank you. Here is the package. No, no, I want one. Why, my friend, we don't break packages. We don't sell less than six. Didn't you hear me say at the beginning of the sale that we did not break packages? Yes sir.



Then you forgot all about it. Yes, sir.

What is your name, please? Spotts, Spotts. Well, well. That's a good name. Did you ever forget your name? I don't think I ever did. Well you might forget it, so I will give you this red bandana spotted handkerchief, and if you should forget your name, some day when your nose gives you trouble this spotted handkerchief will make it come to you.

This handkerchief could be bought for 58 cents per dozen; 42 cents per dozen profit.

Some of these talks may seem a little dry to the student, but the writer again assures you they will bring the response, after you have memorized them well and practiced them thoroughly. With this talk I can sell even better than the description gives it. In handling handkerchiefs, towels, or any other merchandise, the auctioneer must display them in handling so that all can see them, and never begin to sell until your audience is familiar in detail with your offering. They will be just as interested as you are.

Now then, we are squaring ourselves for a special auction on men's work shirts. In selling clothing I have had a wonderful experience. It is necessary to display the garment carefully, so the buyer can know its real value. The double seams, the yoke in the back, the buttonholes, and the reinforcing of the weaker parts, should be thoroughly exhibited to the buyers, before the sale or during the sale, as the auctioneer comes on to them. Here we have a shirt that can be bought for \$4.20 per dozen, or 35 cents each, wholesale.

You must learn to talk fast, but always speak plainly.

Now then, gentlemen, we have a line of blue chambray shirts, custom made, sizes run from 14 to 17. This goods is of medium weight, yarn dyed fast color blue and will give good wear. Here is a splendid work shirt, with faced sleeves, and launders well. I need not tell you what you have been paying for them; but I will tell you to fix your own price today. I have given you a thorough description. Now buy them.

Now then, gentlemen, the first shirt is fifteen and a half in size, a good one. How much am I offered for it? What do you say? Fifty cents I have, at fifty.

Who will make it seventy-five? At fifty, sixty, I have sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five. Going at seventy-five, and sold for seventy-five cents.

Here is another just like it, who will say seventy-five cents to start it? Fifty I have. Going at fifty, sixty, seventy, seventy-five, eighty, sold.

We could hang around here all day on a few shirts, if you don't want shirts at your own price, I am ready to make a change. Now come alive if you want them! Here is another fourteen and a half in size. Tell me right off the reel what it is worth. Seventy-five cents I have and sold to the butcher. Here is another fourteen and a half, just like it. Sold to the butcher for seventy-five cents.

Here's another, sixteen in size. It's a daisy. Seventy-five I have. Going at seventy-five. Will you make it the dollar? Eighty, I have eighty-five, sold for eighty-five cents.

Here's another sixteen. Who will give me eighty-five for this one? Sold to Jack. He says he will take three of them. I see where he is wise.

Here we go again with a fifteen and a half. That's a good size. I got the seventy-five. Who will say the dollar? I have eighty, ninety, ninety-five, one dollar, sold.

I know just about what you fellows will do; you will wait until all your sizes are gone, then you will pay double the money somewhere else. Surely these are bargains and it doesn't take an auctioneer to show you.

Here we have another fifteen and a half in size. How much for this one? Seventy-five cents I have, going at seventy-five. Tell me what it is worth and take it now. Eighty, ninety, ninety-five. Sold for ninety-five. Take two of them, my friend, then you have a change. Thank you, he takes two.

Here we are again, fifteen in size, and I have ninety cents to start it. Going at ninety. Who will say one dollar. No? Well, sold for ninety cents.

How many do you want, my friend? Two, he says.

Here I have a pair of sixteens. Who will give me ninety for them? Eighty I have. Eighty-five, ninety, ninety-five, sold. Get in if you want them. The good sizes will soon be gone.

Here we have a seventeen that's a good big one, but we have only a few of them of that size. I have the ninety cents. Going at ninety, one dollar I have. Sold for one dollar. How many, please? Four, he takes four. I know a number of you parties that will sure be left on sizes.

Here we have another sixteen. Some one tell me right off the reel what it's worth. A good size and a dandy shirt. Ninety cents I have. Going at ninety. Will you make it the dollar? Thank you, I have the ninety-five. Now I have the dollar, and sold for one dollar. How many do you want? He takes four. I don't blame you.

Here is your last chance, number fifteen and a half. Three of them left, and I have the ninety cents. Who'll make it the dollar? Ninety-five I have, and sold for ninety-five cents. How many do you want? He takes them all.



## HENRY'S FIRST TALK

*Written Saturday Eve, October 13, and Monday, 15, 1917. This Auctioneer Is Now in the Glory Land. Was Converted in My Meeting.*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

If you can tell me what made the wild cat wild, then I might be able to tell you what possessed me to *even attempt* to make an opening talk at this very important auction sale.

We are living in an age when you can look for the

unexpected to happen, the world over. Men must adjust their business in line with the conditions, if they would expect to make good and get their share of the proceeds.

I came to Oklahoma seventeen years ago, I believe I have been here long enough to be thoroughly identified. I have had practical experience with live stock of all kinds, in buying and selling, I have made a success in pedigreed Poland-China hogs. I have been general manager for the R. D. Martin ranch, authorized to buy and sell on my own judgment. It has always been profitable and satisfactory.

I have always desired to be an auctioneer, in fact, I have had sufficient experience to prove that I can "cut the mustard." I don't expect to ask for any of your business until I can prove to you that I can get the high dollar. Listen to the terms of the sale, and I am going over the top.

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## JOE'S FIRST AUCTION TALK

*Entered the El Reno Auction School August 6, 1917*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

If I were to tell you that I am the youngest auctioneer in Oklahoma, I believe I would be giving you the real article. I was born in Oklahoma, so you see I am an Oklahoman from who laid the chunk. A short time ago I decided to be an auctioneer, and when I found the El Reno Auction School was putting men into the field who are actually making good, against the live wire auctioneers of the great Southwest, then and there I decided, the El Reno Auction School for me. Today I am a student in the school, and while I am the youngest, what's the matter with my being the best?

Well, that's up to me. One thing you can depend



on, Joe will do his dead level best to make good. Some of these days I'll sell your offerings and then I'll tell you how it all happened.

Listen to the terms of this sale, and I'll make my first parachute leap.

The above are two short talks that I wrote for two students of the El Reno Auction School. This was their first attempt in public. They both made good. With a little arranging these talks could be used to a good advantage. Colonel Steinfeld died a little over a year later with the Flu. The other man is now located in another state. Mr. Foster was sixteen when he finished in the school.

One of the easiest ways of learning a talk is to write it several times so that you will fix it in your mind's eye.

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## A SHORT TALK FOR SALE OF A PIANO

There are many auction sales of pianos in the disposition of household furniture, and very often at farm sales, especially when the farm is sold, and the party is moving into another state. Quite often you will find an extraordinarily high class instrument. Nothing short of a good price will satisfy. The keenest interest can be aroused with a short musical treat properly arranged. If the parties have no reserve on the piano, roll it out on the porch. If there is no porch, call for help and set it out in the yard (if weather will permit), where everybody can see it and help appreciate the music and the good instrument. When all is well arranged the auctioneer looks his audience over carefully, and says in part—

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Here we have a beautiful musical instrument. It cost \$350.00, and it is practically as good today as it was when it was purchased. I know you usually look at the expense of a good instrument, and then turn it down and buy a cheap one, if you buy any.

Did you ever stop to think that *nothing* is so soothing when a person has toiled the live long day, as to rest in the old armchair, while the children *you* thought had no signs of musical talent whatever,



can sing beautiful songs, and fill the house with melody, that brings you back to the days of your childhood, and you'd like to live them over again?

Did you ever stop to think that if you make the home attractive, and fill it with music and song (especially the right kind), it will add to the great magnet of home, sweet home, and they will always want to come back again? There are diamonds in the rough in almost every home in this country, and while you think the children have no musical talent, you must also admit that they have had no opportunities. Take this instrument home today, and you will start something that money could not take away.

Now we expect to sell without reserve. His loss will be your gain, you know the rest. How much am I offered for this A-1 instrument, that's a credit to any home? You must admit that there are few sales that have this kind of an offering. The lady says \$100—it cost \$350. One hundred, who will say two hundred. I have one hundred fifty. At one hundred fifty—and so on.

Before the above talk it would be well to have the lady or owner of the instrument describe it carefully, telling exactly what it cost, and the condition of the instrument, and their object in selling it, loud enough so that all can hear. The next move is to have some one on hand who can play the instrument well, and a real good song sung well would be of wonderful advantage in the sale.



## SELLING A GRAIN BINDER AT FARM SALE

Now then, gentlemen, I realize that the harvest is over, and you won't need this machine until next season, but it won't cost you anything to keep it. We are living in an age when if we would succeed we must make it with our heads; we surely can't make it with our hands. It will cost you about \$250 when you need it; let's buy it today, and when the harvest is

ready, so will we be ready. Today you fix the price, next summer the manufacturer will fix it. Let's fix it now.

How much am I offered for this nearly new machine? Fifty dollars, the man says. Fifty, I have, a-going at fifty. Sixty over there. Seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred. Sure. Who will make it one hundred ten? Fifteen, twenty, thirty, forty, go on, go on. One hundred fifty, one fifty, one fifty, one fifty. All done? Sold, for one hundred and fifty dollars.



## AN OPENING TALK FOR A STREET SALE

*This Is the First Sale, and First Appearance on the Street*

Say, boys, there's a new man in town, and when you get thoroughly acquainted with him I am satisfied you will admire his speed and his system of doing business, even if you do not like his personality.

I have often heard it said, and I am convinced that it's a fact, if a man gets into new territory and gets there on his wrong foot, he might as well go back and come again, and it would be much better for him if he took a new route. Understanding these conditions that are characteristic of every man looking for a new field of labor, I come to your city, in a way that I trust will be most acceptable.

I anticipate being one among you. I am young, and expect to pitch my tent here and camp with you, and be recognized as one of the *live wires*. This country looks good to me and I certainly like her people. I believe there are great opportunities for me, and I assure you that my methods of doing business will be clean and congenial with any competitor that I may come in contact with; so I might as well open up and tell you where I am.

In the first place, I am an auctioneer, and will make a specialty of live stock and farm sales. I also will consider merchandise and real estate sales. I mention these different lines so that you may know that I sell everything from a safety pin to a flying machine, from a bull dog to the finest thoroughbred animal on the farm. The day of the middle man in most of the lines I mention, are gone, and the people want to buy everything on its merits.

The auction system of selling is the best system if properly manipulated. Many of the eastern states have established the auction route in disposing of all their property, farms, and even railroads. Today I have an offering more in the way of an entertainment than values, and yet every one needs them and they are useful articles. In fact, it is my peculiar way of getting acquainted with you, and here we go.

This is a sale of notions, such as handkerchiefs, towels, writing paper, envelopes, lead pencils and novelties, in a new town, where the auctioneer thinks of locating permanently.

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## OPENING TALK

*This Talk Is Especially Good When a Man Is Going to Leave, Who Is a Number One Good Citizen*

No man ever had a public sale without some object in view. It might be a *fact* that the man doesn't care whether his values sell if they don't reach a fancy price. He may go so far as to make a statement that there are no reservations, and at the same time have the background loaded with by-bidders.

These are conditions auctioneers must meet time and time again, and even though we are deceived occasionally on this line, people will often hold us responsible when we have done our best. Then again, we have the man who stands out in bold relief for

cleanliness and the whole community knows his reputation, and you can rest assured they will be there on sale day and take care of his interests. No man can fool the community in which he lives, and I am glad of it, so we can get our bearings and know where to head in. It's an auctioneer's business to protect the buyer as well as the man he sells for, and when I find a clean citizen like the man I'm selling for today, you can rest assured that he will get the best service I can possibly render. This turnout of the representative people of the surrounding country is certainly complimentary to this man today, and you will find that he has been just as careful in selecting and accumulating his fine stock and farm machinery as he has been in establishing his reputation.

We regret to see this man leave. We would rather see more of them come in, but when they do go let's take care of them and see that they get values received for their offerings, and some day they will come back again.

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## A STUDENT'S TALK IN EL RENO AUCTION SCHOOL

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

There's no use talking; you can't possibly tell what will happen tomorrow, or next week, or next month, or next year. You don't know even what will happen this afternoon. If some one had told me six months ago that I would stand here today on this man's farm, deliver the opening talk, and then open this public sale, I'd have sent for the fool-killer and I'd have told him to grab the man and throw him in for eating too many buns and for cruelty to animals. So you can see I did not know what would happen in the future, and no one objected to my being here. That accounts for this opening talk. Now then, let me tell you a story:

No man succeeds until he follows the line of business for which he is adapted, so finally I concluded to take the auctioneering route.

I've got the bee buzzing in my bonnet like some of you candidates. I don't know how it got there, and I don't know how to get him out. The other night, while I was sound asleep, I fastened my right paw in the mammoth crop of brown hair on the head of one of the students in the El Reno Auction School, with whom I was sleeping. He dragged me all over the house, and I thought I was conducting a sale in the black jacks in Caddo County. I called the proprietor and said, "Say, man, what do you take me for? I can't sell these long-haired mules unless you bring them into the sale ring." So you see, I am going to be an auctioneer, and saltpeter won't save me.

This man Wullick has a fine offering today. Did you see his Percheron horses, those fine cattle, household furniture, machinery, harness, and many other attractions that he has cut loose to the highest bidder without reservation. Just let me give you the terms, and then we'll break away.



## A REAL AUTOMOBILE AUCTION SALE

### *Ladies and Gentlemen:*

If the next twenty years have as many surprises in store for us, in the way of modern improvements, through Yankee genius and invention of machinery, motive power, light and transportation, the dreamers of the past, if they could come back today, would realize the reality of their dreams. Distance was measured by miles; today it is measured by time.

What do I mean? Let me explain. If your business is thirty miles away from home, the benzine



wagons, like the ones we sell today, bring it within a few minutes of the door, so that the distance is not considered; it is only a joy ride. So we accept this wonderful necessity that is only in line with advanced civilization. The livery barns are a thing of the past, from the fact that money is the cheapest thing on earth, and time is the most valuable. for the reason that time to you is only the duration of your life. If you know of some money that is waiting for you, you must move today, for if you don't your competitor will have the grapes.

Again, if you are doing business with the general public, how can you meet competition without a machine?

Now then, if we can sell you a good machine, when I say good, I mean a machine that we can not only recommend, but a machine that after you purchase the same, we take you out on the road and should you find anything out of order, and not as represented, the sale is off, I realize that it behooves you to know whether it has the dependability. There are many standard machines, and I am glad to tell you that this is one of them.

In the first place, we have a splendid engine. Powerful, flexible motor that will pull you anywhere. It is built for strength and wear. Reliable brakes, choice material, and solid construction down to the smallest detail.

If you don't feel disposed to pay the price of a new one, then buy this one, and we will go out and prove it.

The terms of the sale are as follows: etc.

There are a great many fake auto sales. In the first place, they try to doctor up an old, wornout machine with a little paint and a few new fixtures and if possible palm it off for a machine that will give good service, when it should have been dumped on the scrap pile.

A real clean and reliable auto exchange, where good second

hand machines are handled by reliable parties, is one of the best investments you can find for the capital invested.

There are many men who are able to buy a new machine when the one on hand is a little out of date and yet the engine and all parts are first class. One good coat of varnish will bring back the luster and you have a first class machine, and the country is full of them. If you establish a place where the people know they will get a square deal you will have more business than you can take care of. When you have built up a reputation you are ready for the auction sales, and they will go like hot cakes.

Nothing is more disgusting and unsatisfactory, to the dealer as well as the buyer, than a wornout or wrecked automobile. Never touch them.

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## A BOOK SALE

### *A Clean Library*

Today we have a very interesting offering of books. This will be an exceptional sale. I say interesting, because this library would be a credit to any man's home. I say exceptional, for the reason that there are few libraries in the country that are not well supplied with yellow back literature, that is a curse to modern civilization.

It is abundantly sufficient and terrible to know that our daily papers make a specialty of publishing crime and rot of the lowest degree, in preference to wholesome reading. But when we admit that yellow back kind of literature into our libraries, into our homes, as a part of our homes, look out for criminals and skeptics. I am sure that unclean literature has more to do with the degrading of the characters of our boys and girls who are going to the bad than anything else. If you have the wildest and wooliest detective stories, full of crime and hairbreadth escapes, train robberies, intermingled with love stories that never could have happened; if you indorse the kind of literature that borders on the impossible, and never





#### AUCTION SALE OF FURNITURE

*This is one of the regular Saturday sales that occurred about ten years ago. Only a few of the people can be seen. Car loads of furniture were sold. People came from all parts of the county.*

mention the King of glory; if your children have no respect for the Sabbath, the Church and the Bible, which is the Book of all books, God pity you when the show down comes.

I have mentioned this library as exceptional and interesting, for this man has been particular and on his guard that nothing unclean or trifling should be placed on these shelves. So I can conscientiously recommend to you a library of wholesome books, that build character, that develop the mind for future usefulness, and in a home where children are growing into manhood and womanhood will be a joy forever.

To sell a library of books, it will be necessary to give the titles of the books and the authors of many of them. Sometimes a little sketch of the book or the synopsis will be good. Each book or set of books should be thoroughly introduced.

Auctioneer goes on with sale as follows:

From an educational standpoint it is almost impossible to put the real value on this library. In fact, it should be sold intact; but we are going to sell it in single volumes or sets to the highest bidder, without reserve. Good books are the best capital invested in any home. Who will be the lucky one to secure the first bargain?

As people are becoming educated to the high prices of paper, as well as other commodities, the opportunities open again to sell them at auction. The writer has had practical experience in auction sales of books, and considers the book sales the most interesting of all auction sales, providing you sell clean and wholesome books.

The little talk above will appeal to any reasonable man, especially if he has children.

The man who makes a specialty of selling books at auction can buy them cheaper than most men, providing he buys them direct from the publishers.



## A RATHER UNIQUE TALK

An entertaining and attractive talk just before opening a furniture sale in a new field, where the auctioneer has never sold before. It should be spoken very slowly, giving every word its full value, looking the audience squarely in the face. You must always be careful that you do not put on too much of the village clown. Always be dignified enough so that you will command the keenest respect of everybody. Yet you must be spicy and alive.

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Curiosity is one of the most peculiar parts of a man's makeup. Arouse a man's curiosity on any little thing, however trifling, and it's a dead certainty that he will know the rest. Arouse a woman's curiosity, and if you should be in the way she will just about tell you where to head in. So you see we are all afflicted with the same disease, depending on circumstances and conditions surrounding us to bring it out. I am aware that as I appear before you for the first time today you are entitled to pass judgment upon me, and to wonder what my game might be; whether it's a clean proposition and something worth while; at least you will satisfy yourself by taking my measure. Do you know that sometimes I think the people of Missouri have more curiosity than the people of any other state in the Union, because you have to show them. (*Put on a good, strong laugh.*)

Well, I believe it's true in any state, that the man who can not stand the show-down is a dead duck, pure and simple. There's a premium for the man who can look the world in the face today and owe them no apology, or that if he does owe an apology has the moral courage and manhood to fix it, he is the man of the hour.

While this opening talk hinges on curiosity and character, I assure you that I am not trying to win your confidence on self-righteousness, but only to place myself properly before you and convince you

that what I say I'll do. From the surroundings you can readily see that there will be an auction sale here today, and your humble servant will take care of these offerings. There will be no reserve, and you can look for a fast, clean, wideawake auction.

Give me your attention and I will give you the terms and we are off. It will be a cash sale, and the clerk will be ready to take care of you. Terms, etc.

How much am I offered for this library table? It's quartersawed oak. It's massive, retails for \$40 new. Buy it as cheap as you can, look it over carefully. The lady says ten dollars. I don't blame you. Ten I have, who will make it twenty? The gentleman says fifteen. Sixteen over here. Come alive! Where do you buy your furniture anyway? What do you suppose the man who made it would say if it sold for that price? Twenty over here. Sure, why not? What do you think an airplane would sell for here today? I have the twenty, make it the five, make it the five. Sold to the man over here for twenty dollars. No, it's sold to this man, you are too late. This sale will be noted for speed and money.

There will be a new song on the market soon; not "Let the Women Do the Work." No, it's different. Man, I see your finish, and here is where it begins. How much am I offered for this washing machine? There is no wringer with it, you will have to wring it by hand, and probably before you get through she will wring your neck. The man says ten dollars. I thank you. I can see where you are getting wise. Ten dollars, going at ten, who will make it the fifteen? At ten, at ten, I have. What's the matter with you fellows? Why not pay this man two-thirds as much as you are willing to pay some one else? Eleven I have at last, make it the twelve. Sold to the lady over there. Yes, your wife bought it, you can pay for it now, and she will tell you the rest when it's loaded.

I'll guarantee you won't buy this so cheap. Ax-

minster rug, nine by twelve, as good as new. We don't always have bargains like this in the sale ring. They are usually well worn. But this one is in elegant shape and the colors are good. Well, let's sell it today. How much am I offered for this beautiful rug? I am offered twenty-five dollars. The same rug new would cost you at least forty-five dollars. This rug has been used some, but it is in elegant shape. Anybody could have good rugs at that price. Twenty-six I have, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty over here. Sure. Who'll make it the thirty-five? Thirty-one I have, thirty-one, one, one, one, one, one, two, two. With a rug in the bug, and a bug in the rug, I sold it to this man for thirty-one dollars flat. Give your name to the clerk and thirty-one dollars.

Well, well, well, here is a real rug, a velvet Wilton rug, twelve and a half by sixteen feet. Wait a minute and we'll show you a real rug.

You take the rug and roll it out on the floor carefully, or on the lawn, or on the street, so that every one can see it. Keep everybody off. Never misrepresent it; if it's a good one, tell how good it is. A velvet Wilton rug is a real rug, and the buyers must know its quality to appreciate its real value.

Walk on the rug while you are selling it so the rug will be the center of attraction, and you will be in position to take care of the buyers.

The sale goes on, and the auctioneer says in part:

It's a very rare thing for a rug like this one to come into the sale, for the reason that they are picked up by buyers long before an auction sale can be arranged. This rug new would sell for from \$175 to \$225, in the regular way. You will notice it is in very fine condition, the colors are bright, the nap is soft and long; why it's like walking on a blue grass lawn, and yet it sells today without reserve. You buy this rug and your wife will admire your judgment once, if never before.

How much am I offered for it. The lady says fifty dollars. Thank you. At fifty I have, going at fifty. Sixty over here. Sixty-one, two, three, four, five, who will make it the seventy? Seventy-five I have. Listen a moment. If you want a real good rug at your own price how do you ever expect to get it? Why don't you tell me what this rug is worth so I can sell it?

The lady says ninety dollars. I thank you. If you buy this rug it will be a joy forever. The gentleman says one hundred dollars. One hundred, will you make it the ten? Thank you, I have the ten, eleven, twelve, fifteen. Now let's have the twenty. Come alive! At twenty, will you make it the five? What do you think about it? Have you quit, me, my lady? Goodnight. I'm gone, sold to the man in the Auto-mow-hay but it won't, for one hundred twenty dollars, flat.

There is only one way to make an impression on your buyers when you are selling, and that is to be deeply interested in them yourself, moving fast and furious, pronouncing every word distinctly, as though your very future depended on this sale. Remember that the auction business is a profession.

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## AN ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

Where a house full of girls and one little boy were left to fight the battles on a homestead, pay the taxes and make proof on the place. They made good, but now comes the final division of the personal property. This talk I arranged for one of the students of the El Reno Auction School, who is now located in Iowa. He is a live wire.

### *Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Today we have an administrator's sale in which I assure you I am very much interested, and somehow I feel that the people who live in close proximity here,

who have seen them struggle in the hot and the cold, in the sunshine and the rain, should feel much more concerned than any one else.

Some years ago this family was left practically alone to fight their own battles, and they have struggled very hard to make ends meet. I am proud to know that they have stood the test and made good. I wish it were possible that this sale should not occur, but as there is a difference of opinion among the heirs holding this collection of live stock and farm machinery, it will be sold without reserve to the highest bidder.

In this offering we have some fine cattle, among them some extra choice milkers; some good horses, and good machinery. We trust that you will see to it that they bring the market value. I really do not know of a parallel case in the history of this country.

The girls and children have stood shoulder to shoulder with their obligations, paid the taxes, and held the fort against all obstacles and trials that are characteristic of the development of a new country.

This is an open field today, and the heirs have the right to bid as well as any one else. The terms of the sale are as follows:

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*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I would like to have your attention for a few minutes. No doubt you wonder who is on the block today. Well, quite a good many call me Kit Carson. No doubt you have all read of Kit Carson, the noted character. Well, this is not Old Kit. No, this is Dave Carson, from Hobart, Okla., a live wire in the auction business. That's me. I am a student in the El Reno Auction School, and I am proud of it. I expect to be in evidence at this sale today. This man has a fine offering of cattle, hogs, machinery, and many other articles of value.

It is certainly complimentary to our friend who



is having this sale today to see this great turnout of the representative people of the surrounding country. He is one of the old-timers among you. He stood the test in the drouth and the misfortunes that come to every man in a new country, and I assure you it is a great pleasure to me to help secure the high dollar at a public sale where there will be no reserve and his host of friends are in evidence to protect his interests.

Listen to the terms of the sale while I turn the gas on.

These two talks I arranged for two students of the El Reno Auction School, the first one a bright young man, nineteen years of age, who became a whirlwind auctioneer. The second talk was for a man of forty-five years of age, who is hitting the ball and making a very strong average. The reader might get some real good pointers from them or rearrange them to suit himself.



## AN IMPORTANT FURNITURE SALE

### *Ladies and Gentlemen:*

This certainly is an important offering today, in fact, it is unusual for the reason that this man is handicapped and compelled to sell, and the furniture and rugs are in such fine condition, and many of them very high class, and it is an unusual opportunity for you.

In this sale we find twenty-five rugs seven by nine and nine by twelve; some of them cost \$60 and practically new, all in fine condition. Twenty-five extra fine dressers, and twenty two-inch Vernis-Martin beds. Twenty-five all cotton mattresses. Twenty-five elegant springs. Nine three-quarter iron beds. Nine three-quarter mattresses. Nine three-quarter springs. Two fine three-piece parlor suites in Spanish leather. Ten bungalow rockers in Spanish leather. Twenty dining room chairs. One elegant ward-

robe. Two dining tables. Six chiffoniers. One roll top desk and chair. Twenty-five commodes. Fifty comforts. Fifty pairs of blankets. Sixty pillows, and I might go on and enumerate to you all the bargains that await you in this sale.

These are hard times. There is no use to try to cover it up; money is scarce, and you must all admit that this man has some nerve to turn this fine display of furniture and rugs loose at auction without any reserve whatever, but he says "Sell it, I must have money."

Now then, just a word before I sell. No doubt I will sell very rapidly, however, I will recognize every bid. Again, I will describe the articles I sell in detail, and if you are standing back where you can not see very well, the articles must be as represented or you have not purchased a thing. I protect the buyer as well as the man I sell for.

The terms of this sale are cash, no goods removed until settled for.

How much am I offered for this Vernis-Martin bed? The lady says five dollars, six over here, seven over there; eight, nine, ten, I thank you. The gentleman says twelve—sure, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, all over and sold for fifteen dollars, to the lady.

All this is done as rapidly as you have just read the above. The descriptive talk, just before the sale begins is always worth while and very profitable. It familiarizes the buyers with the offerings, and it certainly means much to the sale, if the auctioneer is honest and clean as he should be, and the people know it.

You should prepare for every important sale, for each sale has a peculiar setting of its own.

It is very often necessary to wait until your crowd gets close up to you when you are moving around, especially if you are selling some important article, and you want to sell it rapidly.

If there is room, all the beds should be set up complete with springs and mattresses on, and arranged as conveniently as possible. The rugs should be laid on top of each other, and

sell them off as you come to them. The better the display of the other furniture the better the sale, always keeping in mind that the offerings should be arranged so that everything is classified, and far enough apart so that the buyers can get around to investigate.



## A SNAPPY LITTLE TALK

### *Just Before Selling a Ford*

Listen to the proprietor. He says sell it. You don't seem to care what the machine sells for? Listen to me. There isn't a highway, byway, desert or farm that has not been disturbed by one of these critters. Worse than that, they are in evidence everywhere. I believe that if it were possible for machinery to have a vocabulary and talk Master Henry would be the first one to give you an oration. He could tell you stories that would make the automobile family go home and hide with envy.

He could tell you of terrible battles in mud, where the big ones failed and threw up the sponge, but the little Lizzie with all its insignificance and can opener reputation came through with flying colors. Henry could tell you of a thousand broken arms; he is a kicker in front and a goer behind; he'll make enough noise so you will lose your mind, in fact, there is only one thing that this measly-eyed lobster or centipede has not been accused of, and that is robbing hen's roosts, but there is plenty of time yet.

Did you ever see a machine coming from a long run, on a dark and gloomy day, when the mud was knee-deep, and all the autos were put away? With her hood shot off and her fenders gone, and the carburetor gone on a spree? Say, man, that was a Henry.

Let me sell her to you today. Sometimes it's a he and sometimes it's a she. When it's brand new,

it's Henry. When it has made the distance of thirty thousand miles then it's a Lizzie. Either way she's a high stepper and always brings you back. Who will give \$250 to start her? It's a FORD.



## STUDENT'S OPENING TALK AT FARM SALE

Do you know, I have been wondering what would happen if I ever attempted to address the people of this neighborhood? I have been living in this part of the country about nine years, two of them in Binger, the balance of the years near Lookeba and Binger.

In fact, I have lived here plenty long enough to be thoroughly identified, yet I have never attempted to talk in public. Some time ago I came to the conclusion that if it took the hide off the back of my neck, I would investigate and see what kind of material it would take to become a modern, up-to-date auctioneer, and I am here to tell you that I dug down deep, in the way of investigation and thoroughly satisfied myself, without question, that there is a place in the auction business that will be vacant if your humble servant fails to get in and get his feet wet.

So this is my peculiar way of introducing your humble servant at this sale. Now then, while I may not be the best looker in the country, I assure you that I am decidedly the best feeler, and expect to prove it to you without a doubt.

Today we have a fine offering of live stock, machinery, household furniture, in fact, it is an exceptionally good offering and I trust you will give this man a liberal price for the same.

I forgot to mention that this man is going away, and there will be no reserve, everything is guaranteed to sell at your price. Terms, on all sums of ten dol-

lars and under, cash. Over that amount, six months time at ten per cent interest. Five per cent discount for cash. Everything must be settled for before removing.

How much am I offered for this sauer kraut cutter?



## CLOSING OUT SALE OF A CLEAN STOCK OF MERCHANDISE

### *An Opening Talk to the Representative People Before the Auction*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Today we have an extraordinarily fine offering. I emphasize extraordinarily, for the reason that it seems that the day has almost gone by to pick up snaps. What do I mean by snaps? I'll tell you. Twenty years ago many stocks like the one we will sell today could be picked up for thirty-three and a third cents to fifty cents on the dollar, and sold with safety at auction with a profit to the speculator. But conditions of the country have changed, owing to war, shortage of raw material, increase of population, and general disturbances the world over, until prices have almost doubled. Today the wholesale houses pick up these bargains and pay almost actual cost, and keep them off the auction markets. This helps the merchant and the wholesale dealer as well, and keeps up prices.

The profits in general merchandise are nothing compared with what they were a few years ago. The opportunities for new men are not so encouraging, and especially men with small capital. In the face of the smaller profit they reap today, they must battle with the high cost of living. So don't wonder why



so many merchants fail at this age. I mention these real conditions that we may thoroughly understand each other, and that you may appreciate this clean, up-to-date offering of high class merchandise and avail yourself of the opportunity. In this offering we have an exceptionally fine line of ladies' dress goods, right up to now in quality and pattern. You will notice in the display of underwear, it looks like a full stock to me. We really have a complete line of ladies' and gent's furnishing goods. I want to mention the shoe department. You can readily see that we have the standard makes of the country on which the merchants build their reputation.

It would be well to mention factories, or the real name of the shoe.

In the ready-made garments we are just as complete as in the shoe department, for we can recommend them as custom made. That means they have the actual sizes as represented, and the quality of goods. In our display today you can see many other lines.

Pointing to them and giving full description; impressing the fact that they sell without reserve.

As a whole this is a golden opportunity to buy at a sale, where you make the prices, and I trust you will take advantage of this sale, that must go at some price. The first snap on the program is ten yards of fine dress goods. Enough to make a full dress for any woman, no matter how large or small.

Hold the pattern up, then you can make an elegant display by letting it hang in graceful folds, so that the light will touch it at all angles. Always be sure to give the exact number of yards and the width of the cloth. Then throw it out over the tops of their heads, and tell them to take hold. This always has the desired effect in a dress goods sale.

How much am I offered for the whole pattern? One dollar, the man says. Say, Mister, I am not

selling samples. I'm here selling whole dress patterns. All right, one dollar goes. Two dollars over here. Three dollars over there, five dollars, thank you. Sold for five dollars—and so on.



## MERCHANDISE AUCTION SALES

*Stocks of Goods Moved Into New Territory, Opening a Retail Store for a Time, and Finally Winding Up the Entire Stock in a Real Wild and Woolly Auction Sale*

The writer has had a great deal of experience in selling dry goods and clothing at auction in many towns and places in the western states.

Quite frequently merchants who were near the wall and needed ready money would consign large amounts of goods to me, which I would ship to some new town or good location, rent a room for a month or more and operate in the regular retail way for some time until the newness of the store was practically worn off, in the meantime I would secure a license for an auction sale that would occur later.

This method of opening a store in a regular retail way and then winding up with an auction had a two-fold purpose. In the first place, during my retail experience I had an opportunity to get acquainted with the surrounding conditions and warm up to the head city officials so that when I asked for a license to sell my goods there would be no danger of a hold-up in the way of a high license, which I had experienced in many places.

I always aimed to pay a license if it was within the bounds and not prohibitive. I learned long ago that a tightwad is of short duration in the estimation of the representative citizens, especially a new man in business, so I am able to say that I always went

away from these towns leaving many friends behind who are friends to this day if they are still living, and they will never forget that once upon a time they attended a real auction sale of merchandise in their home town.

There was music and song and bargains all day,  
Instantaneous sketching of faces, and fun to keep  
up the fray,  
It was a great crowd, and I stepped some that day,  
But the wonder of it all, was the goods they carried away.

When the date was fixed for the auction sales to begin, I usually closed the doors and cut out all retailing of goods and began to advertise for the auction sales, giving a complete description of the goods to be sold, and the entertainments at the opening of every sale.

In the meantime, however, I was very busy arranging the auction room so that I could handle the goods to the greatest advantage in a rapid sale. Speed to me has always been the greatest asset in an auction sale, when all was in readiness.

*Arranging a Store for a Real Auction Sale on Short Notice*

Always sell from the side of the building where the light is presumed to come from. You must have the light in the faces of the buyers.

In an auction crowd you will have all kinds of people to deal with. The supposition is that the majority of people are honest, but it will surprise you to know the number who are not when the opportunity presents itself. Therefore, it is well to arrange everything so that you need not waste any time in watching your goods, and concentrate all your energy in the sale in the interest of the man who trusts

you with his goods, and the protection of the buyers.

I always put the goods out of reach of the audience by securing enough counters or large tables to place in front of the goods the same as counters in a regular store. If one side of the building with its shelves did not hold all the goods I had in stock for auction, then I would shelve the end of the building, (the back end) and I would put counters or tables in front of them, so that I had complete control of the situation

Then again, I would put boxes on top of the counters or tables, and tack them to the tables. I would be careful to secure neat boxes, of a uniform size, so that it would look neat and clean, and have them fixed firmly so that they could not be shoved around in a jam.

Near the center of the room, possibly a little nearer the door, I would fix my stand to sell from. Here would be an opening between the counters, where I would arrange the stand as follows: The opening would be from three to three and one-half feet. I would place a solid box of inch lumber, good and strong, to cover this space to stand on, twenty inches high, letting it come out as far as the counters project. The box must be large enough so that the auctioneer will have plenty of room to stand on. The front of this box, flush with the counter, I would build up an auctioneer's stand of more boxes, as follows: Shoe boxes are usually good material for this, with the open side toward the auctioneer where he can store away plenty of notions and novelties to spice up the sale in dull times.

The counter for the auctioneer should be built about 46 inches high on top of the 20-inch box, that is, 66 inches from the floor to the top of the auctioneer's stand. This would put the auctioneer's face a little over seven feet high, however the auctioneer can adjust the height to suit his convenience and his height.

Again, I always cover these boxes, the auctioneer's stand and the boxes near by on the right and left at least the length of a good blanket. I usually use plush lap robes with rich colors if I can secure them, if not I use blankets with the best colors I can find.

This makes everything bright and attractive around the auctioneer, and the goods will show up to the best advantage. This is an important feature in an important auction sale of dry goods and clothing. (The writer, you will notice, does not pattern after anyone else; he tries to give it to you just as he found it through practical experience and successful auction sales.)

Again, I always set the boxes on my right and left close up to the front edge, so I can have a running place should I want to take the top of the counters in a great crowd, in order that I may show the goods to the best advantage. This is frequently necessary.

Now then, I have given a system of arranging for an auction sale of merchandise where the auctioneer is called, and there is no real auction room provided. This can be arranged in short order, without any extra expense, and I know that it will fill the bill, and bring the response if you can fill the bill. You surely can do no worse than I did in my first experience which I give in my introduction to this book.

I never allow any goods sold at retail during an auction sale. I always know just what I am going to sell at each auction sale, and I see that the goods are put in the proper place, so that I can make rapid changes when a certain line is not in demand. Again, let me add, when everything is in apple-pie order, speed, and a little fun, with good offerings will hold an audience to the finish.

In this book you will find a number of opening talks for dry goods sales. The main thing in any





THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN TWENTY-SIX YEARS AGO  
ON THE FARM  
IN THE STORE

*The above picture was used on cards and letterheads more than twenty-five years ago. At that time the writer made a specialty of dry goods and clothing in addition to live stock sales. In the winter we took care of farm and thoroughbred stock sales and the balance of the year we devoted to merchandise sales. We believe strongly in pictures that will put life into the scene.*



business is to start right. I was so particular in opening important sales of any kind, that if I thought I needed a drink of water, I would walk across the street and get it, if I couldn't find it closer by. It did not make any difference to me if the house was packed and waiting, if my feet bothered me and needed attention I would slip away and take care of them, and so when I did step on the auction block it was a sure thing that I would serve that crowd with the hottest auction they had seen in many moons.

Now don't entertain the idea that I was usually tardy at these sales. I always tried to be Johnny on the spot. But when you come to a place to hold an auction sale, where there were no arrangements made and it is all up to you to arrange the store building and the goods, you will surely have to step lively, especially if you have just arrived in town on the day of the first sale.

However, this sale is different, I have been in town long enough to get my bearings. The goods are in their places, the house is arranged to seat the most of the people, the doors that have been closed are thrown open, and in they come pell mell, in a few minutes the house is jammed full, waiting for the fray.

Here is where the auctioneer wonders whether he is ready for the battle, especially if he has worked his head off to make a real sale possible, and he is all in a sweat and dirty, and his feet are bothering him. Do you blame him for slipping away just then to make sure that he is not working at any disadvantage?

Be sure that you are in line and not handicapped by a little neglect in taking care of this house you live in. "God helps him who helps himself." When you have done your part well preparatory to a hard job, then you can call on Him. I find it helps wonderfully to be a consecrated Christian.

## THE SALE OPENS — AUCTIONEER ON THE BLOCK

*Looking Over the Curious Faces, Eager for the First Act. Opening Talk as Follows:*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I am certainly delighted to meet you in response to the advertisements we have scattered all over this territory, telling you that a real auction sale of merchandise would take place here, in this room, today.

I am sure that it would be in order for me to give a descriptive talk of the bargains in this sale and our mode of operation.

Looking this way you will notice the dress goods, (as you point to them). Now then, we will sell them in dress patterns, already cut in eight, ten and twelve yard patterns, depending on the width of the goods.

You can take one or more of these patterns as you like, and you can rest assured, even though you are located in the back part of the house, that these goods will not be misrepresented. If at any time during this sale the goods are found not to be as represented, don't pay for them; leave them here. We might make a mistake, but we are ready to fix it.

In the next division you will notice the outings and flannels. They will be sold in different ways; ten, fifteen, and twenty yard pieces. Some of these goods will be sold in full bolts.

In the next division you will notice the muslins and linens. We have abundance of bleached and unbleached. Then we have the full width sheeting.

We have a wonderful line of ladies' furnishing goods, dresses, skirts, underwear, hosiery, shoes, light and heavy coats.

The same is true in a complete line of gent's furnishings; also for boys and girls.

I might go on and mention towels, lace curtains,

and notions, and so on. It is enough to know that we have a real stock of dry goods, and that they will sell at auction without reserve.

The terms of the sale will be cash as you go, unless you make other arrangements with the clerk. Please don't delay this sale in the way of settlement. When you begin to bid reach for your pocketbook.

Hand those towels over Mr. Clerk. I'm gone. Here I have a pair of bath towels, real good ones, how much for the pair? I'm offered a quarter for them. Well, that beats nothing. If your conscience is your guide you'll surely come again. You can't be sore at the girls who work in the towel factories. They did their part all right. Aren't these number one towels? Do you see anything wrong with them? The man over here says no. Well, why don't you buy them? You can't dry your face on the back of your neck in a thousand years, and you know it, too, don't you? Fifty cents I have, a-going at fifty cents, sixty over here, sixty-five, seventy. No, I intend to sell them today. The lady bought them. Just a moment. When you people buy anything make a dive for the clerk and settle at once. That's the way, thank you.

I have fifty for the next pair, sixty, seventy, sold for seventy. How many do you want? He takes three pairs of them. I don't blame you.

The man over here takes a pair at seventy cents. This man takes two pairs. The lady wants six pairs.

How much for the next pair? Same old seventy cents, and sold to the boy. We still have a few towels left. How much for this pair? Fifty cents. Sold.

"Say, auctioneer, you sold that man a pair for fifty cents!"

"Sure, I did, and that was all he bid on them. What did you bid on yours?"

"Seventy cents."

"And you got them, too, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."



"What will you take for your towels?"

"I don't want to sell them."

"Well, just keep them."

Talk about lace curtains. This is where we shine. Here we have a pair eight feet long. Isn't that a beautiful design! They retail for \$3.50. I have no idea what I am going to get for them, but I have been instructed to sell these goods and not bring them home again. Some one take hold of them, aren't they daisies?

One dollar I have to start them. One dollar, going at one dollar. I am dead sure I won't bother you very much on lace curtains at that price. One fifty. Now I have the seventy-five, who will make it the two? At two dollars, I have, at two. Two twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, seventy-five, and sold for two seventy-five.

What do you pay in the regular way for these curtains? Understand, you get a pair complete, eight feet long. Who will give me the two seventy-five and take them home? Thank you, the gentleman says he will take three pairs. I was just wondering how long it would take for you fellows to wake up and grab these bargains while they are in sight. The lady takes two pairs. I thank you. Two pairs more over here. The hotel man says he will take six pairs. I can see plainly that when I have closed them all out then everybody will want a pair. Well, I guess I have sold enough lace curtains for today.

The hotel man back again for six more pairs. I guess your wife gave you a pointer on prices. He says yes. Well, all right. Here are your six pairs. The lady says, "Give me three pairs," and two pairs over here. Are you well supplied? These curtains need no boosting. Just to see them is enough.

Well, what do you know about that? The hotel man is back again. Say, man, you can't use them for for bedspreads. The mosquitoes will eat you alive. All right, he wants four more pairs.

Now then, I want to sell you a real fine bedspread. I have only a few of them, and you can make up your mind that if you buy one of them or more, you have surely bought something, for they are high class in quality and design; in fact, it is seldom that such quality is sold at auction.

The auctioneer holds the spread up, so that every one in the audience can see the design, especially if it is an elegant design. If the design is not so good, show it just the same.

Sometimes when the auction room is crowded it is necessary to throw the spread out into the crowd, let them get their hands on it, it brings them in closer touch with the auctioneer, and they know he is not trying to cover up. The same is true in handling many other articles. It's a battle to win the confidence of the people, and there's a premium for the men who will *always* come clean and keep it.

Now then, you have seen this beautiful design, and I will sell it. How much for this spread? One dollar to start it. At one dollar, going at one dollar. two dollars, two twenty-five, at fifty, seventy-five, three dollars. Say, come on, what are you going to cover up with tonight? You won't have to stick your feet out of the window to tell when it's daylight when you sleep under one of these. No, no, it's a good big one. Three and a quarter, he says. I don't blame you. Three and a half, sixty, seventy-five, and I got the four dollars, and sold to Andy. How many do you want, Andy? (A Swede.) Andy says, "Ay tank Ay take four."

Here is another just like the one sold, and just as large, how much for this one? Three dollars, I have. *Sure!* what's the use of fussing your time away? You have looked the goods over carefully. Now let's sell them today. Three twenty-five, going at three and a quarter, three and a half, sixty, seventy-five, four dollars, four-ten. Sold to the lady. How many, please? She says two. I told you there were only a few of this design, and now I have only four of them left, that are ready for this sale today. How

much for the first with the privilege of all four? All right, I have three dollars for one. Say, listen; I know you admire this beautiful pattern and you are waiting to get them cheaper, but this man is likely to take them all. Say, come on in, the water is fine. Only four left of this pattern. Three and a half, going at three and a half, seventy-five, four dollars, four and a quarter, a half, sixty, seventy-five, eighty. Are you all in at four eighty? and sold to the gentleman over there. How many do you want, my friend? All four. Thank you, he says he will take all I have. Well, that's all of that design for today.

Now then, ladies, I am going to sell some outing flannel, a wool finish. Understand there is no wool in it, but you will notice it has a splendid soft finish, for babies' kimonos, children's petticoats and bloomers. Twenty-seven inches wide. This is a beautiful light-blue and white. There are just ten yards in this bolt. I sell the bolt at so much per yard. How much per yard? Ten cents. Going at ten cents. Who will make it the fifteen? Eleven I have, twelve, thirteen. Now I have the fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, twenty, who will make it twenty-five? Twenty-one I have, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four. Sold for twenty-four cents per yard.

Here is another pattern just like the one I sold. Ten yards. Now let's cut out the penny ante business. Say what it's worth in a speculative way and buy it now. How much per yard? Twelve and a half, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, eighteen, twenty, sold. How many patterns do you want? She says three.

All right, here is another just like it. Just tell me what it's worth and we are gone. Fifteen cents per yard. Now I have sixteen, seventeen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-four, sold. How many patterns do you want, lady? She says she will take four patterns. That's forty yards. That

is the way to buy. Now then, when you want to do some sewing, lady, you've got the goods to work on. I thank you.

Well, well, here is another bolt just like it. I have twenty cents. Going at twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, now I have twenty-six, and sold for twenty-six cents per yard.

How many do you want? He says he'll take three. That's thirty yards for you. Who'll take another bolt at twenty-six cents per yard. I have twenty-five, going at twenty-five, and sold for twenty-five. How many bolts do you want? Two she says. I thank you. Who'll give me twenty-five cents for the next bolt? Twenty-five, twenty-six. No, I've got the twenty-six over here. Sold for twenty-six flat.

Here comes another bolt of pink and white. Isn't that a beauty! Yes, there are ten yards in this pattern. Twenty-five cents I have, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight. Come alive! Sold for twenty-eight cents to the laundryman. How many for you, Harry? Five, he says. Good. That's fifty. Say, Harry, you sure ought to take an outing, you have enough flannel to scratch you back home again.

More outing flannel. How about this bolt? Twenty-five cents, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine. Sold. How many bolts? Two he says. This man here says give him two bolts too. The lady wants four bolts, and one bolt over here.

Now then, trouble begins in a new place. I am going to sell you gingham. Here is a bolt of lavender plaid. Talk to me about something good and rich, I sure have it now, in ten yard patterns, with privilege of laying in your supply. How much per yard for this beauty? Fifteen cents I have. Thank you. At sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, twenty, twenty-five cents per yard. Going at twenty-five, and sold. How



many bolts do you want? He says ten bolts. That's a hundred yards. Man, you sure know when to buy! I thank you. The lady says she'll take two bolts. The landlady says she'll take two bolts at that price. Who wouldn't take them? I thought you folks might come alive some time. Did you ever see any finer patterns of gingham? The latest and most delicate patterns, right from the mills. Don't the prices suit you? Why, you are making them yourselves. John says, "Give me a few patterns." Say, John, tell your wife about these bargains and see the fur fly. You fellows don't seem to appreciate the fact that I am selling an extra fine line of ginghams at your price. No reserve, except we reserve the right for *you* to buy them as cheap as you can, and fix your own price. If that isn't enough, then help yourself to the grapes.

Here we have another ten yard bolt. Isn't she a daisy! One of those delicate plaids. How much a yard? Start it along. Fifteen cents I have, at fifteen, at fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two. Sold. No, I won't wait. How many bolts? She takes one. Who will take the last two of this beautiful plaid? Well, how much a yard? Let's go. The Swede says he give ten cents. At ten cents, at ten, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, who will make it the twenty. Yes, I have the twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two. Going to Norway for twenty-two cents. All right, Andy, settle with the clerk. You owe two dollars and twenty cents.

"Ay tank I bid twenty-two cents."

Sure you did, Andy, twenty-two cents per yard, Andy, did you think we were selling napkins? No, we sold you ten yards of elegant ginghams.

Look! Look! what's coming! Bleached Turkish bath towels, with hemmed ends. Very absorbent. Twenty-two by forty-four inches. Double loop, real good ones. All right, pile them up here. No use of drying your face in the sun, it's liable to warp if you



do. What do you want to wear that far off look for? Sweeten up, let's go. You really ought to lay in a good supply.

How much am I offered for the first bundle of six. Fifty cents. I thank you. At fifty, who will say the seventy-five? Sixty cents I have, now sixty-five, eighty, over here, and sold for eighty cents. Say, my friend, how many miles to your home? Thirteen and a third, exactly. Well, what do you know about that? That's just what you are paying for these bleached Turkish towels each. How much would you pay for them if you lived just one-half mile from town? I'd buy them on time. Sure, and I would have a time walking home.

Well, I can't help it, and the directions say take it. So here goes. I'll try you once more on towels. I really don't think you need towels. Say, my friend, I'll give you fifty cents for your bargain on those towels, what do you say? Nothing doing he says. I'll keep them.

I'll toss this half dozen towels out to you people, you pass on them, you surely are overlooking something.

How much am I offered for this half dozen? One dollar I have. Going at one dollar. Who will make it the half? One dollar ten, I have. Who will make it fifteen? I've got the fifteen, now the twenty. Yes, I have the twenty-five, and sold for one dollar twenty-five. Who wants another half dozen at \$1.25. Mr. Williams says, "Give me a dozen." Possibly you will wake up some time.

How much for the next half dozen? One dollar twenty-five I have. Sold for \$1.25. How many do you want? Six he says. I thank you. Well, I'll put them away and find something you do want. The lady says, "Give me a dozen. Why, lady, you just saved my life. I was about through selling towels in this place. What is your name? Snodgrass, he says. Mr. Snodgrass wants a dozen. Mr. Snodgrass,

I'll sell handkerchiefs later on. The lady says give her another half dozen towels. You people just come up close and examine these towels and be convinced.

Now you are looking at them. Two dozen for the baker. I thank you. How can you keep from buying them? This lady says they are real bargains, and takes one dozen. The colored man says one half dozen. Well, this sounds like old times. The landlord says four dozen. That's the towel for the hotel.

They won't rip or tear

They are broad, thick, soft and long.

You really should buy the whole smear

And life to you would be a song.

I don't blame you for looking those towels over. I am sure if you examine them you will buy them. Now, I'll just give you five minutes to buy these towels and the towel business will be off. Shall I put them away? No, he says one dozen. This man takes a dozen, the lady two dozen, the girl a dozen. Settle with the clerk as you go.

The colored man back again; he wants a dozen. Yes, sure, I'll sell a half dozen. This man buys a half dozen. You will have to step lively, the time is about up. The hotel man takes two dozen, one dozen here. Two dozen here. Three dozen to the Sullivan hotel, one dozen to the Ainstine hotel. Ainstines take two dozen more. The towel sale is over. I thank you. I have other goods to sell. People are waiting for them. (I sold 360 towels.)

Now then, a few words on this towel sale, in the way of explanation to the reader, and especially to the man who expects to be a real auctioneer.

I did not conduct this towel sale in the regular auction style, but rather, as we say today, when we are feeling our way, and not just certain whether we have our bearing, we say we are stalling. Whether that is the proper word for the

place, I am not sure, but it has been used so often along this line that the reader will know just what I mean.

The towels are high class goods, and it so happens, as occurs often, that we have practically no buyers, in that particular crowd, and possibly they think they do not need towels at any price, so I am stalling, not particular whether I sell any towels, at least not many, and what I do sell, I sell from an argumentative standpoint, and actually getting fair prices, and having a clean sale, and even at that I sold 360 towels at \$2.50 per dozen.

The auctioneer must protect his buyers and always give them a clean deal, and he must protect the man who will always trust him with his merchandise.

These towels of high quality are usually sent with the stock to spice it up when you are retailing goods, but when the audience calls for towels it's your move.

There are many other articles that are too high priced to even think of selling at auction, and are left in the stock to retail.

The reader must not forget that this stock of goods were consigned to me to go out on the road, find a good location, open in retail style and finally sell the whole push at auction, with the exception of extra high priced goods that we used in a regular retail way.

Now then, the sale continues as follows:

Now then, we have some real bedroom necessities in the way of bedspreads, blankets, pillows, sheets and so on. Look at this cotton blanket, if you please, 68 by 80 inches, it's a good one. How much am I offered per pair? Two dollars, I have. I thank you. At two, make it the three. Believe me, I'll sell it now. You barely got in with your quarter. Now two twenty-five. Fifty I have. Going at fifty, sixty, now the seventy, seventy I have. Who'll make it the dollar? Sold for \$2.70.

Another just like it, two dollars and a half, two sixty I have. Two seventy, sold to the lady.

You people, come alive! Another just like the one you bought, lady. Who will hit the dead line at \$3.00. Two seventy I have and sold to James Palmer for \$2.70. Here's another one, it looks like the rest and it is like the rest. You people don't seem to

take to blankets. What's the matter with using these blankets for sheets, if you don't intend to cover up. They are soft and what is known as fleecy down cotton blankets.

I have \$2.50 for this one. \$2.75, who'll make it the three? I have eighty, now ninety, and three over here, and sold to Tom Sharp. Here is another just like it, will some one give me \$3.00 and save time? Sure, the lady says give her two. Well, now you are talking. This man says he'll take two. I don't blame him. Well, now I have just six of these cotton blankets left. How much for the first, with the privilege of the other five. That's good, I have \$2.50 for the first, two sixty, two seventy-five, two eighty, and finally I have the three dollars. I thank you, and sold to Leslie Thompson for three dollars. He takes two.

Now let's get busy and sell the other four. How much for the first one. Two dollars and a half, two seventy-five, three, sold. How many do you want? He says one. Well, put the rest out of sight. I'm tired of blankets myself. Oh, you do? What do you know about that? The lady takes the other three. I thank you.

Now we have something for sure. Clothing—yes, here is a suit of clothes for a young man. All wool blue serge, nicely lined, size, chest 40, waist 38; pants, waist 38, length 32. This is a custom made suit. How much am I offered for this suit? It retails for forty dollars. That's the old mark on it, but they need the money. The gentleman says ten dollars. At ten dollars, going at ten, who will make it the twenty? Fifteen I have. You certainly don't need clothing very bad. Sixteen, seventeen, twenty. Going at twenty. Well, that's four dollars less than half of the marked retail price. Twenty-one I have, at twenty-one. Who will make it the twenty-five? Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, now I have



the twenty-five, and sold to Pat Patterson the tailor. He says it beats working in a thousand places.

Here is another just like it. Listen to sizes, waist 38, chest 42. Pants, waist 40, length 32. Let's go!

How much am I offered for this suit? I have twenty-five dollars. Going at twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-seven and a half, at twenty-seven and a half. Where do you buy clothing? If these prices don't appeal to you you will have to come and get them tonight, but you may not get your size. All right, sold for \$27.50.

Here we have a blue worsted for men. It's a humdinger. Another custom made suit and it's a dandy. Chest 40, waist 38. Pants, waist 40, length 32. It's a stout and it's a good one. I have twenty-five dollars to start it. Twenty-six, twenty-six and a half, twenty-seven. Sold for \$27.

Well, her's something nifty, a beautiful gray summer cassimere, a two piece suit. I have just about a half dozen suits of this pattern, like the one you are looking at now, and I intend to sell the whole smear, in about the same time you can say Jack Robinson, after I cut loose on them.

Here is a man's size, coat 44, pants, 42 waist and 33 length. This is a real suit of clothes. How much am I offered for this fine dress suit? Listen to me, if you don't break away I'll throw them back in the stock. These suits are high class sellers in the regular retail way. All right, back they go. Twenty dollars I have. Well you just barely got in. At twenty, who will make the twenty-five? Twenty-two and a half, twenty-three, twenty-five. What do you pay for clothes like these? I thank you, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, thirty dollars. At thirty, make it the one. Sold for thirty flat.

Here is another just like it, size of coat 42, pants, waist 38—33. Here, John is the size you were looking for. Will you say thirty dollars right off the reel? No, he says twenty-five, twenty-six over here, twenty-



seven, twenty-eight, thirty for John, thirty and a half, thirty-one, thirty-one and a half, sold to John for \$31.50. John, I might have saved you that one dollar and a half if you would have bid the thirty to start. But you got a good one.

Here's another, size coat 40, pants 38—33, and I have the thirty the first shot out of the box, and sold for \$30. Don't kick, I know you did not have much time to bid, and I intend to see that you have less from now on.

I have only three suits left. Now come alive! Only three of this pattern. I have plenty of others.

Listen, here's your size, coat 42, pants 38—32. Twenty-five dollars I have, thirty over here. Sure, I knew it was there but I couldn't locate you. At thirty, at thirty, thirty-one I have. Who'll make it thirty-two? Thirty-one, thirty-one, thirty-one, sold. No, I said sold. You take second money.

Only two left. Coat 44, pants 40—32. I have thirty dollars to start and sold. I sure appreciate your hitting the ball on the first move. Some people think it's fun to keep an auctioneer handicapped by dragging the sale along by slow bidding. Take it from me that don't buy you a thing in the world. Come alive!

Here is the last of the suits of this pattern, and she is a good one. Size coat, 38, pants 36—33. Thirty dollars I have, quick as a flash. Thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three, thirty-four. Yes, I have the thirty-five. Sold for \$35.

That's \$187.50 worth of clothes sold in just nine minutes. From now on the fur will fly. I thank you.

Look! See what I have! Mother, I am sure these will interest you. Boys' two-piece suits, all virgin wool, blue serge or brown cassimere. Sizes from 7 to 17 years. I will sell you this first suit of blue serge for an eight year old boy. Just notice the style, please; the three-button coat has an all around belt, there is a neat yoke across the back, also an inverted

pleat. The lining is a strong twill fabric that will render dependable service.

In giving a complete description just before selling an important article, or a line of goods, it stops all inquiry that would annoy and many times disturb a sale, that could otherwise have been a great success. You will notice the short description of this boy's suit, and also displaying it to the audience, so it can be seen from every angle. The audience has a right to know the quality and the makeup, and without this knowledge you are not entitled to a successful sale, Mr. Auctioneer, and you won't have one.

Now then, I have given you a clean description of this high class boys' clothing, and away we go.

How much for this blue serge suit for the eight year old boy? \$2.50. I thank you. At two fifty. Who will make it the five. Three I have. Four over here. Four and a half, five, five and a half. Who will make it the six? Yes, I have the six. Six and a half, seven I have and sold for seven dollars to the lady.

Here is No. 2, for an eight year old. Who will give me \$7.00, right off the bat? At five I have, thank you. Six, six and half, seven, sold.

Here is another just like it for a seven year old boy. Now will you give me \$7.00 and save time? Five dollars she says. The same old five to start. It's not where you start that usually gives me the heart burn. Yet, what's the matter with telling me just what this suit is worth so I can sell it? Six I have. Now I have the seven, and sold for \$7.00.

Here is a dandy for a ten year old. Seven dollars is the first bid, and sold for \$7.00.

Here is another for a ten year old. This man says he will take two suits at \$7.00 each. You bought something, my friend. Say, man, you must have twins at your house. Yes, he says, worse than that.

Here is another, for a six year old. What can I get for this suit? Same old five dollars is in evidence again. At five, who will make it six? Six I have, going at six. Sold for \$6.00.

If you folks think I will just stand around here and wait, you've got another think coming.

Well, I believe I'll just shift the deal. A change would be the proper caper. How many of you folks have handkerchiefs in your pockets? Well, well, just a few hold up your handkerchiefs. Say, I don't wonder you have been picking your nose ever since this sale started. Well, I'll sell you a few lines.

Here we have an extra choice men's hemstitched handkerchiefs. They are quite large, seventeen inches square. I don't need to ask you what you pay for a fine quality like the one I hold in my hand. Well, I'll see if you really need this handkerchief. What would you give me for this one? I'll toss it out and you look it over carefully.

Now then, I'll see what you will do with me. How much? The gentleman says ten cents. Well, that's going some, isn't it? Well, I can't help myself. The gentleman over here says fifteen cents. I thank you, *that's enough!* Well now then, I'll just put another in just like it, that's two for thirty cents, one more for forty-five cents, one more for sixty cents, one more for seventy-five cents, and the last one, a complete set of six white hemstitched handkerchiefs, and remember, seventeen inches square, this carton of six would make a fine present, good enough for any one and they are only ninety cents. When you get home tell your wife you won't be caught picking your nose again in company for many moons, and then show her your bargains.

Do you want these at ninety cents? Yes, he says, he'll take them. I thank you. He takes the six at ninety cents. Wait a minute. Now then, since you are the first buyer of handkerchiefs I'll just make you a present of two more for good measure, and you can give them to your wife as evidence that this is bargain day at this place, and if the eight don't take you through, just tear up a few sheets, and your wife will tell you the rest.

Now then, what I did for this man I will endeavor to do for you. Here are the six in this carton, one more is seven, and another is eight. I thank you. This man takes them.

Remember, they are seventeen inches square. Sold to this lady, and this gentleman takes a bunch. Another over here. You notice they are all hem-stitched, just as I told you.

This man says double the dose. He takes two batches, and the good work goes on.

Don't you people think it's the proper thing to do to lay in a good supply when you can get the quality of goods at these prices? This lady says that is just what she's doing now. And still they sell.

This gentleman says, "Give me another batch." Well, we are doing our best to supply you, and we are about cleaned up on this line of handkerchiefs, for the day.

I shall not go any further into the details of selling in this merchandise sale. I have told you my system of securing the goods and going out on the road and realizing the money for the goods in the introduction to this sale.

My terms were ten per cent for selling and then all expenses paid, transportation, etc.

Sometimes we had wonderful success and a great time. I usually took a good man along, for there was no limit to the work, especially after a hard sale. The whole stock had to be invoiced, which took several days of hard work. I always aimed to send in a statement to the parties who owned the goods, so they could keep a perfect record, almost daily.

I usually had a complete line of merchandise, especially for the early retail trade, before I squared myself for the final sale.

The writer, as he has mentioned elsewhere, is quite handy as an artist with the brush, and he lost no time in decorating the place of sale and made it the center of attraction.

I always desired to have everything in apple-pie order before a sale, and then, as I have said, give my complete description of the articles to be sold, so the only thing left for me to do was to step on her and run in high, and break the speed limit if possible.



I think it is the hardest work you can possibly think of to sell merchandise in a store room packed with people, but it is fascinating to me, and is to all live wire auctioneers.

If you are a Christian the writer would certainly appreciate your prayers, and if you appreciate this book let me know about it, and I will try to keep you posted as to my evangelistic work. As I stated, I shall devote my entire time to that kind of work when this book is published and on the market. So be it!

I am sure that quite a number of people will find abundance of help in this book, as a guide to auctioneering, and that it will be a great help to new beginners. Well, when you purchase this book you pay the regular price asked for it, and I certainly appreciate it in helping me in the evangelistic work. So that squares that account. But if the "High Lights" in this book appeal to you, and my religious experience should persuade you to live for Christ, or should you decide to preach the gospel, write and tell me all, and I will testify for you in my evangelistic campaigns wherever I go. Then the angels can give you the results in the glory land. Amen!

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## REAL ESTATE OPPORTUNITIES

The greatest field for future auctioneers will be real estate, land especially, for it is the only real security on earth; all other things perish with age; the land will still be there until God in His wisdom sees fit to destroy it.

The writer has had remarkable experiences in selling real estate, especially town sites, improved farms, and large tracts of land. One Government sale consisted of one hundred and thirty-one 80-acre tracts. making 131 sales, as each tract was sold separately. The sale ran over a quarter million of dollars, and was conducted in a little over two hours and a half. The picture of said sale can be seen in this book, taken while sale was in operation.

We have had many unique experiences in selling town sites. Sometimes the occasion was interspersed with a wild west show, in the way of a roping contest.



The wildest steers in the country would be gathered up, put in a corral where it was most convenient for the fray. Then the roping contests would take place at an hour that did not interfere with the auction sale.

Usually some one would ride a wild steer some time during the day, which is always considered a real dangerous feat, but the climax of the day would be the riding of some outlaw horse that had killed a number of men. This usually was done for a purse of fifty dollars or more that was taken up in the crowd. Usually four to six men (cowboys) would ride close to the outlaw horse while he was pitching his best, with their six-shooters in hand, ready to shoot the horse if the man should fall, knowing that the horse would kill him if allowed to do so. This was the final of this particular sale, and everybody knew that they had seen the best horseback riders in the world. A real genuine lot sale, accompanied by a wild west show that will not be forgotten in a lifetime.



## A TOWN LOT SALE

*Homesteads Flying in the Air—Too Much Sand in Our Crow—We Stayed and Won*

Here is one, for instance, that would melt the heart of a grindstone, paralyze a new beginner, and make an old live wire auctioneer think that the last day was coming that night. It occurred in Pecos City, Texas, April 21-22, 1910. Pecos City is four hundred miles west of Fort Worth, Texas.

The men who promoted this sale bought an option on a tract of land to the southwest of the city, then advertised very extensively over the East as well as the great Southwest, for an auction sale of lots at Pecos City, Texas, April 21, 1910. There was a

large tent erected on the ground where the sale occurred and a platform erected, and on this platform was a large plat of the addition to Pecos City. The streets, blocks and lots were named and numbered in bold letters so that the audience and buyers could see and keep tab on the sale. The City of Pecos at this time had a real uniformed brass band, which was directed by an artist who was employed for the business.

Pecos City also had a real commercial club, managed by a high-salaried man, of more than ordinary ability. The band and commercial club were both in evidence at this sale. The crowd was there, the seats were filled with representative people and strangers from everywhere.

On the north side of the big tent the trenches were dug and the large balloon and parachute were lying in wait to make the first balloon ascension and parachute leap in the history of that part of the country.

The band played several choice selections while the crowd adjusted themselves for a real wild and woolly auction sale.

The weather seemed to be ideal, however, in the northwest I could see a strange-looking cloud that reached beyond the horizon in the northeast and the southwest. It appeared like a great pillow hugging close to the ground. Before I could butt in and ask whether there was a rain coming, some stranger from the North took it away from me and put his hand on a Texan's shoulder and said, "Don't you think we are going to have an awful rain?" The Texan answered, "When a man asks about rain here we know he is either a fool or a newcomer." I was glad I had stayed in the dry. I was informed that day that it had not rained at that place for six years.

Now that the crowd was there, the prospects could not have been brighter for a successful lot sale. The

president of the commercial club took the platform and in a few moments had every one interested in the future prospects of Pecos Valley and the beautiful little city. While he was orating I thought I would take a peep around the corner and see what the threatening cloud was doing, for I knew that if the sale blew up the 1,100 mile trip would be unprofitable to me.

I saw that the cloud was getting close and looked very angry, but the Texans seemed to be satisfied, so why should I worry? I turned around just in time to be introduced to the citizens of the Pecos country and the many newcomers as the live wire town site auctioneer of El Reno, Okla., the lot-a-minute man.

As I have already stated, the plat of the addition to Pecos City was located on the north side of the large tent on the platform where every one could see the location of the lots and keep tab on the sale, and also on the north side so that the auctioneer during the sale could point to the location of lots he was selling from the platform out in the addition and never get confused as to directions.

This pointer may not appeal to the reader at first, but experience is a real good teacher and the writer has been there.

After the president of the commercial club had finished his remarks complimentary to the future prospects of the Pecos Valley and city there was little left for the auctioneer to say except to touch on the many artesian wells in that city, the wonderful climate, the most moral city we ever knew, with her magnificent churches and schools, and a commercial center, in fact, the best town in a radius of one hundred miles or more.

*All this was true*, and I must add that I was impressed with the great Christian influence of that place, where boys and girls could grow and develop beautiful characters; and the writer paid the best compliments he had in store.

Then we gave the terms of the sale; and then,

almost simultaneously two things happened. First, like a flash we turned our face to the plat on the frame to sell the lots to this multitude of people who we were sure were eager to buy—but the storm beat us to it.

Almost instantaneously it turned dark, and, as it seemed to us, there were fifteen million homesteads flying in the air, and no one had the nerve to file on them. The confusion was terrible—it was a real sandstorm—and there was no sale at Pecos City on that date.

We lost our nerve, at the same time we had plenty of sand in our craw. The tent was swept away. the balloon man called for men to stand on the balloon and parachute until he could load them for town. The crowd bored their way through the storm back to Pecos City.

When the writer reached the real estate office in town he found the promoters of the sale sitting bent over with their faces buried in their hands. They had placed their all on an option on this addition, and to fail meant to lose all, and they had only a short time to make good. The office windows and doors were dancing and squeaking, dust and sand shooting in from every direction, and we all looked like chimney sweeps. No one had a word of comfort for the other fellow, so it was *the hotel for me*.

The storm lasted until midnight. The following morning was the most beautiful I ever saw and I fell in love with Pecos City. It was calm and clear as a crystal.

We all took new courage and began to arrange for the auction on the main street of the city. The first cutting of alfalfa was then on the market and it was a beautiful pea-green. We arranged for many wagons to load up to decorate the place of sale as well as a splendid advertisement for the country. With the alfalfa we formed an arc with the wagon loads of hay, and on the north side of same we placed the plat of lots for sale. It was a beautiful arrange-



ment, and it seemed almost everybody was there. The band was in readiness again. Immediately after the music we were master of ceremonies, and the center of attraction. Again we were complimenting and shifting in line for the auction that was now due. After a few appropriate remarks that are always in order at an important sale to steady the crowd and secure their undivided attention, the auctioneer once more turned his attention to the plat, and a real auction sale of lots was on. The 1,100 mile trip was not in vain, and the promoters of the sale took new courage and a new lease on life.

I give this true practical story to show that an auctioneer's reputation travels parallel with the offerings that are entrusted to him, and he can not afford to weaken or lie down on a clean deal, on any spot on the road.

This sale occurred twelve years before the time of this writing. At that time the writer was not a Christian, though he always tried to show the keenest respect for Christianity. For the last ten years this auctioneer has been a consecrated Christian, and it may seem to most readers rather unique that quite frequently we open auction sales with prayer and song. However, we are very careful that we do not commercialize religion.

Again, we might drop another little testimony here, that we do not think of opening an auction sale of any size or importance without first talking to the Lord about it. Don't you think that a good system? Try it.

When an auctioneer reaches the place of sale, it is almost always the case that the proprietor and his wife are tired and nervous, and an auctioneer can soothe and comfort them by being on hand early and assuring them that he will assume all responsibility from now on, and that they need not worry any further. Then you will find almost without exception



that the people for whom you are selling will warm up to you. Then take the proprietor and together look the offerings over and get familiar with all the conditions in detail. Then if you fail you will have the satisfaction of knowing you have done your best. Sure, it's a great life.

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## A FARM SALE

*An Old-timer Has Sold the Farm and Is Moving  
Away. He Was a High-class Citizen and an  
Early Homesteader—Here an Opening  
Talk Is in Order*

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I consider it a pleasure to conduct this auction sale today, not that any one is glad that Mr. Jones is going away. No, no, we would much rather he would stay, for we need more men like him. He is a practical farmer, he was a homesteader, he was a real neighbor, and when you find a family that was more congenial and hospitable you will have to find them in some other country, they are not here. They came here when it tried men's souls, and stood the test, and helped to develop this country that today is a top notcher with advanced civilization.

No doubt many of you here remember the great gathering of humanity on the borders of what once was Oklahoma Territory, waiting for the signal shot at high noon, to make the rush for a piece of Uncle Sam's domain. This man Jones was in the shuffle.

When the signal shot was fired thousands of people were rushing pell mell in every conceivable vehicle and on horses in a mad drive that has no parallel in the history of any country.

Uncle Sam told America that Oklahoma was open for settlement, and the rush was on, trying to beat

the first train into the best country in America, in order that they might stick a stake on the claim of their choice, and secure a home in the paradise of the great Southwest.

The men and women who have stood the test in the storms, hot winds, failure of crops, and hardships, far from markets, far from the old home, that is characteristic of the development of every new country (barring sickness, death, and other misfortunes that may come), are living by their own firesides with grain in the bin and products to sell.

No good has ever been accomplished without sacrifice, and I would like to mention to you that there is a real old-time sociability that exists in the early development of a new country, mixed with hardships and failures that never comes but once.

The family that stands the test as this family has stood, are certainly desirable citizens, and we regret to see them go.

Now I will give you the terms of this sale and we are off. I trust we will be careful to see that he gets value received for his offerings, and we will make it so congenial for him that some day he will come back again. Listen to the terms: Twelve months time at ten per cent interest from date. Three per cent discount for cash. Everything must be settled for before removal from sale ground.

The first offering is a wheelbarrow. How much am I offered for it? Two dollars. Sold. The next thing on the program, a bunch of tools. How much for them? Fifty cents, I have. Sold. Who'll be the next lucky man to own these two forks? One dollar I have, and sold for one dollar.

Here is a barrelful of forks, shovels and hoes. How much for the barrel and all. Fifty cents, sixty, seventy, one dollar, one twenty-five. Bid on them if you want them, barrel and all. Two dollars, I have. \$3.00 over here, that's enough, sold. No, I have said sold; that makes it so.

How much for this pile of junk? Fifty cents. It's yours. Here is another bunch of any-old-thing. I am offered one dollar. That's too much. Sold.

Now we have a good dresser. Cost \$35.00. How much? Let's go. Five dollars, six, seven, eight. The lady says ten. At ten. Who will make it fifteen? Eleven I have, twelve over here. Again the lady bids fifteen this time. Thank you. Sixteen, at sixteen, and sold for sixteen.

How much am I offered for this iron bed, mattress and springs complete? Some one start it along. You fellows certainly don't sleep out of doors, do you? Where do you sleep? When a man spends three-fourths of his time in bed, he surely needs a rest occasionally. I have five dollars. Going at five, who will make it ten? Six I have, seven, eight, ten, eleven I have. The twelve over here. Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen. Why don't you say what it's worth? What do you suppose the mattress alone would cost? Twenty over here and sold for \$20.00.

Say, here is Noah's bed, with a rush bottom spring, the longer you sleep the more you wake up; the more you lie down the more tired you get. It might be good for rheumatics and cure rains, pains, strains, carbuncles, and calloused lumps upon the feet and hands, but I am sure it won't. How much for this notorious bed. Thirty cents. Sold to the colored man over there. No, you are too late, this man got it.

Quite frequently you have a mess like this. If you can't put a little life into the sale, let it alone. A spark of comedy frequently helps wonderfully.

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, we are about to sell you an Estey organ, the lady says the organ is in elegant condition. It has a rich tone, and you will notice it is beautifully constructed. No home is complete without music. Lady, what did this organ cost you? Ninety dollars, she says. No reserve. How much am I offered? Start it along. Twenty-five

dollars I have. At twenty-five. Who will make it fifty? Thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five. Who will make it fifty? At forty-five, who will make it fifty? Forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight. Now I have the fifty, and sold for fifty.

How much for this washing machine and wringer complete? It's a real good one. Two dollars I have. Why, that's awful. What would the wringer alone cost you? Three I have, four, five, six, seven, eight. Sure. Let's give this old settler and friend at least two-thirds as much as you are willing to give anybody else. Ten dollars I have, and sold for ten dollars to the lady.

### *Now the Farm Machinery*

Here we have a gang plow, and a good one, that cost over one hundred dollars. You all know Mr. Jones is going away. The stuff must sell. It's up to you.

You never attended a cleaner sale in your life. Jones will never murmur. You remember "Jones pays the freight." Let's go. Forty dollars I have for this new gang. Forty-five, fifty, fifty-five, now I have the sixty, who will make it the seventy? Who will make it the seventy? The last at seventy, and sold for seventy dollars to Cal Everett.

How much for a three-section harrow. Eight dollars I have. Going at eight, at eight. Don't you expect to stir your ground? At eight I have. Well, paw it up with your fingers, I don't care. Nine dollars I have, and sold for nine dollars to Johnson.

Two riding cultivators. Take your choice with the privilege of both. Both good ones. Ten dollars I have. At ten, eleven, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, twenty, come on, come on. At twenty, I have, who will make it the twenty-five? Sold for twenty dollars. How many do you want? He takes them both.



*Now the Horses and Harness*

Here comes a span of mares. They are good ones. Well, we will sell the harness first. How much for this set of double work harness? Twenty-five dollars. A-going at twenty-five dollars, thirty, forty, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, who will make it the fifty? What is the use of fussing around on these small bids? You know what these harness are worth. Fifty dollars I have, fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-five. Who will make it the sixty? Sure, he says sixty. All in at sixty? The last call, at sixty, and sold for sixty dollars flat.

Now move those mares out and bring them up on the run. Let's come alive! Now you're talking to me. See them coming in. I guess that's good action. It will shake the stink off of them. They stood there so long with the harness on they forgot it was an auction sale. Mr. Jones says the mares are eight and nine years old. Splendid workers and always true pullers. Weigh 1400 and 1450. I'll sell first choice with the privilege of both. Now let's go. One hundred dollars for first choice. At one hundred, who will make it the fifty? Twenty-five I have, one twenty-five, who will make it fifty? Last call at a hundred and a quarter, one thirty, one thirty-five, one forty. Who will make it the fifty? and sold for one hundred forty dollars. Do you want them both? Sure he took them both.

Now then, we have two choice milk cows to sell. Here comes the first. What do you think about this extra fine looker? He says she will give you six gallons of rich milk a day now. This is a walking dairy, and he says the other cow is just as good, both fresh now. Well, one at a time. How much am I offered for a real dairy cow? One hundred I have, who will make it the one hundred fifty? I have the twenty-five, one twenty-five, who will make it the fifty? Remember, such extra choice milkers don't appear in the



sale ring often. One thirty, forty, fifty, sixty. Well, I hope. Seventy, going at seventy, who will make it the five? Do you know what I am going to do? I am going to sell one with the privilege of both. These cows are so well mated in quality they ought to go together. Think of a man getting twelve gallons of milk from two cows in a day. That's a real dairy right off the reel. At twelve and a half cents a quart would be six dollars per day, or one hundred and eighty-six dollars for one month. I guess that's a kind of poor investment. One seventy-five, eighty, ninety, two hundred. Going at two hundred. Are you all done at two hundred? and sold for \$200. Yes, he says he'll take them both.

The reader will notice that the writer always sells *good values* from an argumentative standpoint. When you can prove without question to the buyer that the offering is profitable to him, you have made a sale. An auctioneer must have the confidence of the people in order to hold territory and business. In this sale writeup the writer only sells some of the important offerings.

Say, look what that man is bringing into the sale ring, you dairymen over there! Take off your hat. Have you got anything like this around your place? Mr. Jones, please step into the ring here, and give the people just a few pointers on this remarkable young cow, and then bid her goodby.

If the man you are selling for is a good, reliable man, it will give the sale a wonderful lift to have him step into the ring occasionally, when there is a good offering in the ring, like the one we are selling now. Sometimes the wife is the one to be in evidence, in fact, it is quite often so. Here Mr. Jones is in evidence as follows:

Well, this four year old heifer is one-third Jersey, and there is a strain of Guernsey, and also Holstein. Her mother was the best milker we ever owned, and while we never made a specialty of registered dairy

cows, we tried to buy the best, and we never kept any poor ones. This cow will be fresh in about ten days. Some one will get a good one. No reserve. Help yourself.

Now then, you have heard Mr. Jones. He says help yourself. She surely carries her dairy sign with her. She looks kind of poor, doesn't she? No, says the man. Well then, buy her. How much am I offered for this creamery?

One hundred dollars I have to start her. One hundred, going at one hundred, who will make it two hundred? One twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, by two, seventy-five by two. Well, well, come on, come on. Eighty I have, now the ninety, ninety-five. Don't you want a real cow? Two hundred I have. At two hundred, at two, at two, who will make it the twenty-five? Say, Mr. Jones, how much will this cow give when you take good care of her? Six gallons of extra rich strained milk.

The last bid was two hundred dollars, and I certainly don't want to embarrass the cow, but I would like to see her get a good home. At two, at two, at two ten, sure. I don't understand what you are waiting for. Two fifteen I have, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five. Come alive. Going at thirty-five, forty, now I have the fifty. All done? and sold for \$250. Take her out.

See what's coming now! The big roan Durham cow. If she gives milk in line with her individuality, she must be a hummer. Mr. Jones says you will make no mistake in buying her. He says she is a very strong milker and any child can milk her. She is an easy milker and a perfect pet in the family. That's all I want to know about her, but I want to tell you, she gives three and one-half gallons of milk now. She has been fresh about ninety days. Here we have not only a rich milk cow, but an extraordinary stock cow. In fact, it's a real cow like this beauty in the sale ring

and at the same time a good dairy cow, then you are in the real cattle business for sure.

Let's sell the roan. Some one just say about what she is worth. Sixty dollars I have. Going at sixty, who will make it the hundred? Sixty-five, sixty-five, sixty-five, sigity-five, sigity-five, skiventy-five, who will make it the eighty? Skiventy-five. If you stock men don't want this cow any more than your bids indicate, you had better get out of the cattle business. Here is a wonderfully fine individual, and a good milker, too. Eighty over here. Ninety, ninety-five, one hundred. Why did you wait? I don't have to describe this cow. She speaks louder than any auctioneer on earth. One hundred, make it the ten, make it the ten. I got the five. One hundred five is all I have on this beautiful roan. Thank you, I have the ten; who will make it the fifteen? Make it the fifteen? Yes, I have the fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, twenty. Going at twenty. Look out, I am selling now. All done and sold for \$120. Get her out. Get her out. This sale is history. Now bring in the calves.

Here we have ten calves, eight of them heifers out of these choice milkers. I sell the eight heifer calves all together at so much per head. Crack down on them. Here is a golden opportunity to raise a dairy herd at your own price.

I have fifteen dollars per head, sixteen, seventeen, twenty. I should say yes. Now I have the twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-five, going at twenty-five, who'll make it thirty? Make it thirty? Make it thirty. Make it thirty. I have the twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, now I have the thirty. Say, these calves will be long yearlings before I sell them, if you go to sleep on me. Thirty dollars was the last bid, and sold for thirty dollars to Chris Hess.

Now we sell the two steer calves. How much am I offered per head for the two? Fifteen dollars I have, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, twenty dollars.

Going at twenty, who'll make it thirty? At twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five. Are you all done? Sold for \$25 flat.

I have not fussed any time away with small things, only on good values in this writeup. This is nothing more than a real, practical sale, right off the bat. At the close of a sale like this one thank the audience in behalf of the Jones family, and after a goodby, I thank Mr. Jones and his wife for the fine dinner and sale, wishing them well and a home in heaven.

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## THE SPRUNGER FARM SALE

### *A Wonderful Farm Sale for the Rev. Mr. Sprunger*

Rev. Sprunger, who lived seven miles north of El Reno, while he was a remarkable farmer was a Mennonite preacher, and one of the most consecrated men the writer ever knew. More than that, he was deeply interested in the converted auctioneer. To see him and his devoted wife present in any of the evangelistic services I conducted always meant a victory for me.

The Mennonites at one time were quite numerous in this neighborhood, but they had moved away and only a few were left, so the brother sold his farm and purchased a place in Oregon.

We were employed to conduct the auction sale that followed. It was a beautiful day and we had a mammoth crowd. When the free lunch was served we called this multitude together and somehow there was more significance attached to the conducting of this sale than we had even imagined. The man and his family who had taken so much interest in this auctioneer, who was saved at the eleventh hour, who I knew were praying for me daily, were moving away, never to return. But he was going into the ministry, the most wonderful business in the world.

The great crowd had gathered around the house







COL. J. P. GUTELIUS

*Seventeen years ago a live wire auctioneer*

for the lunch. I was standing on a large table, and the Lord said, "Pray." With a few remarks touching on the character of the Sprunger family, and what they meant to me, I asked the people to bow their heads in prayer with me. After the prayer we sang, "We'll Never Say Good-by in Heaven."

So far as the writer was personally concerned we would much rather have turned it into a revival, but the lunch was on, and we swung into line for one of the most successful sales, an hour later, that the community had ever known.

### *One O'Clock, Sharp*

Lunch was over, and people began to look over the offerings. Again I called the crowd together, this was different, this was auction. I gave the terms and then I dashed over to a large work bench and began.

How much for these two pails? Fifty cents. Sold. How much for these two pails? Fifty cents, sixty, sixty-five, sold. How much for this stack of dishes? Fifty cents, thank you. Sixty, seventy, eighty, one dollar. Sold. How about these dishes? Fifty cents. Sold. Now the three skillets, how much? How much? Twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, seventy-five, one dollar. That's enough, sold.

There is no use in my going through all this small stuff in detail. Any one who has ever attended public sales knows the lingo of calling bids, so we will pay attention strictly to larger articles and live stock. There were, however a great many small articles and various tools, as you will usually find at all large farm sales.

Here we have a De Laval cream separator, a good one. How much offered? Thank you. The lady says ten dollars. At ten, who'll make it fifteen? fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, twenty. Sure! How do you expect to separate your cream? Do you expect to blow it off? I hope not. Twenty-one,

twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five. Say, this milk will sour before you buy it, and sold for twenty-five dollars flat, to the lady.

Oh, a kitchen cabinet is a joy forever. Here's a good one. The lady says five dollars. The lady over here says ten, eleven I have. Who'll make it twelve? Fifteen over here. That's more than I expected. Sixteen, seventeen, twenty. You said something, at twenty. This cabinet cost at least forty dollars in town. A kitchen is not complete without one of these. Twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-five. Come alive, come alive! No wonder your wife is always tired, she walks herself to death hunting the cooking utensils, flour, meal, pans, skillets, and rolling pins. She ought to crack you one on the noodle and give you an alligator finish with a cow radish grater. Twenty-six at last, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty. Say, that's enough. Sold to that bachelor over there.

How much for the three-piece parlor suite? Genuine leather. Twenty dollars. Say, I'm selling the three pieces. Oh, do you know it? All right, twenty-five, I have. Twenty-six, twenty-seven, thirty, well, I hope so. Mistress, tell this man what this suite cost. Ninety dollars, she says. At thirty, make it the five, make it the five, make it the five, make it the five, and sold for thirty-five dollars. No, you're too slow and too late for this parlor suite. This man bought it. You'll get a suite, no doubt, from your wife, but it will be a suit for divorce.

How much for this Estey organ? It sure looks like a good one. The lady says it's in fine condition. Twenty dollars I have. At twenty, who'll make it twenty-five? Thank you, I have the twenty-five. Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, and the thirty, too. Thirty, thirty, all done at thirty? Sold for thirty dollars.

How much for this Axminster rug? A good one, five, six, seven, ten, eleven, twelve. Who'll make it

fifteen? Thirteen I have. Fourteen over here. Fourteen and a half, and now I have fifteen. All done? Fifteen and a half, sixteen, sixteen and a half. Are you through at sixteen and a half? Sold to this lady for sixteen dollars and a half.

Here we have an extra fine cupboard, with four shelves above and two below. How many more do you want? If you keep those six shelves loaded with grub you will surely have Mrs. Hubbard beat in a thousand places. When she got there the cupboard was bare, and the dog had to eat some underwear—and died. How much for this cupboard? Two dollars I have. At two, who will make it the five? Three I have. Going at three, at three, at three, four I have, and gone at four, and so am I. Sold to the colored man on the auto mow hay, but it won't.

Six dining chairs at so much each. Some one cut loose. Fifty cents, fifty-five, sixty, seventy-five, eighty, ninety. Going at ninety, sold for ninety cents each, or \$5.40.

Look at this fine leather rocker. Why, it's the next thing to music in a man's home. Let's sell it. Five dollars I have. At five, at five. Going at five. Six over here, and seven by the lady. Sold to the lady.

Come on, come on! Here we have a real buffet. When you take this home, take it from me, you have bought a real piece of furniture. See how massive it is. Isn't it a beauty? It cost about \$65. You buy it as cheap as you can, and I'll sell it as high as I can. Notice drawer lined with bronze green plush for your silverware. One drawer for tinware, and one for your false hair, and really I don't care, if you'll just be fair. Some one crack down on this buffet. \$25.00. Well, I should hope so. Twenty-five I have. Is it possible only twenty-five? Yes, thirty over here. At thirty, a-going at thirty. Ah, the furniture man says forty. I thank you for the forty. At forty, at forty, sold for forty dollars. No,



no, this man bought it at forty. We are selling today.

Now the auctioneer runs as fast as he can to another place where the beds are, yelling at the top of his voice, "Come on, boys! Come on, boys! The half of you fellows spend too much time in bed. You'll either have to cut that out or get a good one to sleep on. Here is a good one. You fellows are dead on your feet."

Your audience will be just as much interested in the sale as you are, and will be delighted to bid fast and furious if you will set the pace.

This sale should be moving fast now, and the auctioneer should talk fast and loud, putting in all the extras above.

Say, man, this is some bed with a hair mattress, but the man is going away, and he says on his sale bills, "Sell it today." This bed, mattress and springs is so complete I'll sell the whole smear together. The man says springs, mattress and bed cost him forty dollars. How much will you give? Thank you, I have twenty dollars. Who'll make it the five? I have the one, who'll make it the five? Two I have, three, four, five. Twenty-five dollars. All done? So am I. Sold for \$25.

Now then give me your attention. We will sell the chickens. Then the hogs, then the sheep, then the horses, and last the cattle. You will notice that Mr. Sprunger is a real chicken man. It was a profitable business to him. Now comes your opportunity. They are all put up in coops, two dozen in each coop. We will describe them as we sell them. How much am I offered a bird for the two dozen White Plymouth Rocks in No. 1 coop? Fifty cents I have. Sixty, seventy-five, one dollar, one and a quarter, and sold for \$1.25, to Mrs. Wilson. How many coops do you want, Mrs. Wilson? "I'll take six coops." All right, Mr. Clerk, Mrs. Wilson takes the first six coops at \$180.00. How much for the birds in the next coop? I have one dollar for these White Plymouth Rock pullets. Yes, they are pullets. One dollar and a quarter, one thirty, who will make it the forty? No,



he said he'd make it dollar thirty-five, and sold for \$1.35. How many do you want? "I'll take them all." He takes five coops pullets at \$162.00.

Now then, we have one large pen of mixed chickens, 130 in all. How much am I offered a bird for the whole push. Fifty cents, a-going at fifty cents, sixty, seventy, eighty, eighty-five. Who will make it the dollar? Ninety, going at ninety, ninety. Sold for ninety cents to Jack Medcalf for \$117.00. Tell me it doesn't pay to raise chickens.

The above chicken sale can be pulled off in just a few minutes. Good, clean chickens are always in demand, and especially on a chicken farm. The main thing is to have them ready, and where they can be seen. Often some buyer takes them all.

Again the auctioneer makes a wild run for the hog pens. The crowd catches the enthusiasm and many of them will run, and when you can get a crowd that are ready to step up and keep the pace with a live auctioneer, the battle is won. An auctioneer has no business to be anything but a live wire.

Now the auctioneer turns his face toward the enthusiastic audience that has followed so closely, and secures their undivided attention just a moment, and begins as follows:

Now then, gentlemen, we are ready to sell the hogs. I'm sure those of you who are interested in hogs have looked them over, and you know just what we have in this sale. Here we have a choice brood sow with nine dandy pigs at foot. We will sell her with the pigs. That's a picture good enough for any farm journal in the world.

How much am I offered for this family? What will you give for this mortgage eraser? I have thirty dollars. Oh, let's save time and sell this incubator and her little ones. The man says fifty dollars. I don't blame him. At fifty, who will make it seventy-five? Sixty I have. Sixty-five, seventy, eighty, ninety. You hog men, you certainly can't overlook a brood sow like the one in this pen. Ninety-five dol-

lars, going at ninety-five, and sold to Buskirk for ninety-five dollars.

Over the fence to the next brood sow with eight pigs at foot. The man says she had twelve pigs but lost four in a rainstorm. Well, that isn't her fault. Look at her wonderful individuality. You don't need many brood sows like this one to put you in the hog business. You take care of her and she'll put gas and oil in the car, money in the bank, dress the kids and feed them. She is a good one.

How much for this choice brood sow. Fifty dollars I have by three, sixty by two, seventy-five, eighty, eighty-five. Now the ninety. Sure I've got the ninety. At ninety, who'll make it the five. One hundred I have. You are sure overlooking a bargain. At one hundred, who will make it the ten? And sold for \$100.

Now the next pen of ten shoats, average about eighty pounds. Isn't that a smooth bunch? I sell them all together at so much per head. I have eight dollars per head. Nine, nine and a half, ten, ten and a half, eleven, twelve, twelve and a half, twelve seventy-five, thirteen, thirteen and a quarter. Sold for \$13.25 per head.

The next pen of ten shoats average seventy-five pounds. I have eight dollars for them. Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen. Who'll make it the fourteen? At thirteen, and sold for \$13.00 to John Lucas.

Now we sell the male, a registered Poland-China, three years old. Look at that arched back! I realize he is three years old, but notice the fine condition. If you need a male he will sure make you money. I don't know how much he made for this man, but just in this sale I sold more than three hundred dollars worth of his get, and he can do the same for you. Well, let's sell him. What is he worth? Twenty-five dollars I have. At twenty-five. Who'll make it fifty? Twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, thirty. Going at thirty and sold for \$30.

Now the auctioneer makes a wild run for the sheep pens, and to keep up the enthusiasm he calls as loud as he can while on the run, "Why don't you come on? Over here you will find the sheep." And he begins to call for bids on them as soon as he reaches the pens, even if he is the only man there, for it will only be a few moments until the crowd will be there. The sale follows.

Now then, gentlemen, in this bunch of forty head of sheep, with the exception of a few, you will find a smooth bunch of individuals. If you are thinking of going into the sheep business surely this is an offering of good ones. I would recommend that some one buyer take the whole bunch. There are six broken-mouth sheep. You can feed them and fatten them for the market, and, any old time when you need some change the local butchers will need them at a good, fancy price.

All right, the man says sell thirty-four, and cut out the six old ones. Here we have twenty yearling lambs and fourteen bred ewes, all extra choice. How much am I offered per head for the thirty-four? I have five dollars, five and a half, who'll make it the ten? Six I have, seven, seven and a half, eight, nine, ten. Sure. At ten, make it the eleven, now I have the eleven. Eleven and a half, twelve. Going at twelve, at twelve I have, going at twelve. Say, what is it worth to you to step into the sheep business on one move and own this fine bunch of high grade Shropshire sheep, that would be a credit to any man's farm? My last bid is only twelve dollars. Going at twelve. Yes, twelve and a half, and thirteen over here. Thirteen and a half, who'll make it fourteen? I have the fourteen.

Aren't they fine and smooth! Say, I am not trying to sell you mutton, I am trying to put you into the sheep business. What kind of sheep do you want? *Tell me*, isn't this a good offering? Yes, I had the fourteen, going at fourteen, ah, fourteen and a half. I don't blame you, a new man broke into the game.

Now then, come alive if you want these sheep. Fifteen dollars I have, who'll make it the sixteen. At fifteen, going at fifteen, and sold for \$15.00 per head to John Lucas.

Now how much for the feeders? Same man says \$5.00 per head. Six, seven, eight, nine, nine and a half. Who'll make it the ten? At nine and a half, going at nine and a half, nine and a half. Sold for nine dollars and a half.

Again the auctioneer rushes as fast as possible to the sale ring that was arranged for the selling of horses and dairy cattle, leading the crowd and calling aloud, "Come on, come on!"

The sale ring should be about twenty-four feet in diameter, about ten or twelve posts with three smooth wires stretched around tightly, leaving an opening for the stock to go in or out.

As soon as the crowd has reached the outside of the ring, and are notified to stay on the outside, the auctioneer gets busy as follows:

Now then, gentlemen, this man has a good string of work horses and mules. He will be glad to describe them to you as they enter the sale ring. Here comes a span of iron grays, six and seven years old. He says they are sound so far as he knows. If you find they are not as represented you need not take them away. Try them out. If you take them away they are yours. They have always worked together and we will sell the span together.

How much am I offered for the span? \$125.00: At one twenty-five, at one twenty-five. Who'll make it the fifty? At one hundred fifty I have. Seventy-five over here, eighty, and ninety, ninety, who'll make it the ninety-five? Two hundred the man says. At two hundred ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five. Going at two hundred twenty-five. Who'll make it the fifty? Yes, I have the fifty. Stand back, gentlemen, and let this team out of the ring. I want to show you that they have real life and good action.







### IN A DAIRY SALE

*Here comes a cow with a large udder, a choice milker. In a jocular way we call her Full Pail. My partner, Col. Everett, who is an expert milker, in the heat of a sale, leaps into the ring and begins to milk and says, "Full Pail has just drowned her calf. You fellows look out, down there."*

The team is driven out of the sale ring and taken down the line on a gallop, and then back into the ring. All this must be done as rapidly as possible, continually calling the attention of the crowd to their action and individuality. This has a twofold purpose that is worth while: First, It shows the horse to the best possible advantage, especially if he is a good one; if he is a bad one they will know it and no one will be disappointed and the proprietor and auctioneer will be in the clear. Second, It puts life and and real enthusiasm into the entire crowd, and the bidders come alive, and the whole offering of horses can be sold for the high dollar as fast as they can be handled, and you will always have the undivided attention of your audience.

Say, man, what do you know about that team? Did you notice that knee action? Don't they mate well? Don't you think it would be a shame to separate them? Well, I am glad I am selling them together. The last bid was \$250. Who'll make the seventy-five? At fifty, make it the seventy-five. Fifty-five I have. Now I have the sixty. Come on, come on! If they are worth \$275 say so. Let's sell them today. I have been wondering how you could stay off of such a smooth team as this. I have the \$275. Now the eighty. Sure Mike! I have the eighty, and ninety over here, Ninety-five. Another man got wise. Now the three hundred. Yes, I have the three hundred. At three, who will make it ten? At three, going at three, and sold for \$300, to the horse buyer. Take them out. Hurry, hurry! Get them out!

Here comes the mule, a four year old, and he is a crackerjack. The man who buys him and finds a mate for him will surely have a span that will sell in any market in the world. One hundred I have for him. Who will make it the fifty? What advantage is there in messing around on these dollar bids? Some one say what he is worth, and let's go. There is real quality. One fifty I have, at fifty, make it the seventy-five. Sixty, now the seventy. Thank you. Now I have the seventy. Seventy-five, eighty, will you make it the ninety? He says no. Good-by, my

friend. I'll sell him. Eighty is the last, and sold for \$180 flat to John Lucas. Get him out of the ring.

Say, people, look at this sorrel brood mare, a perfect picture. He says she is sound as a dollar, six years old, weighs 1450 pounds, large enough for any purpose or any market. If you people don't want to buy such quality of brood mares, then get out of the horse business. Isn't she a beauty?

All right, I have \$150 for her. Now I have the sixty. Make it the seventy. Yes, I have the seventy-five, eighty, eighty-five, and ninety, who'll make it the two hundred? Two hundred I have. I realize that the horse markets are bad. But, say, man, see what we have in this sale ring. Don't you want a real good one? How many brood mares like this do you find in the auction sales? The man says two hundred and one. Now, listen. I'll take this one dollar bid only once. Who'll make it the five? Sold for \$201. Take her out.

Here comes a span of black geldings that will weigh 3,000 pounds. Full brothers, five and six years old. How could you beat them? I'll sell them right now. I have three hundred to start them. Three ten. Make it the twenty-five. Twenty-five I have. Thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, four hundred. To the oil fields they go. That's where they have the good ones, but they will have to go some to beat this span of black geldings.

Four hundred and ten dollars I have, now I have the twenty-five, thirty, fifty, the oil man says, and sixty over here. Going at sixty, who'll make it the seventy-five? Yes, he says seventy-five. Ninety. Now you have said something. Five hundred I have. It looks really as though they were going to the oil fields. There's where they buy the good ones. What is the matter with you fellows buying some of these good ones? Are you all done at five hundred? And sold for \$500 to the oil man.

Let the man lead his own horses out.

Here come six yearling mules, all good ones. I sell them all together at so much per head. This winds up the horse and mule business. How much per head? I have fifty dollars per head. Going at fifty. Yes, I have the sixty, sixty-five, and also seventy-five per head. Seventy-five, who will make it the eighty. At seventy-five. This is your last chance. At seventy-five, and sold for \$75 per head. Run them out! Run them out!

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, we are ready to sell the dairy cows. We will give the ladies a special position on the north side of the ring. The proprietor will give a complete description of the cows as they enter the sale ring. There are no registered cows in this offering today, but they are high grades and choice milkers.

Here comes Number one. He says there are few better than this half Holstein and half Jersey. She is four years old and fresh now. He says she will give you just as much as you give her. You take care of her and she will take care of you. Her name should be Golden Rule. Look at that udder. Does n't she speak for herself? Who'll start her at \$100? One hundred by two. One hundred, will you make it the ten? At ten I have, will you make it the twenty? Twenty-five I have. Who will make it the thirty? Thirty, thirty-five, forty. Now I have the fifty. He says she is a rich milker and gives five big gallons of milk now. I have the five, who'll make it the sixty? Sixty, sixty-five, seventy. Going at seventy, who will make it the seventy-five? At seventy, at seventy. Are you all done at seventy? And sold to the lady, Mrs. Fannie L. Burrows, for \$170. You surely got a real cow. Take her out! Take her out!

Say, look! look! See what's coming. If I were going to name this cow, from the looks of her udder, and her many points for a rich milker, I'd call her Full Pail. This cow is half Shorthorn and half Jer-



sey, and from strong and rich milkers on both sides. Well, then, she has a license to be a good one, and she doesn't deceive her looks, either. He says she will be fresh in sixty days, and is giving about two gallons of milk now. He says they are trying to dry her up now, but it can't be done. If that cow drowns her calf it will be your fault, because you fail to milk her when she is fresh.

Who will give me a hundred for her? I have the hundred in several places. One hundred, I have, who'll make it the fifty? Twenty-five, thirty, forty, yes, I have the fifty. Who will make it the seventy-five? Sixty I have, sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five. Going at seventy-five, who'll make it the eighty? Are you all done at eighty? At eighty, and sold for one hundred eighty dollars.

Here comes the Jersey with a fine heifer calf at foot. Yes, I sell the fresh cow and heifer calf together. She is six years old and one of the best.

Who will start her at one hundred? One hundred, one twenty-five, one thirty, one thirty-five, one forty, one forty-five. Go on, go on! At one forty-five, who'll make it the fifty. At fifty, will you make it the sixty? Well then, will you make it the five? Make it the five, make it the five. Doesn't quality cut any ice here? What's the matter, anyway? Do n't you want a good one? Sold for \$155.

Now he's bringing in four cows, all springers. All will be fresh in from thirty to ninety days. These are some more of his good cows. They are from five to eight years old. Look them over. All in good condition. You people will surely admit that this man has a fine string of dairy cows, and these cows look as well as any of them and will be fresh just about the time you need them most. Well, I will sell the four together at so much per head. Some one crack down on them. I have fifty per head. I hope so. Sixty over here. Seventy-five I have. Now I have the



eighty, eighty-five, ninety. Who will make it the hundred? Ninety-two and a half. Will you make it the one hundred? Ninety-two and a half, ninety-two and a half, ninety-two and a half, last call and sold for \$92.50 to a real dairyman. I think he would buy all the dairy cows in Oklahoma at that price. What do you suppose they will sell for in ninety days, *fresh, strong milkers*, with calf at foot? I understand they are all five-gallon cows, stop and see what that means.

That means eighty quarts per day at twelve and a half cents per quart you may sell the milk for less than twelve and half cents. The writer is paying twelve and half, so he puts it in at what he is willing to pay for good milk, but at ten cents it would be \$8 per day, or \$240 for thirty days, saying nothing about the increase of stock. If the cows are well cared for, and they hold at five gallons for ninety days, that would be \$720 at ten cents, or \$900 at twelve and a half. Figures don't lie, it's the truth. It will surely cover a lot of expense and feed, and give you a nice, round profit on your investment. It's a good business if you got the good ones.

It is very seldom that I put up a practical talk like the one above after I have sold the offerings. However, there are occasions when a talk like this would fit into a sale with telling effect, after the bargains are gone, that depends on what is to follow. If there are plenty of good cows left, and the sale is dragging along with not enough interest to be satisfactory, it is all right to turn a real bargain loose occasionally, and then demonstrate it to the audience with figures, and you can rest assured that if you make it perfectly plain, and keep clean, it will be an eye-opener, and will get in the aggregate what that dairy herd is worth.

Many articles that were sold in the Sprunger sale are not mentioned in this writing; again, you will find many sales in this writing that never occurred. While the sale as a whole is true, and the Sprunger sale was remarkable, the writer could not remember all in detail, so I arrange this lesson, if you please, to the best advantage in a practical way for the student who expects to sell.

Once upon a time a number of little girls were playing church. One of the girls hurried to the house and told her mother that they were playing church and she found Jesus. The little girl was only six years old, and the parents, who were consecrated Christians, did not know at first whether the little girl really understood or not. But at every opportunity after that the little girl testified in public that she was a Christian. On the day of the sale this little lady was about nine years of age. She stood by my side in the opening prayer, and when we sang, "We'll Never Say Good-by in Heaven," she sang like an angel of the glory land. A few days later she, with her sister, and, I think, other children, were having a camp fire near the home. The mother had gone to town and the father was in the field at work. They thought they would secure coal oil and have a real fire, but it happened to be gasoline and some was spilled on her clothes, and the fire did its awful work. After she had rolled in the dust and put the fire out she knelt with the other children and asked Jesus to heal her. The parents came home, but the damage was done. No one ever heard her complain, though she lived for a few days. Frequently she would ask them to sing and pray. One day she said, "Oh, I am so homesick. Jesus can take all the pain away. She fell asleep and the angels took her home. I am so glad I opened that sale with prayer. I am glad we sang, "We'll Never Say Good-by in Heaven," Aren't you, reader?

☆☆☆☆☆

## HIGH LIGHT

I have heard it said in an International Auctioneers Convention, where I officiated as president of the association, that you could not be a successful auctioneer without protecting yourself and the parties you sell for by running up the bids on the buyers until you get the value of the goods, or nearly so.

That is all false, and I will add right here, the auction profession will never come into its own until by-bidding, grafting, and misrepresentation become a thing of the past. Know this, that a really consecrated Christian auctioneer can enjoy this life so wonderfully, owing to the surroundings and opportunities that continually knock at his door, that the angels could envy. The Devil has been reigning

supreme about long enough, and we need leaders today who are fearless, and honest, and clean, that will step out into the open and take the Devil by the horns and give this generation a square deal.

I do not think there is a profession outside of the minister, or possibly the doctor, that could accomplish so much as the Christian auctioneer. The writer will devote the rest of his life in evangelistic work after this book is completed. When you read this pray for him.



## JOHN PETRE RANCH SALE

In July, 1901 the great drawing took place in El Reno, Oklahoma, for the opening of the Caddo country for settlement. This territory touches the southwest corner of our county, which is Canadian County, Oklahoma, divided by the South Canadian River.

These homestead numbers were all drawn by lottery. El Reno was the hotbed of all the gamblers in the United States, at least one who was here would pass that verdict. It would be safe to say there were 25,000 to 50,000 people here daily through July and August. Between 80,000 and 100,000 people registered for land. Thousands of people had used their homestead rights, but they were here for a time. Everything was rolling high, and the Devil was turned loose. Many saloons and several wholesale liquor houses were running rampant, night and day. People would swarm into the front of the saloons and out at the back door, a continual stream without any let-up for weeks. The same was true of the gambling houses, thousands of dollars changing hands every hour. Hell was turned loose in El Reno. No one who was not there could even imagine the scene.

The great drawing of 1901 in El Reno has no par-

allel in the history of the country. Six months later the parties who had the lucky numbers came from every state in the Union to take possession of their homesteads. They all came with some money, and a few of them were well supplied with finances. Now they needed horses, cattle, hogs, machinery, and everything else that goes to stock a farm. John Petre, who owns a large ranch of horses, cattle and hogs, on the north side of the South Canadian River, near the Caddo country, owned the same ranch at that time. He saw the golden opportunity of supplying the new settlers who had come to develop the wonderful Caddo country. Taking time by the forelock, Mr. Petre advertised a real live stock sale at auction on the Petre ranch, giving a complete description of the offerings. Sale bills were scattered all over the Caddo country, and on both sides of the river, published in the newspapers, etc. Everybody knew of the coming ranch sale.

On the morning of the sale day it was cloudy and a little cold and disagreeable, but the crowd was in evidence. They seemed to come from everywhere, homesteaders and all. No doubt many of them had never had occasion to attend a live stock sale before, and some of them who had never lived on a farm knew about as much about the real value of a milk cow, and especially the points of a good milker, as a child would know about the Declaration of Independence. However, they had the money, and were looking the cattle and other stock over which were to be sold after dinner.

There was free lunch that day and everybody was hungry. Six months before this had occurred the great rush for land in El Reno; now they were ready for a wild rush for the first free lunch at their first public auction in the new country.

Mr. Petre had furnished the grub and coffee for the lunch and had employed Gus Jackson, who was handy with eats of all kinds, to serve the same. Gus



had fixed up a table on the south side of the house. Here he had his sandwiches all made and piled up ready, in apple pie order, which he expected to hand out and serve a few minutes later.

The proper way to feed such a multitude would be to put the lunch in paper sacks and hand them out through a window as the crowd pass by in single file, but this had not been arranged as the auctioneer's time had all been taken up with other details.

When Brother Jackson announced that dinner was ready, I gave the call in no uncertain terms, that could be heard afar. Like an avalanche this great multitude swept down the incline. There was no show for Gus the waiter, only to make his escape, which occurred a moment later. They shoved him up on top of the sandwiches and in through a window, screen, sash, glass and all, into a bedroom. When Gus hit the floor he thought the sale was all over and so was he. He looked like the wild man from Borneo. But this was Jackson's first degree, the worst was yet to come.

At one o'clock sharp we began to line up for the sale. At this time the writer had ten years of practical experience in the auction business and was perfectly at home in taking care of a mammoth crowd. I saw at a glance the crowd was too large for a sale ring so I secured a garden hoe and scratched a straight line four or five inches deep from the direction of the stock pens where the cattle and horses were, toward the gate that opened into the big pasture. Then I marked another line parallel with the first line about twelve or fourteen feet away from the first line. Now we had an alley way twelve or fourteen feet wide and forty-five to fifty yards in length.

I shall not touch on the horse and hog sales, only on the cattle sales in this writeup.

Then I secured the attention of this multitude of people and commanded them to toe the marks I



had made, and in a few moments this great crowd of people from everywhere, really stood at attention, toeing the lines, many feet deep, forming this alley way about fifty yards long, waiting for the opening of the wildest and woolliest cattle sale that ever happened in the great Southwest.

### THE OPENING TALK

#### *Ladies and Gentlemen:*

It is with great pleasure that I open this remarkable auction sale today, and I might add that it is rather unique, for the reason that almost every state in the Union is represented here. We welcome you as our neighbors from everywhere. It's the good citizenship from all the states, east and west, north and south, that venture into a new, undeveloped country, and mingle together in standing the tests that are sure to come in the development of any new territory.

If you have the mettle you will stand the test and never turn back, and some day you will live by your own fireside, with corn in the crib and wheat to sell.

Now then, we have many cattle to sell here today. Some of them are choice milkers, a number of them are just fairly broken, but a great number of them are stock cows, and most of them are young. You will notice that there are many extra fine heifers that are springers, that, if carefully handled, will develop into choice milk cows. But that's up to you.

Again, I would like to state that though we are practically strangers, you can depend on one thing, this will be a clean sale, no by-bidding. I shall not misrepresent under any circumstances, and this will no doubt be one of the speediest sales that has occurred in many moons.

Now then, just a word from Mr. Petre. He said in part, "I have a number of good milk cows," as

he pointed to the herd, "out in the pens. Some of of them are being milked now, some will be fresh soon, and many stock cows that would be great milkers if they were broken. I have carefully selected out of my herd all that look like milkers and springers that might be good ones. Don't bid on them unless you want them. If you buy them I shall expect you to take them."

Now the sale opens with the terms as follows: Ten months time at ten per cent interest from date; three per cent discount for cash. Bankable paper required. No stock removed until settled for.

Now then, hold your places. Listen, the cows come in at the upper end of the alley (I point in that direction while I am standing in the alley), and down through and out at the gate as they are sold. Everybody hold your places.

Here comes No. 1. Watch her. Mr. Petre says she is broken to milk and a good one, gives three gallons a day now. (Now I begin rapidly.)

How much for this real milker? Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty. Who'll make it the fifty? Thank you. Fifty I have, fifty-five, sixty, sold for \$60. No, you're too late. Sold long ago. Here comes No. 2, not broken to milk but a good looker. Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five. Who will make it the fifty? Sold for \$50. Yes, I have the fifty here Mr. Clerk. (The cow trotted all the way through.)

It is true that I could have secured more money for the two cows that were hurried through the sale, if I had taken more time, but I would not have secured any more in the aggregate of this sale. Now notice, I sell another cow and then change my tactics.

Look out, here comes No. 3. Mr. Petre says she is one of the family cows, and a good one. How much for her? Forty dollars. Thank you. Forty-five, fifty, sixty, seventy, seventy-five. (The cow has gone

through the gate and out into the pasture.) Seventy-five, seventy-five seventy-five. Who will make it the eighty? Sold to Jack Dillon for seventy-five dollars.

Now then, I step out into the sale alley and make a short, snappy talk as follows:

People, listen to me. We have a real herd of cattle to sell here this afternoon, and get this from me, I don't propose to go to the house and look up a field glass so I can watch the cows and take bids on them until they reach the South Canadian River. No, not I. If you want these cows, you bid on them when they enter the alley above, for when they go out of this line below they are sold if you bid on them, and I don't care if you bring them through running. In fact, I'd rather they would run. You people have looked these cattle over carefully, and you know just what you want to pay, and we want you to be satisfied.

(Auctioneer addressing the cowboys.) Now then, you fellows who are pushing these cattle down the line, get a move on you. Look out, here comes a wild one on a strong trot with long horns, twenty-five dollars I have twenty-five, thirty, five, six, seven, eight, nine, forty, sold.

Here comes another one in a hurry. Thirty-five I have, thirty-six, seven, eight, nine, forty, sold.

Here comes another on the dead run. Twenty I have, thirty, one, two, thirty-three, sold. That's enough. That's all she's worth.

Look, look! Here comes a mammoth buckskin cow with terrible horns, swinging her head right and left (it really looked dangerous to stand near by, especially to a greenhorn), but she went through on the dead run, kicking and bawling and switching her tail. No one bid on her down the line. She reached the gate to the big pasture before the gate man had time to open it. Over the top she went, clearing it by more than a foot, and while she was hitting the high places some fine tenor voice near the gate rang

out, "Twenty-five!" Like a flash the writer said, "Sold!" It was the verdict of all who expressed themselves that she was sold in the air.

The remarkable part of this sale to the writer was the strict attention of this mammoth crowd. I am trying to show in this sale, as in many others in this book, that the auctioneer must be master of the situation, and it is very important that he look the ground over carefully at all times, so that he will be ever ready to dictate, and be an authority on any problem that may present itself.

Almost all of the entire herd of cattle were sold in very rapid order. People always appreciate a lively sale, and especially when it's fast and clean. A number of the wild ones in this herd during the sale slipped by the sale alley and crossed over into another pen.

### *Now We Sell Them*

The first was not only wild, but mean and dangerous. Then, we were not organized and prepared to handle them, so we formed a ring in the large pen, but this first outlaw that was driven into the ring showed fight, and if the reader could have seen those long horns and green eyes you would not be surprised at the next act. About the first move she cleaned out the corral, people flying in every direction for safety. There were a number of large trees in the pen, and that surely helped some. Many climbed on farm wagons, but as many as possible fell under the wagons, and, strange as it may seem, she was trying to hook those under the wagons.

Gus Jackson, who had not as yet received his second degree, was making a wild run for a tree. The cow was running around a wagon in his direction. Jackson caught his toe on a root and turned clean over, with his overcoat stripped over his head. He was selling cigars during the sale, so he carried them



under his arm. Cigars flew in every direction, and while they were Jackson's best, he did not sell another cigar that day, nor did he ever attend another auction sale.

We would like to add that while this was an exciting sale all through, it was equally as satisfactory. You will notice how we shifted around, and took our time in an explanatory way, in getting everybody familiar with the stock and our mode of operation, arranging the crowd and locating them so that everybody from everywhere could feel they were a part of the sale.

Again I will say, every sale has a setting of its own, and must be understood, and when the auctioneer is master of the situation, quite often speed is the keynote of success.



### A UNIQUE FARM SALE

*It Took Part of Two Years, Three Clerks and Two  
Auctioneers to Conduct a Farm Sale for  
Billy Mitchell*

The sale was dated December 31, 1918. There was a real blizzard on; Oklahoma was in the throes of a North Dakota winter. The air was thick with flying snow in every direction, the snow was drifting and closing up all the roads, in fact, it looked as though an auction sale outdoors was impossible. This kind of a blizzard is unusual in Oklahoma, but it was a reality, and fearfully cold. Somehow I felt that it was necessary for me to be there. I tried to persuade Earl Morris, the clerk, that we should go. It was just eight miles northwest of El Reno, right in the direction from which the storm was coming. Earl refused to go, so I finally decided to walk the eight miles. It was impossible to run a car, and there were



no buggies to be found, so away I went into the snow and storm for Billy Mitchell's place. I decided if there were no sale I would be on hand to encourage Mr. Mitchell and we could fix another date. I had gone but a few blocks when I discovered a man with a horse and buggy driving through town. I accosted the fellow and made arrangements whereby the clerk and I could go with him, so I returned to the bank and insisted that the clerk go. In a few moments we were off. The storm was increasing and the snow was piling up everywhere.

After we left the town and drove out into the open country we feared we would not be able to reach the Mitchell home, but were determined to go through if it were at all possible. Many of the roads were impassable and we were compelled to go back and take another route. The driver, a Mr. Penwright, the clerk and myself were all large men, so you can imagine how we were situated in a narrow one-seated buggy. Mr. Morris sat on my knees, and that fixed my circulation for sure. We did not reach the scene of the sale until four o'clock in the afternoon. When we came in sight of the bunch of people who had actually gathered for the sale regardless of the storm, they yelled like a bunch of wild Indians, and said, "That's the Colonel. He would come if there were any chance whatever to get through!" That expression alone was more than enough to pay me for the exposure and the freezing of my face that day.

There was also another agreeable surprise in store for me: Colonel Cook, one of the students of the El Reno Auction School, lived near where the sale occurred. He had taken charge of the sale early in the afternoon, thinking we would not be able to make it through, and had succeeded in selling most of the stock and implements, at very satisfactory prices.

To say that I was chilled through and through, would be putting it very mildly. There was nothing I needed more than exercise, so mustering what little

energy I had left I sprang out into the snow and began to yell, "Come on, come on, we are off!" and began selling at once. This seemed to enthuse the whole bunch and things began to move again.

Earl Morris, the clerk who had come with me was cashier of the bank which took care of the paper of this sale, had come alive and for a short time we stepped right out and sold what was left of stock and offerings that were not covered up in the snow drifts. Then we retired to the house for settlement with the first clerk and the parties who had purchased from us.

With the understanding that those who did not settle their accounts on the day of the sale would come to the bank in El Reno and settle a day or two later, Mr. Morris and Mr. Penwright bundled up in their rig, wishing every one a happy New Year, turned their faces southward and their backs on the last auction sale of 1918 in Oklahoma. The writer remained to assist in the disposition of quite a number of articles that remained unsold.

The snow storm was still raging. I presume some northern people would smile at a blizzard in this southern country, but if you should come here and stay until you were acclimated you would soon learn that cold weather will pinch you just as much and probably more here in Oklahoma than in any country, for the reason that the cold spells are of such short duration that long before you can get accustomed to the cold the spell is over and the weather is fine again.

January 1, 1919, clear and cold; it was a beautiful morning. I was anxious to purchase some of the fine fruit Mr. Mitchell had stored in his cellar, so I was on hand early, and so were quite a number of others. None of the stock and articles sold the day before had been taken away, so those buyers all came back and quite a number of others, so we had a larger crowd than the day before. This was my opportunity to take up unfinished business, so I apponited a clerk

and the auction sale that had begun in 1918 would be finished in 1919.

There were dug out of the snow a number of small tools and machinery, and there was the fruit and other things too numerous to mention. To say the least, this sale that began in 1918 in the heart of a blizzard and wound up on New Years Day, 1919, was very satisfactory to Billy Mitchell, the owner, and it was a success on general principles, although it took two auctioneers, three clerks and a part of two years to put the finishing touches on it, but it brought the answer: *success*.

If you intend going into the auction business, be *a good one, a clean one*, and never disappoint your man. If the day is stormy, so that the sale can not occur, he may need you to show him the way out.

The Mitchell sale is over, and we are all congregated in the house, talking about the sale, the weather and coming events, when I was notified that there was still unfinished business for me. It came to me that God had spared my life all through 1918, with no visible marks of His displeasure, he had given me many successful sales during the year, and many conversions at the meetings I had conducted. Now I had stepped into the first day of 1919. Why not drop a word of testimony and prayer with this people, who are all travelers toward eternity, since they have all been so kind to me, and I may never have another opportunity like this. "All right," I said to the Lord, "if that is my duty, by thy grace I will do it."

I spoke to the people in the house of what I had in view, that I was sure we would never meet again in just the way we were that morning. Then I went to the door and called in all that were outside. In a few minutes the house was filled, and then I spoke a few words by way of testimony for the Master and told them I was impressed to open the New Year with prayer. Although I knew that only a few of them were Christians, I asked all to bow while I talked to

the King of glory and thanked Him for the sales and blessings of the year past and the success of this sale. Then I prayed for the fathers and mothers and the children and homes of the entire community, and for Billy Mitchell and his new field of labor, and asked God in His wisdom to guide us all safely through the coming year and to keep me clean, that I might never bring reproach on His cause. It was a great climax to me, not that I amounted to anything, only that I was obedient to the Holy Spirit.

Dear reader, if you think you can not be a successful auctioneer and a genuine Christian, you are looking in the wrong direction for help. May this get hold of auctioneers and others who could do so much for the Master. Amen!

☆☆☆☆

## HORSE SALE

### MARE

Now then, gentlemen, just a minute, if you please, before we sell this mare. Here we have the real picture of the horse, with its real individuality that goes to make the money getter, the kind the markets of the world demand, the kind that makes all public sales attractive, the kind that brings real stock men out to sales, who are always ready to pick up these good ones and get right in the horse business.

Open up there, move this mare out, show the folks a real good one. Isn't she a daisy? Look at that wonderful back. She's coming back. Look at that knee action. See her chest. She looks like a steamer coming this way. A great big, flat bone in the leg. That's the kind. She looks kind of poor, doesn't she? Did you ever see a better head? She has license to have more sense than an auctioneer, and that's useless.



Is she bred, and does she go in the clear? Yes. Then you people can buy a bank account. She will do your work and pay the way. She looks like a real brood mare.

Who will start her at two hundred dollars?

### GELDING

That's certainly some horse. Any man can afford to feed high priced grain to that animal, but you can't afford to feed it to a poor one. What's his age? Ah, he's a young horse. Why, you can use him several years, and then he's just right for the market.

What a pity that men will breed and grow these dinky ponies and small horses when it doesn't cost as much to raise a good one like this animal in the ring.

You mate this horse and you will certainly have a team that will sell right. There isn't a corner on him. Perfectly round and smooth, easy keeper, a powerful back, just a bunch of muscles. He has great style, and good life. This is another real horse and the kind the markets want. He's got the size and the weight. He's got the bone. Where can you find a better foot?

Sometimes we find a horse that has all these qualities, but dead on his feet, and nobody wants him. But this horse doesn't need anything but real high selling; he's got the quality, and ready to go. He's a money maker. Who'll start him at one hundred and seventy-five dollars?

The above talk should be spoken slowly, carefully, and looking the animal over while you are talking. Always look at the part you are talking about. Remember that your audience will be as much interested in what you are talking about as you are if you are clean, never misrepresenting anything. If your horse is moved up to show his style it would be well to move with him, always making the object you are selling the center of attraction. Remember, that as long as you can concentrate the minds of the people on the value you are offering for sale, the battle is yours. Learn to do that well first, then the more rapidly you operate the more you are appreciated.



## A WONDERFUL TOWN SITE SALE

*October 23, 1909, for the Foraker Town Site Co., in the Osage Nation, Before Statehood in Okla.*

Foraker is a town in the Osage Nation, on the Midland Valley Railway. The site was sold originally by the Government. The location was not very desirable, but there was a beautiful location just across the section line, without a rough spot on it. This tract was surveyed and marked out showing every lot with numbers in black on white stakes. All streets and avenues were marked in plain letters, so the buyers had no difficulty about locations.

This was one of those unique sales, that was interspersed with roping contests, riding outlaw horses, riding wild steers, etc. The program was a real wild west show by the best ropers and daredevil riders that could be secured.

The lot sale was billed to start at 2:30 p. m. Everything was in readiness. No part of the program interfered with the lot sale, everything gave way to the auction. At 2:30 the writer called the great multitude together and started them up the hill to begin the sale at the highest point

This addition to Foraker sloped gradually to the south, on the east side of Foraker. It was a beautiful location and people were actually interested.

When I reached the top I turned my attention to this army of people. I gave the terms, and cleared the deck for action. Then I told them that we would go down this street and sell the lots on both sides of the street as we go, at the same time warning the people that I was the "lot a minute man," and I was ready to make good. Just then I turned my entire attention to the sale, after an opening talk.

Here we have a pair of corner lots. What a fine place for a future home. How much for the lot on this corner? One hundred I have. Who will make

it the two? At one hundred, and sold for \$100. How many lots do you want? He takes them both.

Two on the other corner, one hundred I have. One hundred, fifteen, twenty, who will make it twenty-five? Sold for \$120, thank you, he takes four. Say, man, that gives you 100 x 150 feet of ground. That's room for a good home.

Now listen, don't get it into your head that I am going to visit with you fellows down this street. No, no!

I run ahead across the street and call loudly, "Come on, Come on! How much for the next two? Fifty dollars some one says."

Now I begin in earnest. At fifty, seventy-five, one hundred, sold. How many do you want? He takes four.

Now I run half way across the street, just as quick as I can step it and call for bids on the next lots. Some one says "Fifty," again.

Well, I have the same old fifty. Sold for fifty dollars. How many do you want? He takes four. That cleans up that block. Did you say I did not give you a chance to bid? Good, well get in now. How much for the four left in this block? I am offered seventy-five, eighty, ninety, sold. No, no, I said sold. So you got left again? Good, you'll make it after awhile.

I sold about twenty lots, and must dash for the corner lot of the next block as quickly as possible. I mention often in this book that your audience will be as much interested, if not more so, than you are.

Say, man, look at these corner lots. What do you know about them? One hundred dollars I have, one ten, fifteen, twenty-five, thirty, forty. Sold. No, I said sold. How many? He takes four. Why not?

Look at these corner lots over here. He starts

them at one hundred. One hundred I have, make it the ten. At ten, make it the fifteen, make it the fifteen. Sold for \$115 flat. How many? He cleans up the block. He takes ten. That's the way to grab them. They will make you a nest egg later on.

Now then we have six left on the other side. One hundred I have. Going at one hundred, one five, six, seven, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five. Don't forget this is an east front. One hundred forty, fifty, sixty, seventy-five, and sold for \$175.

Now I run clean down to the other end of the next block, yelling at the top of my voice to get the whole crowd enthused. I begin to sell business lots.

How much am I offered for this beautiful location for a bank before some one grabs it for something else?

Two hundred dollars I have for this elegant location here. At two hundred, will you make it the three? At two ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty. What's the matter with you? Two fifty. That's more like it. At two fifty, sixty, seventy, ninety, three hundred. Sold for \$300.

This way, please. This gentleman wants only one. You surely ought to have the next one, that will give you fifty feet front and one hundred fifty deep. He says he will take two, Mr. Clerk.

I'll say to you all, I sold that business lot too cheap. I sold it right now. How much for the next one with the privilege of as many as you want in this block? You people don't seem to realize that Oklahoma has unlimited resources, that this Midland Valley railroad touches the trunk lines of this country. No doubt you will let them slip today and pay double tomorrow. Isn't that strange?

All right, the man says sell them. Sure, my friend, I'll sell them today. How much for the next lot? Let's go. Two hundred, at two hundred, who will make it the three. Two ten, I thank you. Now I

have the twenty, who will make it the fifty? Twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty. Sold for \$250. This man says he'll take the next two at \$250 per lot. They're yours, my friend.

Now then, let's make a run back to the corner, on the other side of this street and clean up this street as we go.

These instructions may not appeal to some readers at first, but, believe this writer, he talks from practical experience all the way through this book, it will surely bring the response if the auctioneer has the personality to carry the crowd with him.

How many times have you heard a boy or girl, only ten years of age or less, speak at some important gathering and take the audience by storm. They were no orators. No, they were children, but the piece was fascinating to them, and their teacher or parents had drilled them again and again, after they had memorized the recitation, until they had perfect confidence in themselves and were able to put their very life into the message, so that even old heads would sit up and take notice.

So I am writing this book so simply and plainly and practically that you can astonish your neighbors and friends at the first attempt, if you will do your part and do it well.

You will notice that I just said to this crowd of buyers from everywhere (I want you to get this): "Now then let's make a run back to the corner on the other side of the street, and clean the street as we go."

Just as I had sold the six business lots I turned around, held up my hand, as quick as a flash, and held that attitude for a moment until I had attracted the attention of the crowd, who wondered what was coming next, and I was off to the corner lots on the other side. The moment I reached the corner I began to call for bids loud and strong, and people actually began bidding many times before they were within fifty feet of the lots, and were sold before they came near. Now the sale is on again.

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, what do you think about this corner? Would you like to have a hundred foot front here? You say whether these are fine business lots. He says they look good to him. He bids one hundred fifty. One fifty, who will say two hundred? One sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety,



two hundred. Well, I hope. Two hundred, two ten, two twenty, two thirty, thirty, thirty, forty, two fifty, sold for \$250. He says he'll take four lots. Good.

Let's go. How much for the next lot. One hundred, I have, one fifty. Going at one fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, two hundred. Sold for \$200 flat. How many do you want? He takes six lots. Thank you. That cleans up the block, and he gets the corner lot too.

Now, right across the street we have four lots left in this block. How much a lot for the whole bunch. It will give you one hundred feet front if you take them all, and I'll sell them all together. It's a south front, the southeast corner of the block. How can you beat it? Thank you, I have \$200 per lot. At \$200, who'll make it three hundred? Remember, the two corner lots in this block brought \$300 each. Two ten, twenty-five, thirty, fifty, going at two fifty, fifty, fifty, fifty, sold for \$250.

Now then, we have sold twenty business lots or two blocks. North we go into the residence section again.

Again, after my announcement of selling residence lots, I make a wild run north to the lots, yelling all the way, and when I reach the lots I begin immediately as usual calling for bids as follows:

Now then, just a moment, before we sell more residence lots. We have sold forty residence lots, and twenty business lots, netting \$8,150. This alone should be sufficient evidence that these lots should be a good investment, especially with the good town of Foraker already established right by our side.

Well, the bills say they will be sold today. How much for the corner lots. What do you say? One hundred dollars I have. A-going at one hundred. Who'll make it the two? Make it the two. Make it the two. One hundred ten, fifteen, twenty, who'll make it the twenty-five? At twenty-five, at twenty-





MRS. J. P. GUTELIUS

*Who was always at her post for thirty-two years, fixing dates,  
with an eye always open to a successful career of auctioneering*



five, now the thirty, now the thirty. I have the twenty-five, and sold for \$125. He takes two lots. Now the next two. I thank you. I have one hundred, going at one hundred, and sold for \$100. He takes two lots.

Over on the other side of the street. Here we go on the run. What will you give me for these corner lots? Sure they are nice ones. One hundred dollars, a-going at one hundred, who'll make it the two hundred. One ten, fifteen, twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, who'll make it the two hundred? Sold for \$150. He takes four. Thank you.

Back on the other side we have six lots. How much for the whole smear? I have seventy-five dollars. Going at seventy-five dollars per lot. What do you know about that? Remember, this town is already established, this is only an addition, but it is a beauty. Seventy-five I have. Now I have the eighty, ninety, one hundred dollars. One ten, one fifteen, one twenty, and sold for \$120. I don't blame him, he takes six lots.

Now let us clean up the other side. All right, here we go. I got the one hundred. Going at one hundred. Make it the fifty, make it the fifty, make it the fifty. I got the ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, one hundred twenty-five, and sold for \$125. He takes the six.

Again I appeal to the buyers, telling them we have sold sixty residence lots and twenty business lots, making a total of more than \$10,000, which should be abundance of evidence that people are interested in this location, and away I go across to the next block on the gallop, calling for bids the moment I hit the corner as follows:

Here we are, a little over a block away from the business part of this new addition, with a wonderful view of the surrounding country. If this location doesn't suit you, what on earth are you looking for? Well, how much for this corner lot? One hundred,

I have, going at one hundred, who'll make it fifty? one ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty, thirty-five, who'll make it the fifty? One hundred thirty-five dollars I have. If that's your best, I'm gone, and sold for \$135. He takes six of them. That's one hundred fifty feet square.

Now over on the other corner. You people have looked over this addition again and again. Now if you want it, buy it. What about the corner lots? One hundred dollars I have. That seems to be the starting point. At one hundred, going at one hundred, who will tell me just what these lots are worth? One hundred ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, who will say fifty? Twenty-five I have, and sold for twenty-five dollars. Good. He says he'll take the whole cheese. He takes ten lots. I thank you.

Now the four lots on the other side. Who will give me one hundred and twenty-five dollars to start them? I have one twenty-five and sold to Harry Mead for \$125.

It is not necessary to go farther in this sale only to repeat that it was a wonderful success and the writer was master of the situation from the start to the finish; and so can you be if you are a live wire and the profession is fascinating to you.

Then, too, you can earn \$100 per day. It is not a matter of price. It is whether you can deliver the goods.

The following is a letter given to the writer after this sale:

#### FORAKER TOWNSITE COMPANY

MAIN OFFICE	BRANCH OFFICES:	{	PAWHUSKA, OKLA.
OKLAHOMA, CITY			WICHITA, KAS.
OKLA.			FORAKER, OKLA.

*Foraker, Okla., Oct. 23, 1909.*

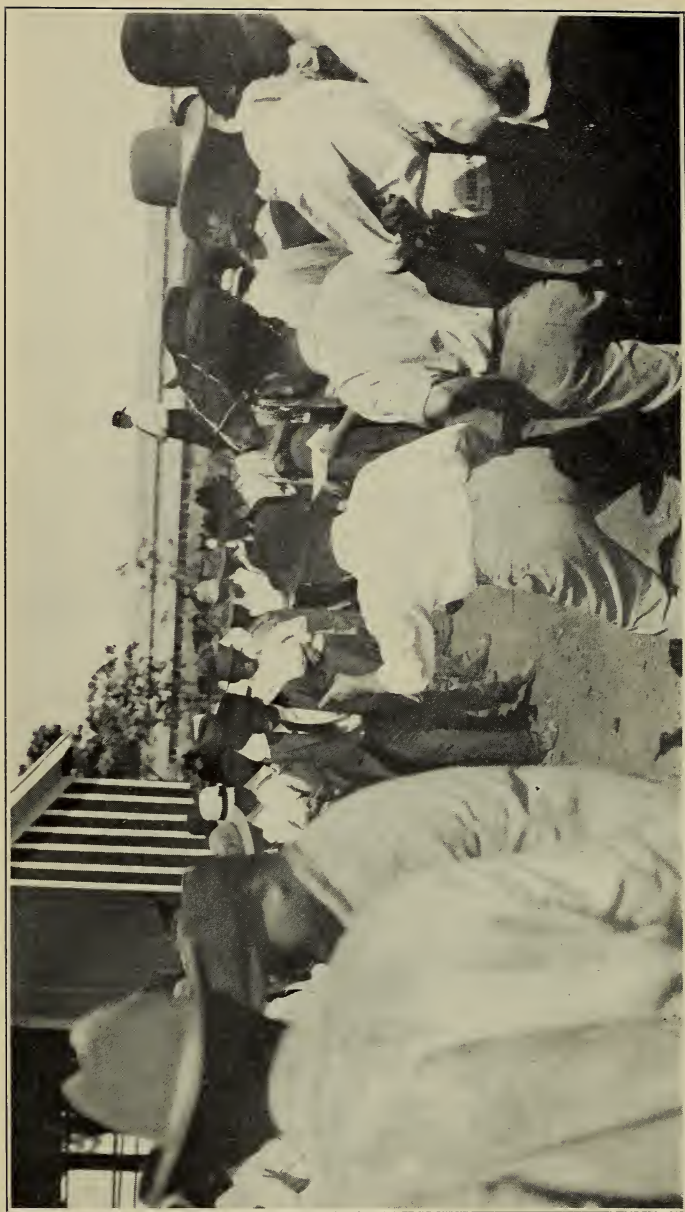
TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

*About six months since we saw Mr. J. P. Gutelius sell a townsite in a town that was then a very slow one, and we had thought before the auction that it would be impossible for him to make a successful sale.*

*But he proved to be a veritable whirlwind salesman that inspired the crowd with enthusiasm, and made the sale a great success. We have just had him conduct a three-days auction*







#### GOVERNMENT SALE OF HORSES

*Col. Gutelius in action for Uncle Sam at sixty-eight years of age, selling 145 head of horses like a whirlwind, in a few hours. Beyond his index finger see his partner, Col. Everett, coaching. Sale at Fort Reno, Okla.*

*sale of our addition here, and the success has been remarkable.*

*Mr. Gutelius is honest in his methods, able and intelligent, and has the magnetic power that wins as an auctioneer. We would not think of having a townsite sale without his services, were he available.*

*Very truly,*

Nicholson & Vaughn,

Pawhuska, Okla.

Real Estate and Investment.

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

## GOVERNMENT AUCTION SALE

*Of Horses, Mules and Harness, at Fort Reno, Friday,  
Sept. 15, 1922. About 145 Head Were Sold*

Knowing that this would be about the last auction sale of any importance that I would conduct before the publication of this book, the reader should realize that I was as particular with reference to the details as in any sale I have ever conducted, in fact, more so, that I might hold up the standard to a climax, for the purpose of using it in this book.

If you please, the first move made with reference to this sale on sale day was made at home in the morning in our family altar, where I have learned for sure that I can find grace, strength and wisdom for all the problems of the day. I talked to our Father in heaven in behalf of our loved ones at home and away. I thanked Him for the many blessings, for the wonderful health, and especially for this particular Government sale.

Then I asked Him for unlimited physical power, wisdom, and such speed as I had never known. To keep me clean, and hold me steadfast that I would take no part in an unclean deal. I want to say here that I positively knew immediately after prayer that my petition was heard, and that there would be a real clean, fast, successful auction sale at Fort Reno that day.

The sale was billed to begin at ten a. m. Major Jones, commanding, informed me that I was the auctioneer, so it was up to me to decide when the sale would begin. I announced several times loudly that the sale would begin at eleven o'clock sharp. The horses and mules were all tied in the barn and on the south side of the barn, close at hand, all the horses and mules being numbered and the clerks of the sale held corresponding numbers. About one half were condemned, and the other half surplus (which means that the Government had more horses than they needed).

There was abundance of help, and well trained help at that, real horse men, in the service, who knew every animal that came into the sale. Major Jones is a noted horseman himself, of national reputation, and is one of the greatest judges at the horse shows in America.

Fort Reno is producing some of the finest horses in the world, not only in individuality but in thoroughbred lines, closely related to the fastest gallopers on the track today. Suffice to say, if the auctioneer knows his part well, Fort Reno is able to deliver the goods.

At a few minutes of eleven o'clock I took off my coat and stripped for action, as the reader will notice in the picture of the sale. I stepped out in front of the horse barn, expecting to sell there, out in the open, so I could secure some good pictures, and then finish the sale in the horse barn in the afternoon.

I gave the alarm in no uncertain tone of voice, calling the people together, "Come on, boys! Come on, come on!" In a few moments the crowd was at hand—there were real horse and mule buyers ready for the fray. I secured the attention of the crowd and said in part (not very fast, but rather slow),

Now, then, I want your attention for a moment, that you may know the terms, mode of operation, etc., of this sale. Terms, cash or certified check.

When horses or mules are sold they will be rushed into the stock yards yonder, awaiting your settlement after the sale. Immediately after you purchase an animal the clerk will give you a purchase ticket with the number of the animal and the purchase price, that will correspond with the clerk's book and the number of the animal, which you will present at the final settlement.

Again, gentlemen, if you wish to ship your stock they will secure cars for you and have them placed on the track here and furnish you men to load them. Again, no halters go with the horses and mules, so you can govern yourself accordingly.

All right, bring in horse number one. Here he comes. Look out, this is a condemned horse. Run him up the way. See him go. How much for this horse? Five dollars I have. Seven and a half, ten, twelve and a half, fifteen. Sold. Get him out.

Here comes another. Get a move on you. See him run. Ten dollars, twelve and a half, fifteen, seventeen and a half, twenty. Sold for \$20.

Come on, come on with your horses. Here is a good looker. (Down the line he goes.) Ten dollars, fifteen, seventeen and a half, twenty, twenty-five, sold. Get him out.

Look at the big gray. See him step. Twenty dollars, twenty-two and a half, twenty-five, twenty-seven and a half. Sold. Get him out.

Bring them in. Let's go. I'm getting chilly. Here comes a span of bays on the dead run. See them go! Aren't they dandies! How much for the span? Thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-two and a half, forty-seven fifty, fifty, flat, sold for \$50.

Say, bring them in running. See them come! Thirty, thirty-five, forty, fifty dollars. I have the two and a half, fifty-five. Sold. Get them out. Get them out! Get them out!

Look at another span on the run. Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-two and a half, thirty-five, thirty-seven



and a half, forty, forty-five, forty-seven and a half, fifty. Sold.

Look at this team. See them step. They are getting better. They're good ones. Thirty dollars, thirty-five, thirty-seven and a half, forty, forty-five, forty-seven and a half, fifty, fifty-five, fifty-seven and a half, sixty, sixty-two fifty. Sold for \$62.50.

You boys get action on them, we want to sell them today. Another span of bays. Thirty, thirty-five, forty, forty-five, fifty, fifty-five. Sold for \$55.

See them fly, haven't they got action? Twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, thirty-seven fifty, forty, forty-five, fifty. Sold.

Another condemned horse. He doesn't look so worse. Crack down on him. Two and a half, five, seven and a half. Sold. I told you I'd sell today.

Another condemned horse. Two and a half. Sold.

Here comes a span of good ones, surplus, all sound. Thirty, forty, fifty, fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five, sixty-seven fifty. Sold.

Open up and let them through. A span of surplus. Fifty, two and a half, fifty-five, sixty, sixty-two and a half, sixty-five, seventy-five. Sold.

A span of mules, say, keep them moving. Fifty, fifty-five, fifty-seven and a half, sixty, sixty-five, seventy-five, eighty, eighty-five, eighty-seven and a half. Sold.

Another span of mules, old ones. Move them up. Ten dollars, twelve and a half, fifteen, seventeen and a half, twenty. Sold.

Come a-running. More mules. I've got twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, seventy-five. Sold for seventy-five dollars.

Here comes a span of black mares. I've got twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, fifty-five, sixty. Sold.

Look out! Look out! Let them run. How much for this span of mules? Thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, two and a half, seventy-five, eighty, ninety, sold. Take them out! Take them out!



Say, Mr. Man, see this span of horses, sound and all O. K., surplus. Fifty, I have. Sixty, seventy, seventy-five. Sold.

Take them out. We want to sell today. Here is a good span of mares. Fifty dollars he says. I don't blame you. Sixty, seventy-five, eighty, eighty-two and a half, and sold for \$82.50.

Here comes a saddler. Let him gallop out. He's a good looker. The captain says he's a crackerjack. Twenty-five dollars, twenty-seven and a half, thirty, thirty-five, thirty-seven and a half. Sold.

Here comes another span of mules. They sure move some. Fifty dollars. Sixty, sixty-five, seventy-five, eighty-five, ninety, one hundred. Sold to Zack Miller.

Here is another span just like them. Fifty dollars, sixty, seventy-five, eighty, eighty-five, one hundred. Sold to Zack Miller.

Another span black mares. Surplus. Fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, ninety-five. Sold to Miller.

Again we have a span of good ones, and we got the fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety. Sold to Mr. Miller.

Here comes a real saddler. They say he is a good one, and gentle. Twenty-five dollars for him. Twenty-seven and a half, thirty. Sold for \$30 flat.

Say, Mr. Man, here comes a real span of mares, real brood mares. Fifty dollars I have to start them. Sixty, seventy-five, eighty, ninety, one hundred. Sold to Zack Miller.

Another span just like them. Shoot them up through here. Seventy-five, eighty, ninety, one hundred. Sold to Zack.

And here we go again with another span. Fifty, sixty, sixty-five, sixty-seven and a half, seventy, sold.

Another span coming like magic, and they are good ones too. Thirty, thirty-five, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, seventy-five, eighty. Sold.

Here's another saddler. Look him over as he

gallops through. Twenty, twenty-two and a half, twenty-five. Sold.

One more span of mules. Thirty, forty, fifty, sixty. Sold for \$60.

All right, gentlemen, we stop for lunch. We just sold fifty-seven in forty minutes. I thank you. We begin at one o'clock again.

No doubt this was one of the fastest sales that ever occurred at Fort Reno, and considering the fact that there are no markets for horses and mules except locally, it was very satisfactory.

The halftone pictures of this auction sale that appear in this book show the writer (who is about sixty-eight years of age and weighs about 210 pounds) in action. In one picture you will notice I am pointing toward a buyer who is not visible in the picture. In the direction of my arm is my partner, partly standing on one foot, coaching the bidders. He is Col. C. L. Everett, one of the graduates of the El Reno Auction School, and a live wire. I took special care in training Everett, and we thoroughly understand each other, so there can be no confusion in a red-hot sale. To the auctioneer on the block, or the buyer, I would say, that horses have been selling so low at auction sales all over the country, that the buyers expected a real donation—they expected to buy them for a song and sing it themselves.

In one of the pictures you will notice I am touching Zack Miller. Mr. Miller is one of the Miller Brothers, the great Wild West Show men, who own the 101 Ranch at Bliss, Okla. They are also very successful farmers. Mr. Miller told the writer that they produced 50,000 bushels of corn in 1922. Mr. Miller bought forty-nine head of horses and mules at this sale.

That the reader may appreciate the system of auctioneering that I present to you all the way through this book (and I am sure I will never have a better opportunity) I call your attention to the high tension of this bunch of buyers. Right back of the writer is a strong buyer, in a gray suit, who, you will notice is up on his toes watching with an eagle eye for bargains that might find a home in his territory. The thought I wish to present again: every man is alive to the fact that there is a real wide-awake auction sale on, and the auctioneer is master of the situation.

On the left, near the auto, you will notice Major Jones, standing erect with arms folded, watching the maneuvers of



GOVERNMENT SALE OF HORSES

*Col. Gutelius touching Zack Miller of the 101 ranch, of Bliss, Okla., who bought forty-nine head at Fort Reno, Okla.*





the auctioneer who assumed the responsibility of this horse sale.

In another picture you will see the auctioneer in action again, every man alert. In the foreground is a splendid span of mares turning on the dead run with an Indian at the ropes. They made their last run at Fort Reno. Sold to Hale & Younger, the great horse and mule buyers of Oklahoma City.

This was not a large sale, neither was there a large crowd, but after the auctioneer had secured the confidence of the people, and they became familiar with our clean mode of operation, the keenest interest developed that you will find in many moons, and they all looked alike to me.

The front part of the horse barn was turned into a high class cafeteria lunch room, by the ladies of the M. E. Church, South, and every one was enjoying a real dinner and refreshments. Immediately after dinner, at one o'clock I called attention to about fourteen sets of harness to be sold before the horse and mule sale. We were only a few minutes in disposing of them. After the harness were sold I concentrated all my energy on the final horse and mule sale. There were about eighty-eight of them. We thought before the forty minute sale in the morning that we would sell the balance of them in the large horse barn in the afternoon, but the outdoor runway or road afforded us such satisfactory results in moving the stock that I could see no advantage in changing.

Again I called for the horses and mules, notifying all that the sale would be continued on the outside, at the same place. The soldiers were at their post in a moment. It looked as though every horseman had an animal or a span. There was a string of them that reached clear through the 300 foot barn, and out on the south side, ready for the auctioneer to show them their new owners.

I was never in better trim, physically, mentally, and spiritually, than I was when I stepped on the sale ground after the dinner hour. The reader may remember how I qualified for this sale at the family altar in the morning at home, and I thanked Him many times during the day.

Now I said in part:

*Gentlemen:*

For the benefit of those who were not present in the morning sale, let me give you the terms again. Terms are cash, or certified check. To those who wish cars to ship, the same will be placed on track for you, and men will be furnished to help load them.



There is a shortage of cars at this time, and if they fail to secure enough cars they will feed the stock, load them and ship them to you without any further additional expense to you.

Now, let me call your attention to the fact that we are going to step some. I am doing my talking now; in a moment I will be selling. You boys have the stock ready to gallop through the ring, the moment I say sold.

Come on, boys. Here is a span of black mares, crackerjacks; surplus, that means sound. Fifty dollars I have. Sixty, seventy, eighty, eighty-five, ninety. Sold to Hale.

Here is another span. Twenty-five, thirty, fifty, sixty. Sold to Jones. Get this stock out of here! The moment they are sold take them out, right where you are; don't lead them down through the crowd again.

I should say yes, this is a real span of mules. Fifty dollars, sixty, seventy-five, one hundred, one twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty. This is surplus, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety. Sold to Zack Miller for \$190.

Here we have a single mule. Oh, he ran away! Let him go. How much? Twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty. Sold. Turn them all loose, I believe that helps.

Here comes a fine span of brood mares. The big kind. Fifty dollars, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred. Sold to Miller.

Let them roll. Here they come, a span of bay mares. Thirty, forty, forty-five, fifty, sixty, seventy-five, eighty. Sold to Younger.

Move up with those animals. See the mules coming. Aren't they dandies! Fifty dollars, seventy-five, eighty, one hundred, twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty. Sold for \$150 to Hale.

See the old mule coming. Five dollars, seven and a half, ten. Sold.

Here comes a saddler. He looks good. Twenty-five, thirty, two and a half, thirty-five, forty. Sold.

Span of mares, blacks, surplus, good ones. Fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred. Sold.

Don't bring that team back through here, they are sold. Look, look! The mules, aren't they dandies! How big do you want them? One hundred, one twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty. Sold for \$180.

Now you are stepping on them. How much for the span of mares? Fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred. Sold.

How much for this horse? Surplus. Ten dollars, fifteen, twenty. Sold.

How much for this horse? Ten dollars, twelve and a half, fifteen, twenty, twenty-two and a half. Sold.

A span of bay mares, good ones, surplus. Fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred, one hundred ten. Sold.

Another span just like them, surplus. Eighty, ninety, one hundred, one hundred five. Sold.

Here comes a span of work horses, condemned. Ten, fifteen, seventeen and a half, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, thirty-seven and a half, forty. Sold.

Come on, come on! Span mules. Twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy-five. Sold. Take them out. Get them out of here.

See that span of mares, surplus. Notice that knee action. Fifty dollars, sixty, seventy-five, eighty, ninety, one hundred, hundred ten, twenty. Sold.

Bring that horse in here, we want to sell him to-day. Say, he looks like a saddler and driver. Ten dollars I have, fifteen, seventeen and a half, twenty. Sold to Younger.

See the grays coming! Good work team. Twenty, twenty-five, twenty-seven and a half, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy-five. Sold to Stone.

Another span of grays. Twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty. Sold to Miller.

Mules, mules, see the span. Fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, one hundred, one hundred ten. Sold to Zack Miller.

Zack, here come another span just like them. Seventy-five, eighty, ninety, ninety-five, one hundred. Sold to Younger.

Another span, wild and woolly (broke loose and got away). Fifty dollars I have for the runaways. Sixty, seventy, eighty. Sold to Zack Miller. That's what Zack wants, wild ones.

Another batch coming, span mares, surplus. Thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, sold.

And another span. Fifty, sixty, two and a half, sixty-five. Sold.

Take them through. Hurry, hurry. Let's sell them today. Span horses. Twenty, thirty, thirty-two and a half, thirty-five. Sold.

Another condemned team. Twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-two fifty, thirty-five. Sold.

Another condemned team. Twenty-five, thirty, sold.

Here comes a span of real mules. Look out. Fifty, sixty, seventy-five, one hundred, ten, twenty, twenty-five. Sold to Zack Miller.

Here comes a wild one. Hold him! Hold him! Ten dollars. Sold. I just wanted you to hold him so this man could bid.

Well, well, another span of mares. Twenty-five dollars, thirty, forty, fifty. Sold to Zack Miller.

Open up, let the mules through. Aren't they daisies! Fifty, sixty, seventy-five, eighty, ninety, one hundred, one twenty-five, thirty, forty. Sold to Miller for \$140.

I shall not go on through with this sale on paper. Suffice to say, I have sold sixty since dinner and there are twenty-eight more to sell.

The manner in which I call the bids in this book

is exactly the way I conducted this remarkable sale. Real horse men were there who said it would be impossible to sell all those horses that afternoon, owing to the fact there was no market for them. At the same time these men would have been glad to have practically stolen some of them. This bunch bid occasionally, but when the real buyers came alive and the auctioneer became master of the situation they were soon lost in the shuffle.

At this, like hundreds of other stock sales, after men began to bid they would quite often slip back of the auctioneer and whisper, "Knock it off to me. Knock it off." They soon learned at this sale that they all looked alike to me, and if they expected to buy any of the stock they would have to buy them in front of me, not behind.

Once during the sale I stopped and cautioned them that I had no favorites there, and it would be a clean deal. One of the main buyers shook his head and said, "We believe it." I was never bothered again. Some people pray and ask God to help them, but they never give Him a chance to help them. Then they find fault with everything that's good. No wonder they are confused.

Reader, don't you think it would have been awful if I had pulled off anything unclean that day, after God had blessed me so wonderfully with physical power, unlimited strength and lung power and wisdom and health? I could have conducted another just like it easily.

Some day I will see Him as He is. Praise His holy name. I'll pray especially that some auctioneer, and all who read this sale will get acquainted with the Master, and this supernatural power that will surely qualify you for the battles of life.



## GOVERNMENT SALE OF LAND

One of the most noted auction sales in history occurred in El Reno, Okla., Nov. 15, 1910. One hundred and thirty-one 80-acre tracts or farms were sold in two and one-half hours. A picture of this sale will be found on the opposite page. 10,480 acres brought in round figures \$266,000. The following is the story of how I secured the job.

It is not as easy to secure a good appointment for a paying job in Uncle Sam's service as the reader might imagine. The great mistake that many candidates make is to spend almost their whole time waiting around home, expecting the home politicians to swing the deal, without going up to the top and connecting directly with the powers that be.

It is always in order to first get the indorsement of your representatives at Washington. That alone means more than a petition with names. Then, there are always a few others in every community who are always prominent in every red-hot political campaign. They are the ones who keep the wires hot with messages to our representatives and the powers that be in behalf of their friends who are looking for an appointment.

Often it is necessary for the candidate to go to headquarters and talk face to face, but never give up the ship until you are defeated. Some one will get the appointment for sure. If you have a perfect organization you will win if you faint not. Always keep it in mind that there are other candidates who will be just as anxious as you are, and they may have as much prestige as you. If it's a good job it will take a good fight to win.

I believe I had done my best to get this job, but my friends who stayed until the last minute brought the response. On November 14th, the day before the noted sale, I took an early train for Clinton, Okla., where I was dated for an important auction sale, not



positive whether I was the lucky man for the morrow. During the day they tried to find me by wire, to notify me that I was to be the auctioneer for the big sale. That evening when I stepped off the train on my return I was met by my son who said, "Dad, you got the job."

I would like to add a few pointers here. There is much more significance attached to a sale of this character than almost any other, especially if the auctioneer can deliver the goods with neatness and dispatch. It will give him prestige that he may not secure in any other way, on account of the magnitude of the sale, and the great army of people from everywhere who are looking for a new home.

I lost no time in seeing who was in the service of the land department to learn in detail the mode of operation for the coming event. The city of El Reno was full of strangers who had been looking the land over for weeks. Each one had secured quite a few numbers, so that if they failed to purchase one, they could bid on others. In fact, this multitude of people from everywhere were familiar with the 131 farms that would sell a few hours later without reserve to the highest bidder in the fastest auction sale that was ever known in the land department of the United States up to that date.

The morning of the 15th was rather cold and windy, much like winter. People were stirring around and wondering where the sale would occur. At ten o'clock a platform wagon was located on the corner of Rock Island Avenue, as you will notice in the picture. The sale began promptly at ten o'clock, with terms and introduction as follows:

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, we certainly appreciate your presence here today, and we know full well what brought you here from the different parts of the country. We have, without question, the greatest government on earth. When Uncle Sam realizes that his states and territories need new fields for op-

eration in line with advanced civilization, then he opens another tract for settlement like the one today, where the North and the South, the East and the West come together with glad hands and sociability that is known only in the development of a new country.

We certainly have a wonderful offering here today; some of the best land in the country. And we have some land that is not so good for farming, but is extra good pasture land, and abundance of good water almost everywhere, so I am sure that as a whole it is a wonderful offering, and I am certain that before long, when you have made the purchase of your choice, and later are properly located, it will blossom like the rose.

Again, in this great gathering for an auction sale of such important values, and your important mission to secure a future home, it will be necessary that we have the keenest attention that you may hear and understand every word in my descriptive talks, and the numbers of the tracts of land to be sold.

The terms of this sale are as follows: When I have found the highest bidder and sold the farm to him, Mr. Adams, the clerk, will register his full name and the number of the 80-acre tract and the price paid per acre, so that there can be no question or confusion, providing, as I have already requested, that I have your undivided attention.

Should there be a tie, where two or more claim the same piece of land, then the land will be sold again immediately. All ties will be settled in this manner. If you have a farm or homestead already, you are not entitled to one of these 80-acre tracts.

Every purchaser at this sale will receive a ticket which you must present at the office in your regular order for final settlement. These tickets will be issued to you every ten minutes until the 131 80-acre



### GOVERNMENT SALE OF LAND

*Col. Gutelius on the block selling 131 eighty-acre farms in two hours and a half, Nov. 15, 1910, bringing in round figures for the United States, \$266,000*





tracts are all sold, and the government will be ready to take care of you immediately after the sale.

If you are too far away to be heard plainly, hold up your hand and I will see that you are recognized.

Again, when you have purchased one of these 80-acre farms, immediately give us your full name and address. I am positive that if you will abide strictly by these terms and rules I have given you and watch the numbers on your list carefully, you will attend one of the most rapid sales that ever occurred.

Now then the sale begins. No. 1 on your list. How much am I offered per acre? Ten dollars I have. fifteen, sixteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, forty, sold.

Again, No. 2. Twenty, twenty-five, twenty-six, twenty-seven, twenty-eight, twenty-nine, thirty, forty, sold.

Again, No. 3. Thirty, thirty-one, thirty-five, forty, sold.

Again, No. 4. Forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-five. Sold.

I want to call your attention to this milling around and noise. Many of you have come a long distance to buy a home, and you will surely be disappointed if you don't give me your attention, and your favorite number will pass you. I can sell you this land one hundred feet away just as satisfactorily to you as though you were ten feet away. I have no favorites, you all look alike to me.

No. 5. What about No. 5? Twenty-five dollars, thirty, forty, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-five, sixty, sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five. Sold.

No. 6. Fifty dollars, sixty, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, seventy. Sold.

No. 7. Sixty dollars, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-five. Sold. Two parties claim this number. I'll sell it again. Sixty-six I have. Seventy over



here. Seventy-five, seventy-six, seventy-seven, seventy-eight, and sold for \$78 per acre.

No. 8. How much for No. 8? Forty dollars per acre. At forty, and sold for \$40.

No. 9. Forty dollars I have. Going at forty, forty-one, forty-five, forty-six, fifty, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two. Sold.

No. 10. How much for No. 10? Here's a good one. Fifty dollars, sixty, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, seventy, seventy-five. Sold.

No. 11. Sixty, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, seventy, seventy-two. Sold.

No. 12. Fifty dollars. Going at fifty, fifty-five, sixty. Sold.

No. 13. Forty dollars, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, fifty. Sold.

No. 14. Fifty dollars. Going at fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two. Sold.

No. 15. Forty dollars per acre I have. At forty, and sold for forty dollars. I see two men claim No. 15. All right, here she goes again. Now I have forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-five. Sold for fifty-five dollars.

No. 16. Thirty-five dollars per acre. A good spring on this one. Thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, forty, forty-one. Sold.

No. 17. Forty dollars I am bid. At forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, and sold for \$43.

Now then, those who have purchased farms, secure your tickets and the sale will go on.

It is not necessary to go on through this sale, as above, just exactly as you see the numbers and figures, in that order the entire sale was conducted. However, bids might have been higher or lower. We are not trying to give you the exact bids of each sale; that would be impossible.

The representative from Washington told the multitude it would take two days to sell this land.

After I had sold one hour, he told them I had sold about fifty tracts, and they would better stick around for I would sell them all today. After the second hour had passed I had crossed the one hundred mark and was nearing the close of the sale, so the land office man again warned them not to leave for dinner, that we would finish the sale before we left the platform. At thirty minutes after twelve the sale was over and the land office representative told me, "I have spent years in the land department, disposing of great tracts of land in all parts of the country, and you may not know it, but this sale has no parallel in the history of the country. This would have been two days hard work anywhere else. The speed and attention of that large crowd was remarkable, and absolutely satisfactory."

The writer is not trying to be conceited in giving you the details of this sale, only as it occurred in reality. It was a golden opportunity for me, and I did my level best to make a record-breaking sale.

I may never enjoy another opportunity to conduct a sale like the one I have described to you, but listen just a moment: I conduct meetings and revivals in different parts of this western country with the same energy, and I feel safe in saying, with much more interest, in the building up of God's kingdom.

One of these days the writer, who has enlisted in the army of the Lord, will hear the King of the glory land say, "You have fought a good fight, you have kept the faith, you have cried your last sale, come up higher, there's a mansion waiting for you."

Say, reader, don't you think that will sound good? May God bless you as you read this sale, and may you be a good, live wire in the auction profession, and a real Christian too.

This sale was conducted exactly as it is written, as follows: Sixty, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine, seventy, etc. This was a sale where people came to buy. Most of them had looked the land over, as I think I have mentioned

elsewhere, and they had quite a list of numbers of the different tracts of land that suited their fancy, and they knew just what they were bidding on.

There was no use or time for the old lingo, sigity-one, sigity-two, sigity-three, make it the five, make it the five, come alive, etc. It was selling from an argumentative standpoint. They knew more about the land for sale than the auctioneer, but the auctioneer had to be alert to catch the bids and take care of them in their regular order. For instance, one bid forty dollars thirty feet away, the next forty-one, twenty-five yards away, the next bid right at your side, possibly the next bid fifty yards or more away; all this done in rapid-fire style. All I had to do after I had secured attention was to call the bids in staccato style, plain and loud so there could be no misunderstanding or confusion.

The sale was one of the most-satisfactory I ever conducted. Every auctioneer who becomes a live wire in the profession will have many important sales that will demand his undivided attention.



## HIGH LIGHTS

### *Extracts from Some of the Sermons I Preach in My Evangelistic Work*

Show me a man or a woman so low in morals that society has long ago discarded them, and the church doesn't want them, and I'll show you a Christ who has come to seek and to save such a one.

There may come a time in a man's life, if he forgets God, that he may think that he has solved the problem of life in his own way. Hear me! He has only rocked his conscience to sleep.

As the Holy Ghost was to the Christ in the battle of the wilderness, so He can be to you in winning the battles of life.

Lot might have said, "Uncle Abe, you have been so good to me and my family, I have prospered so remarkably under your watchful care and administration. Now you make the division of stock. You lo-

cate me up on the high plains, and you take the rich valleys of the Jordan with its green pastures and sparkling waters. It belongs to you, Uncle Abe. I love you and we will never quarrel. It's up to you.

If Lot had taken this course the history of his family would read differently today. There would have been no necessity of running to hide in a cave, destitute, alone, a tramp. There are many families today, moving from the good old farm to Sodom and Gomorrah.



### A REAL CHICKEN SALE

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I am glad to say that we have a high and even grade of quality in this wonderful strain of White Wyandottes. There are six hundred birds in this sale. There are thirty mated pens. There are two hundred and fifty pullets, one hundred and fifty hens, and fifty males. Surely this will be a wonderful opportunity to get a good supply of this aristocratic bunch of finely bred birds.

Again, let me call your attention to the mated pens, consisting of one male and four hens each. No better birds can be found in many mated pens, where they sold for from \$25 to \$50 per mating, at private sale and mail orders.

You will notice how these matings line up. They look like perfect birds. You can not afford to pass them up. Mrs. H. A. Hume, of Tecumseh, Kansas, in the January number of *Everybody's Poultry Magazine*, says she did over a \$2,000 egg business in twelve months, just extra profit, and raised chickens as a side line, and so can you, but you must have the birds, that will attract the attention of the general public by their production.

Drive by a chicken farm, whether they are black,

brown, yellow, red, or white, where there are 800 to 1,000 birds, all one color, clean as a ribbon and properly cared for. You don't have to inquire how they are getting along; you know, and so does the banker.

Terms: Now that you have seen the birds, now buy them. How much for this first mating. Ten dollars I have. Thank you. Fifteen, sixteen, seventeen. Who will make it eighteen, nineteen, twenty? Sold for \$20.

Who will give me twenty dollars for the next mating? Aren't they fine! Yes, I'll give you \$20. Sold.

After all matings are sold the pullets and hens are sold at so much each by the dozen; then all males are sold single.



## A NEW FIELD FOR AUCTION SALES

It certainly will not be long until some enterprising fellow will establish annual and semi-annual auction sales of pure-bred chickens. It will take a breeder who fancies prize winners and knows how to produce them. The price and demand will be no question if the man will produce the right kind of birds.

Do you stop to think that one mated pen of chickens of the best blood, consisting of one male and four females, out of E. B. Thompson's Imperial Ringlet Barred Plymouth Rocks at Amenia, N. Y., sells today for more money than a good horse is worth, and one hundred eggs sell for \$90? There are hundreds of fanciers of fine producing strains all over the country, who would be delighted to attend an auction sale of the good ones, and also contribute to the sale.



## PLYMOUTH ROCK CHICKEN SALE

It might not be fair for me to say that this variety of chickens are the *best*, or *most popular*. But it will be sufficient to say that they are a most admirable bird for the market. They are very hardy, mature early, and make excellent broilers when from eight to ten weeks old. They are acknowledged as good layers the year around, and in winter when eggs are usually scarce and the prices high they lay exceptionally well.

I often wonder what would have become of the early settlers if it had not been for the chickens when the crops failed. When hot winds made Oklahoma look like the Sahara Desert; when homesteaders wondered where the next meal was coming from; when there was nothing to do and nothing to earn. But when the hens began to cackle around the old shed it meant flour in the bin, sugar in the can, coffee in the mill, soap, salt, pepper. I know what I am talking about. I've been there. Those hens were real life preservers. Today we have the *pure bred*. They will make you money at any price. How much am I offered per bird? I sell them all together.

☆☆☆☆☆

## FINE CHICKEN SALE

One of the most remarkable enterprises of America today is the egg and poultry business. Few people realize the magnitude of our mammoth commission houses in the large cities that make a specialty of eggs and poultry that supplies the markets of the world. It is an established fact that millions of cases of eggs are put into cold storage in the summer for the winter markets, when prices are up and hen fruit is scarce. What is true of eggs is equally true of poultry.

As the population of the country increases the prices of beef and pork advance. While this is true, it is also true that poultry is keeping up with high priced meats; making the egg and poultry business so important and necessary in feeding the masses that it is a recognized fact that there are no substitutes for them. Then, if the egg and poultry business is so important that it demands millions in capital for transportation and storage to accommodate the multitudes who live in the heart of our great cities and in parts of the world where they could not be produced, would it not be a successful business proposition to keep only the *best birds* that will produce the most eggs in 365 days, and then weigh into the market the most pounds, when they have outlived their usefulness?

When we have 104 standard varieties in this country to select from, what excuse has any one for feeding high priced grain to inferior birds? This man, you will observe, has been selling eggs when most of his neighbors are buying. Why, look at this wonderful picture of birds, and you can tell at a glance that they are money-makers. They are well cared for, they are well fed and always bring the revenue. When you buy them and take them home today they will begin working for you. Now then, how much am I offered a bird, with the privilege of the whole bunch? It would be a shame to break up this grand flock of industrious layers. Some one buy them all. Some one said \$1.00 each.

Remember, these birds are acclimated; grown here. You are not sending away for them. \$1.25 I have over here. Who'll make it the half? Thank you, \$1.50 I have, and sold for \$1.50 each. Say, how many do you want? All of them? How many have you got? Just 400. All right, I'll take them all. Sold for \$600.

## AN AUCTIONEER CALLING HIS CROWD

Holds up his hand high above his head and looks his crowd over carefully. Continues to hold up his hand until crowd is settled and quiet. This will never fail if the auctioneer has the right kind of personality and the respect of his people. Then he can begin slowly with the following talk:

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I often wonder what would happen if they should cut out the auction farm sales and begin to peddle out their stuff, as they are still peddling out some in the older states, especially in the South. Instead of a long drawn out method of disposing of your farm machinery, live stock and household furniture, it's a few days of advertising, one day of sales, and the fight is over and you have gotten your money, ready for another deal.

The auction system gets the most money now. It is modern, it is fascinating, it gets results that encourage men to do things that are in line with the best business principles and the shortest route to invoice your holdings.

A man wants to know where he stands. Our creditors want to know, and have a right to know. They have cared for us when we needed friends, and if we adopt the business methods that are clean, and the *get the money now system*, we establish a market that is full of speed and money.

The man we are selling for today understands this method, and has done his advertising and he has done it well. Now he is ready with his offering, and, *believe me*, if you want any of these bargains you'll have to get a hump on you, for this sale will be a live one, and in a short time it will change hands, and you will have this property, and stock, and my friend will have the money.

Give me your attention *just one minute* now, and

we will know more about this man's offering. In the first place he has a good string of extra fine horses and mules, among them are extra good brood mares, real brood mares, that do your work and always pay their own way. You know it doesn't pay to feed a poor one.

He has been very particular in selecting his cattle. They are all fine individuals and you need them. The same is true with reference to hogs. This man has been equally particular about selecting his farming tools, as you have probably noticed since coming on the grounds. So, taking it as a whole, it is certainly a pleasure to sell his stuff, and I regret to know that this man is going away, and you are losing a good citizen too.

There is positively no reserve and everything sells. Information with reference to ages and details will be given as the sale moves on. Now listen to the terms. Six months time at 8 per cent interest from date. Three per cent discount for cash over \$10.

Now then, I'll sell you this kitchen cabinet. The lady says they paid \$45 for it six months ago, and I have only \$10 bid on it. At ten, will you make it the fifteen? I got the fifteen, make it the sixteen. Sidy-k-six, sidy-k-six. Sixteen I got. Now the seventeen, eighteen, twenty, sure, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six, thirty, sold.



## FROM THE DAIRY DIVISION OF THE U. S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Not enough can be said about the cow and the hen, the most profitable combination. Their real value has never been appreciated. It is a combination that belongs together, and yet it is strange that dairymen as a rule take little interest in the poultry

business. The same is true, to a great extent, with the poultrymen. They won't milk cows, when as a matter of fact it is estimated that skim milk when fed to good birds will bring as much revenue as butter fat. The writer has spent seven years more than a quarter of a century in the auction business, and any time I drove up to a farm to conduct an auction sale where there were from 300 to 500 pure bred chickens of the laying varieties, and a good string of dairy cows, and all the property was cared for, there was always a bank account, and the reputation of the offerings would always result in a wonderful auction sale.

We take the following from the U. S. Department of Agriculture, Dairy Division, on the production of milk. Taking the average cow in the United States and the other dairy countries, the average production of milk is as follows:

Netherlands .....	7,585 lbs.
Switzerland .....	6,950 lbs.
Denmark .....	5,666 lbs.
United States .....	3,527 lbs.

3,527 pounds must be understood as the average cow's yearly production in the United States. Notice the average production of other countries above, and you will notice the upper average almost twice as much. What does this mean. Does it mean more cows? It means that if you would increase the dairy profits and make the dairy business worth while you must breed better milk strains; you must have better cows.

If the reader is interested in the dairy business, I would advise him to write to the Dairy Division of the U. S. Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. and get them to send you all the literature necessary to give you the magnitude of the dairy business of the world. Then from these records you can



write and arrange your opening talks for the great dairy sales that the future has in store for the coming auctioneers.

Again, there are many farm journals and live stock journals that make a specialty of the different breeds of cattle, hogs, sheep, horses, jacks and mules. From the leading journals you can secure the dates of all important auction sales. It would be a wonderful help to the new student to secure catalogs of these sales, and in this way familiarize himself with the blood lines. This is one of the systems of getting lined up in qualifying to tabulate pedigrees.

Again, I touched on the poultry business in the heading of this article. When I first thought of writing on dairy production I did not think I would say anything on poultry, but they are so closely related as a profitable enterprise that one more touch on this line can certainly do no harm. While this short article may help others, I have the auctioneer in view, who expects to make good and be an authority on the products of the farm, especially on fine bred stock. If I had to travel the road over again, if I could go back twenty years and come again, there would be well established auction sales of chickens annually or semi-annually all over this country.

Not long ago we had a sale where there was a bunch of real birds. They were imported English White Leghorns. They sold for \$2.50 a bird or \$30 a dozen. Five hundred would have brought the neat sum of \$1250, and I am satisfied we could have sold that many. To sell high they should be sold in matings. Try it some time. You will be agreeably surprised.

## PEDIGREES

*How to Learn to Tabulate Pedigrees of Live Stock*

Looking the field over as a whole is to a new beginner only confusion. There must be a real beginning, and it must be in the primary department. For illustration, here is Harry Myers, who has an ambition to be a breeder of registered Duroc hogs. He purchases a Duroc sow at auction sale. This is a tried sow, weighs about 350 pounds, bred to farrow in sixty days. The pedigrees that were tabulated in the catalog of the sale where Mr. Myers purchased the above sow were only the outstanding individuals on the sires and dams, and the breeders of the sires and dams, and while he could see that he had purchased an extraordinary individual, and also see and know what the sire and dam were, from the pedigrees that came with the purchase, however, he knew very little about the grand sire and the grand dam of the sire, and the grand sire and the grand dam of the dam. It was all Greek to him. But he made his first purchase and he was determined to purchase more, and more than that, he wished to familiarize himself with the blood lines, pedigrees, and the necessary individuality of the Duroc family, that he might become a recognized breeder of high class Durocs.

Reader, what do you suppose was his first move? I will tell you, and you can do the same thing, and it won't be long until you will get familiar with the pedigrees and blood lines of the kind of stock that you may fancy to own some time.

Harry Myers made it a point to send for a catalog when he heard of a Duroc hog sale anywhere whether he saw it in advertisements of the farm journals or elsewhere, and if the sale was in his territory he would make it a point to be there. After these catalogs began to come in he read them carefully, and was astonished to learn that he had purchased a real

Duroc, and found out for sure that he was on the right road.

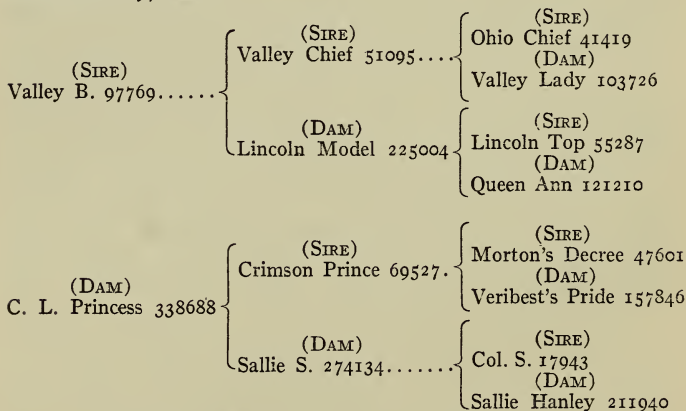
Harry told his wife what he had learned from the catalogs with reference to the breeding of his first Duroc. His wife smiled and said, "I believe that is about the finest hog I ever saw. What a sight it will be when she farrows if the pigs are as good as she is. You will be in the hog business then all right. Don't forget, Harry, that she cost you a whole lot of money, and you ought to take extra good care of her."

"All right," said Harry, "I'll do that, and I'll do a whole lot more. I am going to get a blank book and put her complete pedigree in it, so that I can memorize it and 'tell the world' what kind of hogs Harry Myers is producing."

Here is Harry's first lesson. He writes it in his book. He gets the idea and the real breeding from these catalogs and the pedigree of the sow he now owns, as follows:

SOW. CHERRY QUEEN 429112.

Farrowed March 9, 1913. Number in litter 12. Bred by C. L. Ticer, Oklahoma City, Okla.



Cherry Queen. Bred to Col. Graduate Jan. 31, 1915.

Now Harry has this sow's breeding for four generations beginning at herself. After he has written and

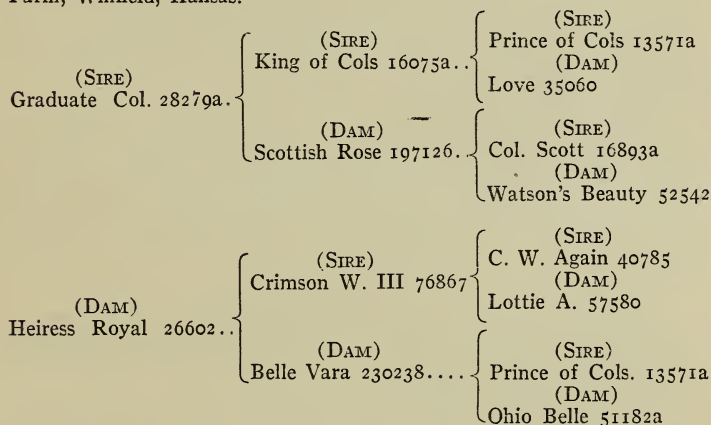
arranged it in his book as above, which is a complete pedigree. I don't think there will be many who will ask about Cherry Queen's pedigree until Harry has the above pedigree all down pat so that he can rattle it off to any one who wants this information.

This is lesson No. 1. Here comes No. 2. Remember this sow is bred to Col. Graduate, and will farrow in about sixty days, so Harry may just as well get wise to the breeding of those pigs that will come soon. If the sire is Col. Graduate (we have the breeding of the dam), let us get the complete breeding of the sire, as follows:

### COL. GRADUATE

This was the Herd Boar.

Farrowed Sept. 3, 1913. Number in litter 15. Bred by Royal Scion Farm, Winfield, Kansas.



A footnote would certainly be in order here. Old Graduate Colonel sired as many good Durocs as any boar living or dead. The son of Graduate Col, which is the sire of these pigs that will drop in sixty days was a great herd boar.

This complete pedigree of this great male in lesson No. 2 is an important one to Harry. He has written it carefully in his book. In the reading of the catalogs Harry will find much information about the

Col family of hogs. The reader will notice the prolific strains. The sow, Cherry Queen, is out of a litter of twelve, and bred to Col Graduate, who is out of a litter of fifteen. All these points are a wonderful argument when it comes to selling at private sale or on the auction block.

When Cherry Queen has made delivery of about ten pigs, and that is below her own reputation, and far below the sire of the pigs, then Harry should be able to tell to any one who might inquire about these ten pigs their exact breeding, tracing them back four generations, on the sire and dam, from lessons 1 and 2 that he has carefully entered in his new book.

Now, before Harry takes on any new Durocs it would be very proper for him to learn in detail about the grand sires and grand dams, and the great grand sires and great grand dams, what they sold for, and what they won in blue ribbons at the state fairs and exhibitions of live stock of the country, and the breeders who owned them.

This would be lesson No. 3, while it would be practically rounding out lessons Nos. 1 and 2. Almost all of this knowledge can be gleaned from the catalogs of the many Duroc sales over the country and the leading Duroc journals that are published today. No breeder can afford to be without them.

The same system works just as satisfactorily in the Poland-China family, in the Spotted Poland-Chinas, or any other family of hogs.

The same system will work with perfect satisfaction in the line up of dairy cattle, the Holsteins, the Guernseys, the Brown Swiss, the Jerseys, the Ayrshires, the milk strains of the Shorthorns, and others. However, with the dairy cattle, if the auctioneer or breeder would familiarize himself with the blood lines of the registered stock, either through the catalogs of many public sales, or through the histories and volumes of breeding that can be secured of the different dairy cattle, he must ever bear in mind that the out-



standing feature is her production. No other system of farm marketing yields as high a return in gold to the farmer who will be a real dairyman.

For illustration: We sell this particular cow, Ruth Freitag, New Brown Swiss, at the close of the test period she is past eleven years of age, but appears to be in her prime. For the first half of the year she made 355 lbs. During the second half 350 lbs. This record puts Ruth Freitag at the head of the list of Brown Swiss in Wisconsin, and sixth in the breed. She produced in twelve months, ending March 31, 1922, 16,887.8 pounds of milk, and 705.19 pounds of butter fat. This cow was bred by Jacob Voegeli of Wisconsin.

After the breeder or auctioneer gets familiar with the blood lines of this choice milk cow, then he must know all about what she produces, and how profitable she can be to the purchaser in 365 days. I presume the reader will wonder why the writer, who lives in Oklahoma, selects this cow in Minnesota. For the reason that Minnesota now leads all of North America in the dairy business. Her total butter production is not only the largest but the highest in quality, about 140,000,000 pounds annually, worth in 1920, \$80,000,000.

I touch on these points that the auctioneer or dairyman may appreciate the wonderful magnitude of the dairy business. This would be the auctioneer's first lesson, and he should arrange his book accordingly, so that there could be no mistake in his complete description and knowledge of his first registered dairy cow, as she enters the sale ring, whether she be Ruth Freitag of Minnesota or a Holstein of Oklahoma.

It is not a hard lesson, if you take one at a time, and get that down pat. Don't scatter out over the herd and try to learn the breeding of the whole bunch at the first pass. You will fail if you do, and be confused and finally give it up, as hundreds of other auc-

tioners have done, and you will miss the best and most profitable part of the auction profession.

Well, you may say, what can I do at a registered sale of thirty Holsteins when I am familiar with the breeding and butter production of only one?

I'll tell you. If you have learned your first lesson well, and open the sale with the one you are familiar with, taking plenty of time in showing up her producing qualities, and the strain of milkers from which she came, you surely have been a successful skirmisher, in your first battle with the black and white. Well, you sold the first offering for \$190. That was a good sale, and here comes another good one into the sale ring. The owner of the stock is carrying the pedigrees. Now it is the auctioneer's move, and he begins to comment on the fine milker that is now in the sale ring, and then he turns to Mr. Fisher, the proprietor, and says in part:

"Mr. Fisher, you are in possession of those pedigrees, please give these people the breeding of this fine dairy cow. You milk her and you know exactly how profitable she is to you." Then you can go to Mr. Fisher and compliment him after the second sale, and tell him to watch and see that the cows are brought in so there will be no delay, and in this manner the new auctioneer will get by at his first sale.

The young auctioneer must rehearse again and again the history of the first cow, and her breeding, and her sire and dam, and what she sold for, so that it will always be fresh in his memory.

At the next sale the auctioneer realizes that he must be in line, so he undertakes to familiarize himself with another registered cow that is good enough to open an important auction sale of registered dairy cattle with.

This imaginary auction sale is high class, and has been advertised very extensively; dairymen are on the ground from all parts of the surrounding country, and are ready and willing to pay a good price. Now

the auctioneer has learned one of the important opening talks that he may find in this book. After he has called the crowd together and the first cow, which must be a good one, is led to the center of the sale ring, the auctioneer delivers his opening talk that touches in the production of milk, butter fat, butter, quality and quantity, and especially the revenue that can be derived from high class dairy cows, it would be a great help to this sale to tell about the Brown Swiss cow, Ruth Freitag, that he sold a few days ago, because he is familiar with her breeding and the revenue she is bringing in for her owner at eleven years of age, what a profitable cow in a dairy herd, what a pleasure and joy to have a real herd of the good kind, and when he has finished his opening talk in general, then he concentrates all his attention on the herd that he is about to sell. He tells about the head of the herd, and the strong, rich milkers, and finally he calls attention to the great offering which is the center of attraction, now in the sale ring.

Here is lesson No. 2 in selling dairy cattle, and here is where the auctioneer will shine if he has learned his lesson well. He can tell of the sires and dams, and the grand sires and grand dams of this cow that is awaiting her new owner. He can tell what her production is, and all her relations, and prove without question why she has a right to be an excellent dairy cow. This auctioneer has registered the two cows in detail with reference to their individuality, their breeding, and their production in his book of pedigreed stock, and while he has only a few cattle and a few hogs, just watch his smoke.

He has had an eye-opener, and he is on the right road, for the same system will work with any kind of stock, whether an auctioneer ever becomes a breeder of thoroughbred stock or not. If you wish to purchase the history of any pure bred stock, write the *Breeders Gazette*, Chicago.

## DUROC HOG SALE

*One of the Choicest Sows of the Sale Is Brought Into  
The Ring*

When the crowd is properly located the auctioneer takes his place *carefully*, and begins as follows:

It is a great satisfaction for this man to welcome you to a sale of his real genuine Red Ones. When I say real, I mean the kind that carry with them their own advertisements.

When you read the pedigrees of the offering today you are going over the foundation stock that made the greatest history of the Duroc breed. No pedigree has the right flavor unless you can trace from the sire and dam, the royal blood that makes the herd famous. In the Duroc family we love to trace to the grand champions at the International Exposition at Chicago, to America's biggest state fairs and expositions. I am talking about the kind that stand out in bold relief in the show rings, secure the ribbon for their owners, and make the hog industry a success.

Oh, you old Duroc,  
You look awfully good to me,  
With your deep, broad sides,  
And shoulders to your knee.

With your great arched back,  
That crowd the butcher's block,  
With lard, lard, lard,  
And hams down to your hock.

They say you're prolific,  
And your families very wise,  
And you're there with the big mitt,  
When it comes to producing size.

Yes, the Duroc looks good to me,  
They look good to all but the Jew,  
For there's hog all over and pork in the middle,  
And a mortgage lifter too.



Did I use the word prolific? Certainly I did. Please let me use it again, and I will say that, in my judgment, the Durocs are the most prolific in the hog family. More than that, they know how to care for the little ones. See the width of that head between the eyes! That's intelligence; that's characteristic of this family; that's *hog brains*. Show me any living creature in the upper or lower animal kingdom that is looking with both eyes out of one socket and I'll show you a failure. A poor mother and a poor father, and their offspring pay the penalty. This is a good individual that is in the sale ring.

Blood tells, no matter where you find it. This looks like the Colonel family. Colonel blood injected from every angle. This would be a good foundation for a Duroc herd, touching the best blood lines that are known. Look her over. She's an incubator. A prize winner. You must have this kind if you would succeed in the hog business. Who'll start her at one hundred dollars?

It would make it very strong if the auctioneer would get close to the sow as he recites poetry, and touch the points with a cane.



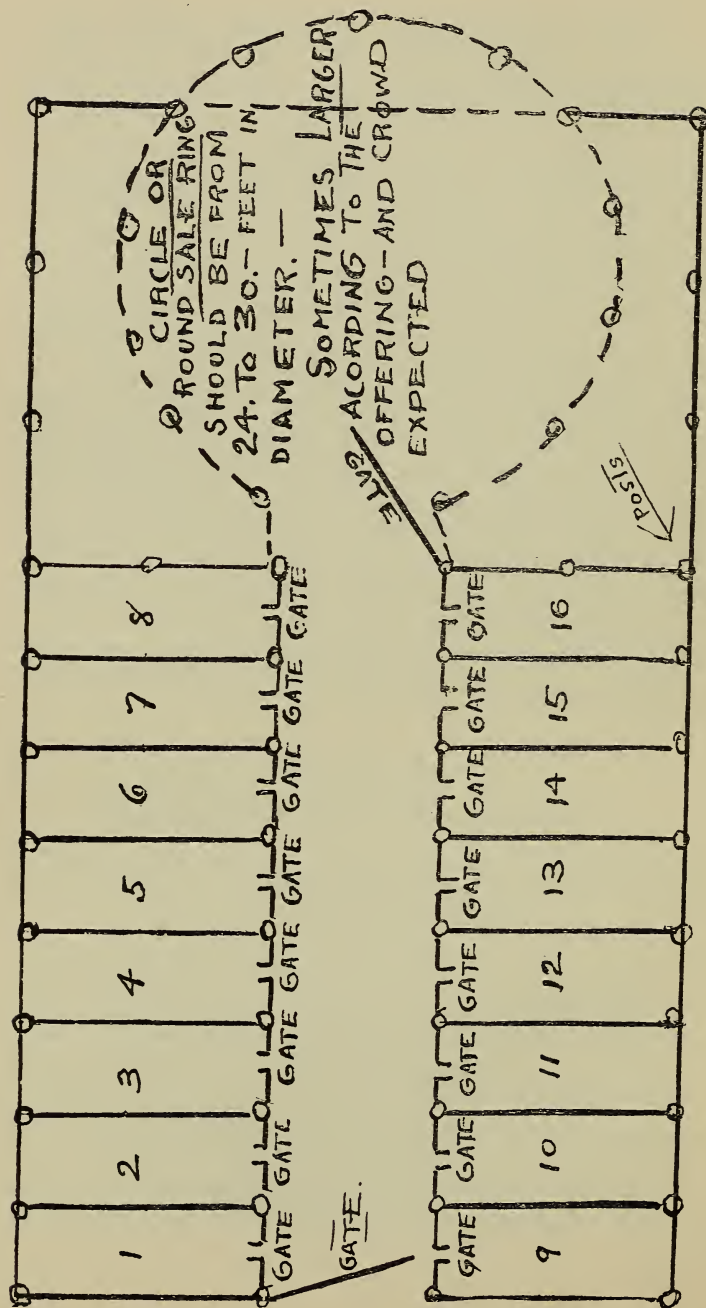
## OUTDOOR SALE RING AND PENS

*For Large Cattle Sales and Regular Monthly Sales  
See Drawing on Next Page*

This plan is very easily arranged and built out of regular fencing. I am giving no particular sizes of pens (except the sale ring). They can be built according to the size of the sale. In a sale of from one hundred to several hundred cattle this is a great system, in fact, the only system to handle them satisfactorily to the buyer and seller alike.

Again, the cattle may not be accustomed to large crowds, and they may be wild. In that case they





will be handled with perfect ease, like they handle them in the stock yards, at the packing plants, and the markets of the world.

For a sale of stock cattle they should be classified and placed in pens numbered from one to twelve or more as you may need. These pens all open into the alley that leads to sale ring. After sale cattle are put back into the pen they came from, whatever the number may be, subject to the purchaser.

Sometimes, in a large herd of cattle, there may be quite a number of choice milk cows, and also registered cattle that should be sold singly. In that case, the circle ring, with ten or twelve posts set in the ground firmly, leaning out a little, with two-foot hog fencing stretched around outside of posts, top four and a half feet from the ground, with two smooth wires at the bottom, would be an ideal sale ring.

The dotted lines represent the circle ring, and the whole herd can be sold here as well as the fenced pen, and I think much better, because the buyer has a better view of the stock. These pens are usually built according to the length of the lumber, so that there will be little waste, and if only needed for one important sale, the auctioneer can dispose of same with little loss.

OPENING TALK FOR HIGH GRADE CATTLE  
SALE

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

Attention, please! One of the easiest things for a man to establish in his business career, is carelessness and indifference. To be thoroughly satisfied with present conditions. And it is too true when I say that a majority of people are in that class, and when the inventory comes, and the balance sheet must be produced, you will find them in the red.

While this is true of many enterprises, it is also true of the live stock business. You will never live to see the low prices in grain and feed that you have seen in the years gone by, even in the face of modern genius and civilization. Consequently, you will never see the low prices for cattle that you have seen in the past.

Consequently, the great problem that we must solve today is to secure and develop the kind of stock that the markets of the world demand, and the kind that will finish with the least feed.

You must sit up and take notice when a man has an offering like the one we have today, with their colors that are characteristic of this family, and their remarkable individuality. When this sale is over and the general verdict given that this was a cracker-jack sale, give this man the credit, who spared neither time nor money in securing the kind of stock that will give our farmers a vision of better days farther on.

I would like to add here that the man who staggers at high prices for high grade cattle, that men have spent a lifetime to develop, will stagger more if they fuss their time away with the little dinkies that nobody cares for, and that the markets call "canners."

When a man has the staying qualities, and stands

the test in sunshine and rain, in mud and ice and snow, in the thickest of the storms, in fact, is always in evidence when they need care and shelter, who always pays the highest price in securing the good ones in order that he may inject the proper individuality, should be more than appreciated as he brings the cattle business up in line with advanced civilization.

I am delivering this talk as a compliment to the man we are selling for today, trusting that the buyers may benefit by it, and will see that his efforts have not been in vain.

(Terms.) The sale begins. Bring in a good one.

This talk can be used in a high grade cattle sale, or in a sale of the choicest thoroughbreds. In high grade herds of cattle you will always find either registered or extra choice bulls, and you can make your talk from the head of the herd and his offspring.

If there is no sale pavilion for the offerings, or a place fixed to seat the buyers, then there must be a sale ring arranged at least twenty-four feet in diameter. This can be done by putting in about ten posts around the ring, leaving an opening of about six feet to take the stock in and out of the ring. The posts should lean a little and out and be fixed firmly. About three smooth wires stretched around the ring tightly will fill the requirements. There should be a sale ring arranged for every sale of live stock, so that the auctioneer will always have control of the stock to be sold. A few wild west shows of excitement with the cattle will paralyze any public sale.

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## A GOOD COW TALK

### *A real Strong Talk on the Dairy Business*

Today we have an excellent selection of rich milkers. Few people realize the wonderful magnitude of the dairy business. Some time ago while I was in Chicago I stopped at a first class lunch counter and called for bread and milk. The waiter sad, "Would

you like cream?" "Certainly," I said. Do you know I never imagined that I could find pure, sweet, rich cream in the heart of the metropolis of this country, but I found it, as rich and pure, and sweet as you can possibly serve it at your home today.

There I learned that all modes of transportation have been adjusted to handle the wonderful product and are keeping pace with old bossy. She is in evidence everywhere. She is the farmer's friend.

The milk cow is certainly the farmer's friend,  
She's always ready her help to lend.  
She'll keep you in change, if properly fed,  
With cream in the pitcher, and butter to spread.

She's certainly a daisy when ice cream is on,  
On peaches and cream she's there just as strong.  
On apple dumplings, say, man, now you shut up,  
I'll fall off dis hoss, and bust me all up.

Yes, old bossy is everybody's friend,  
She feeds all the babies and fourscore men.  
She feeds little pigs, cats, and calves day and night,  
But she can't do her best if you don't treat her right.

The man who goes to town emptyhanded with nothing to sell, only to buy, never selling, always buying, is handicapped on every turn of the road. Show me the man who has a string of good milk cows and cares for them, a good bunch of chickens, fine hogs, and good brood mares, even if he has only a few of each, he will always have something to sell, and a sure living.

In addition to the products he sells, the increase of stock alone will make him a bank account. But the real cow, like the one in the sale ring today, is attracting more attention than any animal on earth. She produces beef, and butter fat. She cuts a wonderful figure in feeding the world. Who'll start her at one hundred dollars?

Go on with the sale.



This opening talk is good enough for the highest class sale of dairy cattle in the world. To make this sale real effective and get best results, an extra choice fresh cow should be brought into the ring, one that is gentle and kind. Then some young lady who is accustomed to the herd should step into the ring, put her arm around the cow's neck, giving her the last petting, while the auctioneer makes his descriptive talk. All cows that go into a sale ring that are giving milk and are sold for dairy purposes, should have their udders shaved and washed clean. In fact, the whole cow should come in as clean as a ribbon and in her best clothes.

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## A SALE OF REAL DAIRY COWS

### *The Holsteins—the Black and White—Opening Talk and Sale*

#### *Ladies and Gentlemen:*

There is more significance attached to the opening of this remarkable sale than you might at first imagine.

In the first place, to see this great turnout of the representative dairy people from all parts of this territory signifies to me that we are keeping pace with all modern civilization, and while it is true that a great many of this generation are drifting into the cities and towns of the country, it is also true that our sanitary dairies and modern conveniences are bringing the dairy business to a very high standard, so we can furnish them the richest cream and butter fat from our tuberculin tested cows that was ever known; so they can enjoy their ice cream and sherbet and malted milks and milk shakes galore, which is proving to the world that prohibition will be a joy forever.

In the second place, this offering of registered and extra fine milkers represents a high degree of individuality and production, many of them closely related to the top-notchers in the Holstein family.

With our automobiles and benzine wagons that bring the markets close to the door, we don't have to worry so much about transportation. What we should worry about is rich and heavy milkers, with rich individualities, so that the markets will demand their product, and a ready sale for their offspring.

We certainly have a fine offering here today and we shall be very careful in describing them to you, so you can not be disappointed, in their breeding as well as in their production. If there is any information you may desire, do not hesitate to ask. We aim for this to be one of the most interesting sales you ever attended, on account of a satisfactory mode of operation.

Now then, just a moment and we will give you the terms of this sale, and then we are off: Ten long months time, at ten per cent interest; three per cent discount for cash. Bankable paper required. No stock to be removed until settled for.

Now then, here comes a four year old registered Holstein cow. Mr. Williams says she will give you six and one-half gallons per day, and if you give her plenty of good feed and care for her properly she will increase her production in the next three or four years. Her dam and grand dam were wonderful milkers. They have a right to great production when they belong to the Ormsby-Korndyke-Lad family. In another year or two this heifer will step some.

Well, what do you think of this young, promising milker that starts out with six and one-half gallons of milk? What is she worth today? One hundred dollars I have. Going at one hundred, twenty-five, thirty-five, fifty, and going at one hundred fifty, one sixty, one seventy-five, eighty, ninety, two hundred I have. At two hundred. Now then, if you are anxious to get real Holsteins, here is a cow that is related to some of the best producers, and her whole life is before her. Two hundred twenty-five I have, and now I have the fifty. At two hundred and fifty dol-

lars, sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, ninety-five, three hundred. I hope you don't expect to own a high class Holstein for a song, do you? It can't be done. I have three hundred flat, and I'll sell her now. At three hundred dollars to Mr. Kennedy, who knows a good one when he sees her. Here comes another cow, a full sister to the one you bought, Mr. Kennedy. Mr. Williams says she will be fresh in thirty days. Look at that wonderful udder. A coming six year old cow, fully developed, right in her prime. She certainly carries every sign and mark of the great producing Holstein families. Mr. Williams says she is good and strong for seven gallons of milk when fresh. How much am I offered for her. Mr. Kennedy says two hundred dollars. I thank you. At two hundred, now twenty-five, thirty, forty, seventy-five. Come on! Come on! Two seventy-five I have, yes, I have the three hundred. What do you say, Mr. Kennedy? You will have to come alive Mr. Kennedy, if you get this high class dairy cow! Think of seven gallons of milk at fifty cents per gallon, or \$3.50 per day, or \$105 for thirty days; that's kind of poor, isn't it? I guess you don't want her, do you? Three hundred and ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five, forty. Who will make it the fifty? Now I have the forty-five. At forty-five. Come on Mr. Kennedy, you bought her sister. She's a daisy, and you can't afford to miss her. Why not have a pair of the best?

How much milk do you want? Can you use seven gallons more? Fair warning and down she goes, and I got the \$50. Hurrah for Mr. Kennedy. Say, man, make it the seventy-five over there. He says no, and sold to Mr. Kennedy for \$350. Thank you. You sure got a pair of good ones.

Here comes another good one. Mr. Williams says she's an aristocrat. She surely shows a wonderful individuality. Listen, did you hear what Williams said just now about her breeding? Close re-

lation to the Sadie-Vale-King family. He says she not only inherits the forty-pound breeding from her sire, but also through her dam. Her age is coming five, and fresh in twenty days. Here is a walking dairy. Gentlemen, look her over. Do you think there would be any danger of her drowning her calf?

You dairy men, how does she look to you? This man says she looks like \$250 to him. At two fifty, who'll make it the three? At \$250 for a real dairy cow, and if properly bred her offspring is in demand everywhere. Mr. Williams says he will give the buyer \$75 for her calf if it's a heifer, and \$50 if it's a male. I guess that will help some. At \$250, who will make it three. \$250 for a real dairy cow that inherits the wonderful producing qualities that are characteristic of these aristocratic Holsteins. \$275, I thank you. Eighty, ninety, three hundred in several places. Thank you. I have the \$325. The man says \$300. Say, my friend, you just arrived. I am going up, not down. I have \$325. Forty he says. You look her over carefully and you may raise your own bid, just to save time. \$340 is the last bid. Going at \$340. Bring in another cow, I want to sell her today. Now I have the fifty. Going at fifty, at fifty, and sold for \$350. No, you are too late, my friend, she's sold.

You thought this was a county fair, and they were on exhibition. No, no. It's an auction sale, and this is sale day.

Look out! Look out! Here comes a Honolulu, a two year old heifer, beautifully marked for a Holstein. She carries her dairy sign with her, and is ready to promise you a great dairy cow if you treat her right. Mrs. Williams says if they were not moving away and going out of the dairy business and disposing of this wonderful herd of milkers this choice heifer would never see the sale ring today. But there is no reserve, and every animal in this noted dairy herd sells to the highest bidder, and Mrs. Williams says help yourself to these good ones.

I would like to mention again that these Hol-



steins are all tuberculin tested and registered. This heifer has some of the choicest strains to her credit. She traces to King-Segis-Pontiac Count, the marvel of all sires, whose daughters have broken world records galore. She is a sample of the kind of animal to build a herd with.

How much am I offered for this great show heifer, a long two year old, due to calve in ninety days? She will be a three year old about the time she comes fresh. One hundred fifty dollars to start this great promising cow. Who will say two hundred? At one hundred fifty. Now I have the sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety. Come on, come on! Two hundred I have. Going at two hundred. At two, at two. Who will make it the twenty-five? Do you ever think? Men spend a lifetime in developing real dairy cows that will bring the revenue and supply the markets of the world, and here is one for certain. Two ten I have. Now I have twenty, and thirty, forty over here. Surely, that won't buy her. He says three hundred. Well, I don't blame you. Who will make it the fifty. Three hundred five, ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, make it the thirty, make it thirty. Yes, he says he'll give me thirty, forty, forty-five, and the fifty. Going at \$350. Who will make it seventy-five? Sixty I have, sixty-five, seventy, now I have the seventy-five. Take her out! Take her out. Bring in another cow. Eighty I have. You barely got in. At eighty, ninety, ninety-five. Are you all done? Sold for \$395. Yes, I heard you, but you was too late. That's the time you lost, but I want to sell her before she comes fresh on my hands.

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, you have looked this herd of wonderful milkers over carefully. You examined them and even milked them, and you have seen their registered pedigrees, and, more than that, you know Mr. Williams will give you a clean deal, and with great pleasure I will guarantee that everything must be as represented. If you desire any in-



formation at any time, we surely will be at your service.

Look! Look! Here comes another bred in the purple, six years old, giving seven gallons of strained milk now. What is she worth on suspicion? Two hundred dollars the man says. At two hundred, at two, two ten, fifteen, twenty, two hundred fifty. Sure! What's the matter with you fellows, anyway? Don't bid any more than you want to, but what's the use of fussing around on this dollar bid business? Tell us what she's worth, and take her home. At two fifty. Going at two fifty, at two fifty, sixty, seventy, seventy-five, eighty, ninety, three hundred, at three ten, fifteen, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, forty, forty-five, fifty, yes three fifty, at three hundred and fifty dollars for this strong milker. \$350, and sold to this real dairy man.

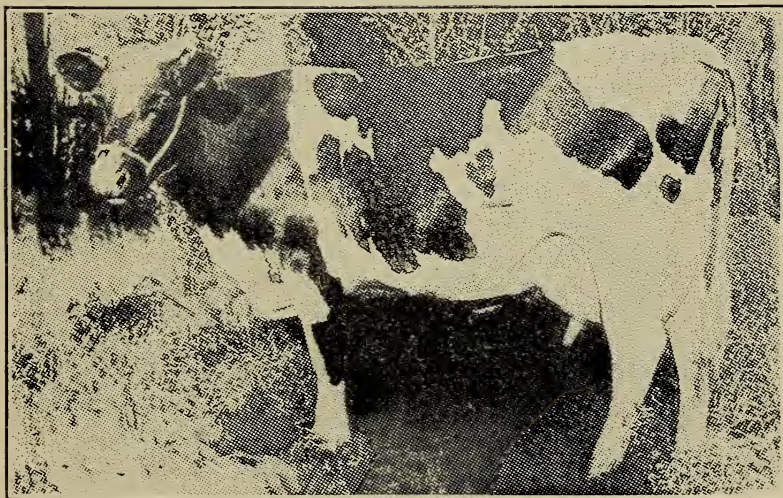
Well, well! Here comes a pair of twin heifers, a perfect picture of high class Holsteins, yearlings, he says they are eighteen months old, and related to the best strains. Some one will get a pair of good ones, for I am going to sell them together. Here is some more of your King-Segis-Pontiac Count stock. Blood tells, and we surely have a pair of promising heifers in this offering. If a man could have a yard full of such individuals he would not be very far off from a wonderful dairy herd. I can't understand why people waste their money with dunghills when these prize winners will make you money at any price.

How much am I offered per head. I sell the two together. Fifty dollars, fifty-five, sixty, seventy-five, eighty, ninety. At ninety, who will make it the hundred? Ninety-five, now I have the hundred. At one hundred, at one hundred. At one, who will make the twenty-five? One five I have. Make it the ten. Make it the ten. I have the ten, fifteen, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five. Who will make it the forty? At \$135. Say, you won't have to wait long until those heifers are two high class dairy cows. See what



MUTUAL MODEL VALE

*Of the King-Korndyke-Sadie Vale Family; four years old under test making twenty-five pounds butter fat per week. Owned by J. M. Kennedy, Dairyman, El Reno, Okla.*



JESSIE FOBES BESSIE, HOMESTEAD  
*Belongs to a great family of milkers*









### A FARM SALE

*Just an ordinary farm sale on a red-hot day, when the thermometer registered above 100*



these cows have been selling for! Can you find a better investment?

I am offered \$135 per head for this pair of coming milkers, and I'll sell them now. \$135, forty, forty-five, fifty. Now give me the sixty. Are you through at \$160? and sold for \$160 a head flat or \$320 for the pair. You surely picked up a bargain that will be a joy forever.

See him coming in! He's a proud rascal. A two year old male, good enough to head a high class herd. He's a great grandson of Ormsby-Korndyke Lad. Good enough for any herd. If I was giving that animal a name I would call him "Good Enough."

Straight as a line, more white than black, an extremely choice individual. He is surely related to the big ones. What is he worth to your herd? I have \$150 to start him. At one fifty, at one fifty, going at one fifty. Now I have the sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, two hundred, two ten, twenty, thirty. Who will make it the fifty? Don't forget that he comes from real producers on the sire and dam sides. Two forty. Now I have the fifty. \$250 is the last bid. Going at \$250, and sold to Tom Ellison for \$250.

In this sale of Holsteins and in this write-up the writer sells cows, heifers, and one male, which we think will give the reader a perfect idea of a real sale. As in every other public auction sale of live stock, the auctioneer should always insist on the proprietor preparing a sale ring, at least 24 feet in diameter, so there will be no difficulty in handling the stock and the crowd. It is very important, and especially at thoroughbred sales, to keep the crowd back and the sale ring so arranged that the audience can see the offerings at every angle.

## AUCTION SALE OF ABERDEEN-ANGUS CATTLE—THE BLACK ONES

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

It might be well for me to give you a brief history of the Aberdeen-Angus cattle before I shall sell this magnificent herd to you, for many reasons. I shall mention a few of them now.

First, the wonderful progress of the breed. Do you know that the Polled Cattle Society have just completed their forty-second year, and during that time have made the most extraordinary spread in the country? While I am not going back into the past and recapitulate the story of the evolution of the breed, for this has been done in various forms again and again, but you must know that the life of the breed, as it is officially marked, reaches to no distant date, according to the reckoning by which such dates must be judged, and when we take into consideration the short history of this breed and the many wonderful herds in the Dominion of Canada, Australia, New Zealand, United States, South Africa, where they may be found grazing, proving without question as they press on and on, to the prominent position of the greatest beef producing race of cattle in the world.

If the true function of cattle were to produce beef of the finest quality, then the Aberdeen-Angus takes the first prize. While in this sale I shall treat the most of this herd of beautiful black ones as pure bred Aberdeen-Angus cattle with all the credit due them, yet I would do them an injustice if I fail to tell you that a cross of the Aberdeen with other good cattle make some of the best feeders in the world, and more than please the butcher at the block.

Let me give you a table that I found in a little book regarding Aberdeen-Angus cattle, that was published about seventeen years ago by James A. Barclay, the great Aberdeen-Angus man of Scotland.

Breed	Name	Live Weight	Dead Weight	Per cent Carcass to Gross
				Live Weight
Aberdeen-Angus	Brunhide . . . . .	1,806	1,288	71.32
Aberdeen-Angus	Layia . . . . .	1,805	1,258	69.14
Cross	Miss Charles . . . . .	2,119	1,462	68.99
Shorthorn	Jewel . . . . .	1,754	1,194	68.07

No doubt this descriptive talk might not be so interesting to the few who are familiar with all the history of the black ones, but I am careful to make it plain to you that the remarkable growth of this wonderful breed in the United States and Canada has more significance attached to their increase than you might at first imagine. Do you know that about forty years ago there was not one of these animals in America? Today there are thousands of breeders. Do you know that no breed has grown so popular in the recent years as the Angus? which is due largely to the fact that they produce champion steers of the best type and quality.

Let me give you one: Black Prince, a steer that was shipped to Chicago in 1883, to open the eyes of the prejudiced, weighed 2,300 pounds after he had been transported to this country and undergoing a long period of quarantine, and with such individuality that he carried off the grand sweepstakes at Kansas City and Chicago stock shows. Since that time, thirty-nine years ago, we have produced grand champions in the Angus family galore.

We trust you will appreciate this remarkable offering of good ones today, take them home, produce more prize winners, and we will rejoice with you when you carry off the blue ribbons. Will you do it? Well, let's do it now.

When fine individuals like the Angus described in this sale, are properly displayed and taken care of, you are certainly entitled to a very successful sale. The words used in conducting this sale, and the system, are good enough for any

Angus sale, anywhere. If the reader who may be learning the auction profession is not familiar with the breeding of the herd, he should secure a catalog from the proprietor as soon as possible, and familiarize himself with the breeding. At the same time read the catalog over again and again at home, so that when the animal comes into the ring for sale the auctioneer will call attention of the audience to the number in the catalog, and while they are looking it over carefully, he will read it to them without embarrassment.

The proprietor should be instructed to lead a real good one into the sale ring without delay, a two year old heifer or choice cow, holding her head high, as though she was entering a show ring. Then it would be well to bring in the bull, the head of the herd, and tell how she has been bred. Often the head of the herd is brought in first, so that the auctioneer can easily make it plain about the breeding.

Auctioneer gives terms as follows:

Each and every animal in this offering is guaranteed a breeder and to successfully pass a 90-day tubercular retest, after the sale. These herds are under Federal sanitary supervision and are free from disease. Five per cent discount from purchase price for cash settlement. Six months time at 8 per cent interest from date.

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, we have a perfect picture of an Angus cow in the sale ring. How could I describe anything better than she describes it with her individuality? I have tried my best to make it plain without any flattering. Isn't she a daisy?

Mr. Phillips says she is four years old and safe in calf by Enlate 209477. Enlate stands at the head of a great herd. The sire of this cow is Blue-blood 2nd, of Quietdale. She belongs to real show cattle in the Angus family. No wonder she looks so proud. I wonder who will be the lucky one to take her home?

How much am I offered for this real peach of the Angus family? I have \$100. At \$100, who can appreciate this show cow enough to say \$200? At \$100, \$125, I thank you. \$125, now the \$200. No, he says



fifty. \$150 I have, seventy-five over here, at seventy-five. Why don't you say two hundred? Skiventy-five, going at skiventy-five, eighty, ninety, at ninety. Going at ninety. Bring in another. At ninety, at ninety. Sold for \$190. Take her out, take her out!

Say, man, see what's coming! Smooth as an eel, black as a coal. See what an udder she has. I have not said a word about the dairy business, but you can't keep quiet when they carry their sign with them. Bring me a bucket of whitewash, I'll make the Holstein ashamed of herself.

No, no, you can't bring any whitewash here. She's got them beat now in a hundred places. A four year old, bred to Enlate, the wonderful show bull, due to calve in sixty days, a walking dairy. I'll sell her in a minute. One hundred fifty, sixty, seventy, two hundred. Going at two hundred. At two hundred, two ten. Bring in another one, please. Don't keep me waiting. Take her out, take her out! Two twenty-five. Take her out! Two twenty-seven fifty, I thank you. Where will you get a better one? Two thirty, forty, fifty, sixty. Going at sixty. Sold for \$260. No, you are too late. I sold her.

Say, man, see what's coming now. Another cow. She must be a full sister to the \$260 cow. Listen to Mr. Phillips. Five years old, he says, fresh in ninety days. She is a full sister to the first cow we sold, another great individual. The man who buys these Angus cattle steps right into the Aberdeen-Angus cattle business now. More than that, he has real show cattle to begin with, of the best blood lines in the business.

How quick can you take her away? One hundred fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, two hundred. Going at \$200. Will you make it the fifty? At \$200, and sold for \$200. No, you are too late. I said sold. Take her out. Bring in another. Come on, come on! All right. Here she comes. Oh, he's bringing in three. That's right. I don't care if you bring them all in,



and I'll sell them as high as I can, and you fellows steal them if you can.

Here we have three coming three year old heifers, all bred to this extra choice male that heads the herd. Surely this will be a great start for a man who expects to build up a high class herd. When these heifers that are bred in the purple, with their wonderful individuality, drop their calves, all you have to do is to take good care of them and they will take care of you.

Well, I have said enough to write this beautiful trio indelibly on your minds, and am proud to say I have not misrepresented them.

How much a head for the beauties? One hundred dollars I have. What on earth do you suppose they would sell for today with calves at foot, sired by this great show bull? Well, buy them as cheap as you can. One twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty. I have \$150. Going at \$150. Now I have the seventy-five. I thank you. I am sure you appreciate this picture, good enough for any farm journal in the world. At \$175, going at \$175. Now I have the eighty, ninety. Who will say the two hundred? One ninety, ninety-five. Yes I have the \$200. That's really \$600 for six head of cattle.

If the calves all come in due time, all O. K. then it will just be \$100 per head. At \$200, can't you make it the twenty-five? No he says he'll make it the five. \$205 going, and sold to Tom Ellinson. All right, Tom. I thank you. They sure got a good home. Take them out, take them out! Come on, come on with your black ones!

It certainly won't storm, but look at that black cloud that's coming! He says thirty long yearling heifers. Isn't that a wonderful picture? They are high grades, not eligible to registration, but they look it just the same. Surely that is a smooth bunch. The man who will buy these thirty Angus heifers, and then not be stingy in buying a good male, will be in the cattle business for sure.

Well, I sell the whole bunch today. How much am I offered per head? Twenty-five dollars I have. Well, I hope so. Twenty-five, who will make it the thirty? Thirty I have. Thirty-five, thirty-six, seven, eight, nine, forty dollars. Yes, I have the forty. Who will make it the fifty? Forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five. Yes, I have the forty-five. Make it the fifty. Make it the fifty. Forty-six, forty-seven, fifty dollars at last. Tell me what these cattle are worth so I can sell them. At fifty, going at fifty, and sold to John Petre for \$50 per head or \$1,500. Get these cattle out.

Come on, come on. Bring in another mess of black ones! Ten six year old cows, high grades, and all bred to this herd bull. If you can find a smother bunch than this ten in the sale now, you will surely have to go some. Well, it's the same old story. Sell them, he says. All right. How much per head for the ten bred cows. Remember they are bred to one of the best bulls in the country, and you can see this great bunch of cows, and you know what you can expect in the coming crop of calves. Well, they're for sale. Let's go. How much per head for the bunch?

Fifty dollars is the first bid. Going at fifty, who will say \$100? Sixty I have. Going at sixty. Seventy-five, who will make it the hundred? Eighty dollars, eighty-five, eighty-six, ninety dollars. Ninety-five. Will you make it the hundred? Ninety-six, ninety-seven, one hundred. Sure. Why didn't you say it right off the reel?

You parties who don't want to pay a fancy price for registered stock, why don't you get in on this high grade bunch, that show just as good individuality as registered stock, and bred to this registered male, you have a right to expect a wonderful crop of calves from these tried cows. These cows are six years old, and I have only one hundred dollars per head, and he says sell them. \$105, thank you. \$110, \$115, \$120, \$125, \$125. Come on, come on! Let's sell them

today. \$125, will you make it the fifty? Will you make it the fifty? Will you make it the fifty? Sold for \$125 per head, or \$1250 for the bunch.

Look at her, coming in with her big baby! Say, Mr. Phillips, you surely must have had her hid away.

Ladies and gentlemen, how could you expect to see anything more attractive than this five year old registered Aberdeen-Angus cow with her calf at foot? This is surely the climax of this sale. I don't know what else Mr. Phillips has up his sleeve as an attraction in this sale, but this registered cow and calf are a wonderful offering, and Mr. Phillips says sell them. This cow is a daughter of Prince Marshall, grand champion at Chicago in 1921. This heifer calf is a daughter of the head of this herd, and again he says sell them.

Well, how much for the cow and calf. \$200 I have. You are sure buying something now. \$200 is bid on this wonderful show cow. At \$200, \$225, \$250, \$275, \$300. Well I hope so. At \$300. Who will make it \$400? \$310, \$325, thirty, forty, fifty. Going at \$350. Are you all through at \$350? Going at \$350, \$375, eighty, ninety, \$400. At \$400. The last call at \$400, and sold for \$400 to John Watson.

With reference to this sale of forty-eight head of cattle, which brought, in round numbers, \$4225, you will notice that I sold the entire herd from an argumentative standpoint. Any one can call bids, but that does not create an interest sufficient to secure the high dollar and please the seller as well as the buyer with a clean deal all the way through. Take all the time you need in describing a fine herd. Be sure you have the undivided attention of your audience. Be sure the man you sell for understands your needs thoroughly and will be prompt in bringing the cattle into the sale ring. Your speed should be in the selling. The buyers will appreciate it more than you.

A high grade or thoroughbred stock sale differs from any other sale. Almost every farmer fancies fine stock, and will buy some sooner or later. You must become an authority on what you sell. Always keep in the confidence of the people.

This is a real Angus sale, good enough for any place, and

if made right will get the money. In an important sale like this the auctioneer must keep the minds of his audience on the kind of cattle he is selling, for there is still considerable prejudice against the Angus cattle. This can be done by continually dropping a word during the sale on their growth in popularity. They are great feeders, great rustlers, and produce the finest quality of beef. Move them rapidly in the sale ring so that there is a good one in sight all the time, if possible.

All sales are more satisfactory when selling fine individuals, if they are led into the sale ring. In many sales this can not be done. Then the greatest care should be taken that the stock do not get excited. This can be prevented usually by having a good, enclosed sale ring to keep every one out except those who handle the stock.

After a sale comes alive and everything is moving in harmony, and stock selling rapidly and satisfactorily, don't change tactics or auctioneer. Keep stock coming in rapidly and when sold hurry them out. It holds buyers to the finish.

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## A SUGGESTIVE AUCTION COURSE FOR LADIES

There is no question in my mind with reference to women being high class auctioneers, in lines to which they are adapted, as follows: Dry goods, ladies' furnishings, and millinery. No doubt at first thought, to many ladies it would seem rather unique. That is just what I like about it, and the lady who could fill the bill could carry her sales by storm.

First class dry goods men are always looking for an attraction in special sales. The same is true in all the ladies' furnishing departments, as well as in the millinery stores.

The writer has had abundance of practical experience in these departments, and knows that with the proper personality, and a liking for the auction business, and executive ability, after she has learned the profession, to step into a store and dictate the arrangements preparatory to an auction she would be



a success, and would be in demand constantly at better wages than she could earn at nearly anything else. At the same time she could be her own boss and would have a business of her own; always selling on a guarantee of \$25 per day, or more, and a per cent above a certain minimum that she would contract when securing the sale, besides all transportation and other expenses.

Again, there is never any question about the price or fee of an auctioneer. The only question is, Can he or she deliver the goods?

In my town site sales I finally established a price of \$100 per day, and all transportation and necessary expenses for the trip until I reached home again. I do not remember of any one ever protesting about the price, but I delivered the goods. From the time I was employed I began to get all the information possible with reference to the sale. Many times I would write a special talk and memorize it and practice it over and over again, and when the sale day came I was all prepared and the sale was a success.

Again, it is just as true among women as it is among men, that auctioneers are born, and I rather believe the percentage is much smaller among women. But there are quite a number who are slaves to the jobs they are now engaged in, and will not be able to last long physically, who I know would make whirlwind auctioneers, if it should appeal to them, in the lines that I have mentioned.

While an auctioneer must work hard and fast while engaged in a sale, yet the hours are not long, and the lines I have mentioned are considered the most profitable for a first class auctioneer, considering the amount of capital invested, that you can find.

For illustration, Miss Mary Williams, a young lady of twenty-two years, has taken an auction course from what she has learned since she has become interested in the profession of auctioneering, she has studied in detail the different auction sales in this book,



and while she does not expect to sell real estate or live stock, she has gleaned much knowledge in the way of advertising, in opening sales, in entertaining and interesting her audience, in calling bids. She has learned that her audience will be just as much interested as she is, and that if she would make her sale a success she must put her whole self into it. She has memorized quite a number of the opening talks for dry goods sales, she has practiced them many times, she has learned the descriptive talks in making her audience familiar with the offerings that she expects to dispose of at her first sale.

In her first communication, in soliciting the sale, she informed the merchant for whom she is about to sell that she is a live wire, and business would pick up from the time she appeared on the auction block. She instructed him to advertise her coming as Madam M. Williams, the noted woman auctioneer, but not the fastest talker in the world, that when she doesn't talk she makes signs, so that everybody can understand her afar off. The Madam is noted for her speed and entertaining qualities during her entire auction sale, not a dull moment while Madam Williams is in operation.

Now the deal is made, the date is fixed, and it is up to Miss Mary to make good. The people are talking all over the community about the live wire woman auctioneer, Madam M. Williams, who is not the fastest talker in the world, but who makes signs. Everybody will be sure to come.

The day of the sale dawns, and Mary is up early to catch the train, anxious to get to the town where her first sale occurs. Two hours later she lands in the town where they are wondering and anxiously waiting to catch a glimpse of the first woman auctioneer. At ten o'clock Madam M. Williams arrived at her destination, and was agreeably surprised to find the merchant at the station with his Buick to take her to her first real battle ground. Many people

were at the station, and up to this time the auctioneer held her equilibrium and was very much pleased to see the Buick there to finish her journey to the auction sale that will occur three hours later.

On her way to the store the merchant informed the Madam that the town was packed with people, and that she might expect a packed house at the afternoon auction sale.

"Now," said the merchant, "we have employed you because we believe you understand your business, and when we get to the store, we want you to consider yourself at home and all my force of clerks and other workers will be at your service to furnish and arrange everything as you want it for the sale."

The auctioneer thanked him and said in reply, "I certainly appreciate your kindness, and am satisfied that with such help this will be a real profitable auction sale day.

Madam M. Williams, the auctioneer, has arrived ready to give orders. She stepped up on an elevation where the proprietor's desk is located, about three feet above the floor, after she had an introduction to all the clerks and those who would assist in the afternoon sale. Then she began in rapid fire order:

"What is the length of this room?"

"One hundred feet."

"Are these counters nailed to the floor?"

"No."

"Does this room run east and west?"

"Yes."

"Do you expect to sell this entire stock at auction, or are you just having a special sale to raise a certain amount of money?"

"Special sale."

"Do you intend having auction sales in the evening?"

"Yes."

"Your desk is on the south side of the room.

That is good, for I will sell from this side so we can have the light in the face of the crowd.

"Now, you know just what patterns of dress goods you wish to sell, Mr. Doeblor. Have the lady clerks cut them up into dress patterns and stack them all on one counter. They should be ten yards, more or less, according to the width of the goods.

"Mr. Doeblor, you must put in quite a few of real good ones so no one can say we are only selling the cheap ones. Cut the outing flannels in ten yard patterns. Muslin in twenty yard pieces. If the bolt goods are measured you may lay out quite a few bolts. All patterns must have tickets on them giving the exact number of yards. Give me your cost mark so I can know when to let go.

"Show me your cheap, medium, and high priced underwear. Leave your selling and cost prices on. They are all right. What is the length of these counters?"

"Eighteen feet."

"Then two counters pushed together would be thirty-six feet," she said. Now she called the young men and told them to slide the first counter east to within two feet of the window, leaving an opening to get out and in during the sale.

"Now move the next counter up against the first, That makes thirty-eight feet back from the door, just exactly where I expect to sell from, when I am not walking on the counter.

"Now I want the next counter placed within three feet of these counters, where I want my stand built. This platform must be two and one-half feet high, so that I will have only a small step from platform to counter. Let it project up flush with the front of the counter and far enough back so I will have plenty of room to maneuver during the auction sale.

"Then I'll show you how I want my small stand arranged." The Madam steps on her selling stand after it has been placed between the counters, two

and one-half feet high. "I am just five feet and four inches tall. That puts me seven feet and ten inches above the floor, almost eight feet. Just exactly right for me to feel at home when the fur begins to fly.

"Now I want the front of my platform built up, shoe boxes will do if you can find them. Put them on their sides with the open sides toward me so I can fill them with goods.

"That just suits me, six feet and two inches from the floor to the top of my selling stand.

"At the end of this counter on my left must be an opening that can be closed or opened when necessary. This could be done by placing a box of the right height in the space."

The Madam calls Mr. Doeblor's attention to the handling of the money and the crowd as follows:

"In order that I may sell very rapidly and there be no confusion or delay in the disposition of the goods and the collections, I request that under no circumstances will there be any goods sold at retail during the auction sale, and that no one be allowed behind the counter except those who are employed there.

"Mr. Doeblor will be the cashier and will be assisted by a secretary who writes down the articles sold and the price, checking them off as the money comes in. The secretary will be seated near the cashier. All bills and checks must come direct to the cashier for indorsement."

The doors are kept closed, and must be so until one o'clock sharp. All these instructions are given loudly, so that all concerned in the house can hear and understand them. The counters and everything are arranged as instructed by the Madam. In front of the counters for several feet boards are arranged for seats. On the inside are boxes arranged to hold goods that will be ready for the auction sale that will break loose a little later.

All the boards and boxes are covered with flashy



blankets, covering up the rough places and giving the whole scene a rich appearance and blending harmoniously with the goods on the shelves. The auctioneer's stand is covered with a red blanket, the color that is always a signal of an auction sale. The Madam now places on her attractive stand her spring bell, which will be heard many times during the afternoon.

Now the Madam asked the proprietor to see that the goods be placed in their proper order in the different boxes, and all notions such as handkerchiefs, towels, lace curtains, napkins, ribbons, etc., in the boxes that are located near her stand. Then the Madam cautioned the proprietor to cover up and protect all goods that are exposed to the audience except the goods on the shelves on the south side of the house.

It is now about twelve o'clock, and this woman auctioneer has proved herself a whirlwind in efficiency in executive ability in transforming a high class dry goods store into a modern auction house with a splendid effect with the colored blankets properly arranged so that they harmonize with the decorations of the store, all in less than two hours.

Now the Madam steps down off her platform into the middle of the room that had been cleared of show cases, tables, stands, counters, and other fixtures, where about two hundred chairs were arranged. Then the Madam turned to Mr. Doebler and said in part, "I want to thank you and your splendid workers. Each and all have done all they could do in the short space of time, and no one could do it better. There are other instructions I will give in my opening talk. It surely looks good to me. Again I thank you. We will go to dinner now."

The town was full of people, the sidewalks were crowded, and almost every one had a word to say about the woman auctioneer. More than that, they were all going to the sale.

Madam M. Williams was dining with the Doebler



family. This was a great pleasure; it gave a rest from the gazers. However, she was holding up in fine condition, considering that this was her first real auction sale of any importance.

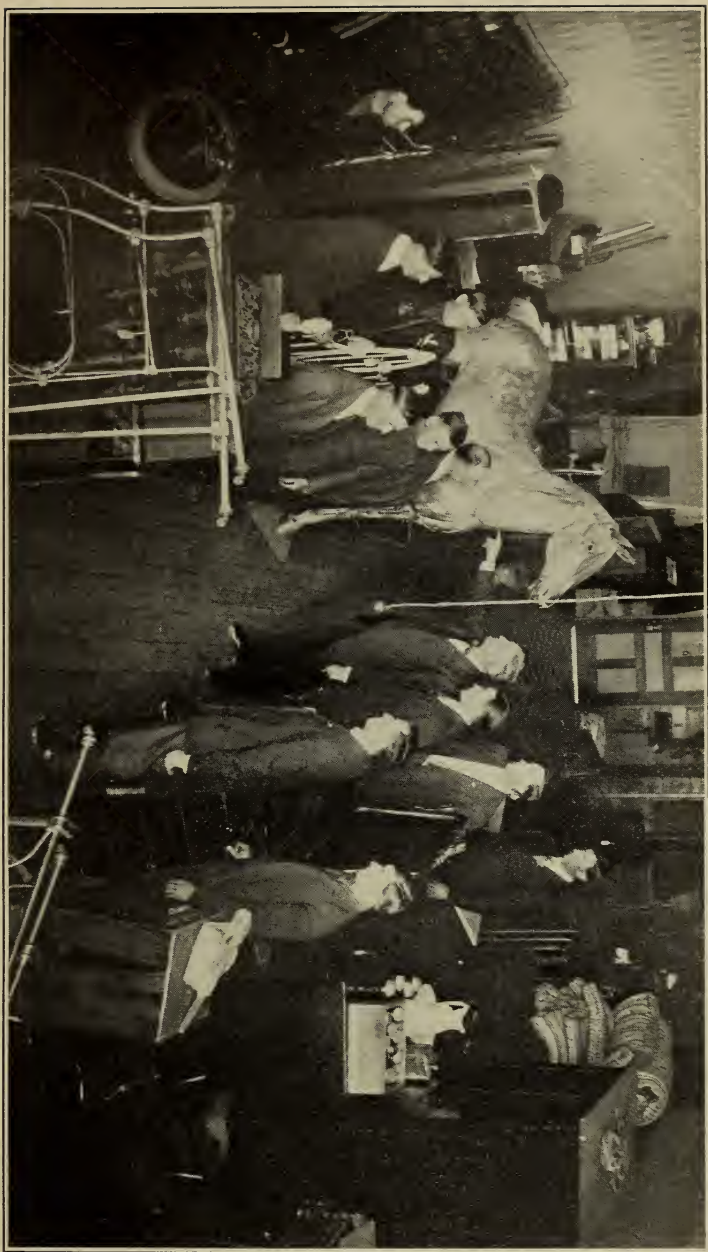
One thing could well be said here: everything was in extra fine condition—a splendid man to sell for, and a great team of helpers. More than that, it was a beautiful day, and a great crowd was waiting for the first tap of the bell. (The writer of this sale is almost as much enthused over the Madam's sale as though it was a reality, for he has seen many just like it.)

After the dinner hour the Madam was cordially invited to feel at home and take advantage of all the facilities of the modern home.

Madam Williams was not a fool in dress. She wore her dress long enough and large enough, covering enough of her body to command the greatest respect of every one she met. She had light brown hair and did it up neatly and plainly. She had a horror of these new modern hair fixers. She described two styles of hair cuts, the large bushy one she called Sodom and Gomorrah, the other a bob-cat hair cut. As a whole she dressed as neatly as a ribbon, with low heel shoes, she moved like one who had a real mission on earth.

Honk, honk, honk! The Buick was waiting at the door, and the Madam was ready. In a few moments they were in sight of the new auction house, and to their astonishment they saw the sidewalk and the street crowded with people. Then the problem came, "What will we do with them? The house won't hold them, and the town is full of people."

Here again the Madam came to the front with her tact and managerial ability. She solved the problem immediately. It was just ten minutes to one when they reached the door. She stepped back into the Buick, and held up her hand for a moment. Then she had recognition and with a clear contralto voice



STUDENTS IN CLASS AT THE EL RENO AUCTION SCHOOL.  
*Just before the world war. Two of them are gone over*







# A CLASS IN EL RENO AUCTION SCHOOL

*On the left of Col. Steinfeld, on the right Prof. Rumfelt, Secretary of the School. Both have gone on over to the other side*



she spoke out: "Ladies and gentlemen, it is ten minutes of one o'clock. This sale begins at one o'clock. The doors will open in a few minutes. There are 200 chairs waiting for the ladies. You are all welcome."

The Madam stepped down and a moment later Mr. Doebler, his auctioneer and clerks, were all on the inside and the door was locked. A few moments more and the restless crowd would pack the house, and the responsibility of a real high class auction sale would be up to Madam M. Williams.

The Madam, after looking the room over carefully steps up to her place. Then she begins, "Mr. Doebler, are you sure you have plenty of small change?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Now then, I want one clerk to wait on me, and if you will come up here I will post you now. My program is already made out, on cards, two of each. When I hand you one I have a duplicate card, so we will soon understand each other.

The three lady clerks will work back of the counter. The four gentlemen will be located out in the middle of the floor, an equal distance from each other. When I sell an article I will throw it to the clerk nearest to the purchaser, it may be the lady back of the counter or the man out on the floor. Your business is to hold the article sold until you get the money.

"Now the windows in the back of the building must be opened or raised in order to have as much fresh air as possible, the transom above the double doors in front must be raised high, and when the front doors are opened they must be opened clear back and fastened. A bucket of drinking water under the counter would be fine during a red-hot auction sale. Some one attend to that, please. Mr. Doebler says they will move the water cooler back of the counter. Now it is filled and ready."

Madam suggests that the men clerks act as ushers during the first rush when the doors are opened, and see that the ladies and old people are seated.

Now everything is in readiness for a wild auction sale.

As the writer is master of this drama, in portraying from actual experience in years gone by, he would just like to add here how he would put the capsheaf on preparatory to opening the front doors of this sale.

I would excuse myself for a few minutes and then would go into a back room, if there was one, if not would find a seat and with bowed head I would talk to the King of Glory, my Father in heaven, as follows:

Dear Father: You said ask for anything and it would be granted unto me. First, I want to thank you for the executive ability, the physical power and wisdom in dictating and managing the preparations for this sale that will open in a few minutes. I thank you for the remarkable helpers and this man, Doeblor, who has been so kind and thoughtful in entertaining your humble servant from the moment of reaching the city to the present time. But now, Lord, the doors will open and the real responsibility will begin. Dear Lord, won't you give me wonderful physical power, vocabulary, lung power, wisdom, and the necessary qualifications to conduct a clean, fast, successful auction sale, that will be a financial help to Mr. Doeblor, and a joy forever. I ask it all in Jesus' name. Amen.

Madam M. Williams is at her place. Turning to Mr. Doeblor, who has not even suggested anything in the way of conducting this sale, only that he had great confidence in her ability, and that they were all at her service, with a commanding voice Madam said, "Open the doors. We are ready for the fray."

To say that they were pouring into the store room pell-mell, women and children, men, boys, and girls, from all parts of the country, barely describes it. As soon as they would reach their respective places where they expected to sit or stand, they would let their gaze wander all over the room with a look of astonishment at the sudden change that had taken place like magic.

The gentlemen out on the floor who were to act as ushers, aside from clerking and collecting, did their part well in locating the ladies and the older people

on the chairs. In less than five minutes the house was packed and the representative people of the town and about everybody else, was there. The Madam was watching every move, and has admitted many times since that she was quite a little nervous when she looked that great audience in the face, who were watching her and wondering when the woman auctioneer would begin. But she had learned her lesson well, and so far was master of the situation.

Finally she stood straight like a soldier at attention. Then she raised her right hand at an angle of 45 degrees. Every one in that audience caught it immediately. Then she struck her bell with the left hand and spoke as follows to the gentlemen clerks out on the floor:

"You will notice that those chairs are in sections and there are aisles between them. They must be opened and kept open during the entire sale. The gentlemen will see that they are cleared now. Again, I notice that a number of those chairs are moved to other parts of the room to suit the fancy of others. If you wish to sit on them place them where they belong, and you are surely welcome to occupy them. That's fine, I thank you very much."

Just then the Madam called her assistant to her, who had his cue with reference to handling the goods she would sell. A few words of quiet talk and instructions to him, then she turned to her auction stand with all the dignity and personality of a star actor, and said in part:

*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

I understand full well that this sale will at first appeal to you as rather unique, because there is a woman at the helm, at this important auction of merchandise. I assure you it is a great pleasure and a guarantee to me for a red-hot auction sale today when I look into so many faces of the representative people of this town and surrounding country.

You men have been singing the old song, "Let the women do the work," about long enough, so I have come to your town to bring it to pass, and I assure you that from practical experience and what I have learned since coming to your city nothing short of a successful auction sale would satisfy you, and to me it will be a joy forever more.

In the first place, the man I am selling for is 18 carats fine. He has always had the confidence of the people, and could you think for a moment that he would destroy it in this sale? No, no. You will never attend a cleaner sale, and when we say ten yards, that makes it so, because we said so. If we make a mistake we want to fix it now. We will give you the correct numbers of garments and shoes, so that you may know just what you are buying. Don't bid on them unless you want them, for we take the liberty to sell many articles on the first bid.

Remember that we will not exchange goods that we sell at auction, and the goods must be settled for with the nearest clerk immediately after the purchase.

Should there be a tie, with two parties claiming the article sold, then they will be resold immediately. That will always settle the dispute, and it's the only satisfactory way.

Remember, that all bills will be changed and the checks will be passed on by Mr. Doeblor, who is located at the cash register, with his secretary who will keep tab of the amounts and the article sold.

Just a word by way of explanation. Please, I would like to have the attention of the entire audience. Now Madam has come alive and pointing to the shelves on her right she began. There is an extra fine line of linen and high class cotton goods. handkerchiefs, towels, table cloths, and all manner of spreads and imported Japanese table covers.

In the next section you will notice dresses for misses and small women, running in sizes from 14 to



20 years, bust 32 to 38. We will always give you exact bust numbers.

In the next section you will find an extraordinary fine display of dresses for stout women. Here you will find the last word in style. The next is a clean millinery stock of midsummer fashions.

The next section is a remarkable stock of petticoats. There are just fifty of them, all embroidery trimmed. I shall sell them all in one run when I start on them, so you must watch that sale.

Now comes the section of dress goods. We have hundreds of them cut off in full dress patterns, of all the patterns that you see on the shelves.

Next, unbleached and bleached muslin, bleached and unbleached sheeting, pillow case muslin, bed-ticking, blue denim, white cambric, all kinds of shirt-ing. Then come the draperies and the gloves. Then the hosiery for men, women, girls, boys and small children. I don't blame you, Mr. Doebler, for having an auction sale. You will have to sell here for a week or two to have room to invoice.

Then comes the underwear for the whole human family. Say, Mr. Doebler, the longer I look the more I find. The people are anxious for the sale to start and so am I. Now then, Jack, you are my right hand supporter. You must remember that a man is as old as he thinks he is, and a woman is as old as she looks, even if she *is* looking out of a paint shop.

Jack hands me a bundle of men's hemstitched handkerchiefs. He says there are one-half dozen in the package, and seventeen inches square.

The Madam is talking very rapidly, and tearing the first package open, throwing them all out into the crowd, where the clerks on the floor can get them. People are looking them over. Now she calls for the first bid, while holding one in her hand, showing size. Then she said, Now this is no cheap John store. Isn't that a fine, large handkerchief. How much apiece for the six? Ten cents, sold. I thank you. Here is



another package. Get these good ones while they last. Sold over here. This man takes one package. The boy takes two. Grandma wants two. Let's start a riot while everything is moving. There are a dozen hands up among the ladies and the packages are beginning to fly in that direction. The Madam is moving around like an athlete, watching every move and especially the collections. As the sale quiets down for a moment the Madam begins to talk rapidly as follows:

You will remember I said just a moment ago that this is no cheap John store. Listen to me. This man never did deal in cheap goods. Surely this is the place to lay in your stock. Look and see the size of these handkerchiefs. You don't seem to appreciate the fact that they are hemstitched. Here are the real goods, that will wash and launder in the finest condition. I'll give you just one more run for your money. I have just twenty packages that I'll sell in this run. Hands up, please. There are two, four, five, six, eight, ten. Throw out the other packages, Jack. Here they go and there they go. I can't help it. We are not putting out any more now. That's right, Jack, pile up the towels.

Now then, ladies and gents, I am going to sell a very popular towel, eighteen by thirty-six inches. That's a yard long. How long do you want them. These are bleached white cotton Turkish towels. How much for the first pair? Twenty-five cents he says. Twenty-five, twenty-five, twenty-five, twenty-five, five, five, five, thirty, I have. Only thirty cents. Now thirty-five, and sold for thirty-five cents. How many pairs do you want? He takes five pairs. Sure. Why not? Gents, please show these towels to those who are seated. How much for the next pair? Thirty cents. Thirty, thirty, thirty, thirty, thirty. I got the five. Sold for thirty-five cents. How many do you want? Five pairs. Good. Now we are ready to wait on you. Who wants another five pairs. Two

pairs over here. Five pairs to the hotel. That's good. Now you won't have to dry your face with an electric fan. The hotel man is after another batch. He says he'll take a dozen pairs this time. I don't blame you. You can't expect to have any sheets if you are shy on towels. They will tear them up any time.

Does any one else want towels. Yes, there are quite a few down here. Please wait on them, gents. What's the matter with you folks? Aren't these towels large enough? Well, what's the matter with these towels, twenty by forty? If I should let you have these big ones at thirty-five cents would you take them? I am going to make a real test, and see if you folks have any ready cash, or if hard times are really knocking at the door. Here they are, two pairs here, two over there. No he says I like the big ones, give him five pairs of the big ones. Now my friends, says the Madam, you all see how large they are, and you know what the merchants ask you for the same goods. Here you are, and there are the bargains, help yourself. Help yourself.

After her careful description of the towels the whole audience seemed to want them, and for ten minutes they were sold as fast as they could be waited on. About two hundred pairs were sold in a very short time.

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, we have twenty yard pieces of unbleached cotton crash toweling. I'll sell the piece by the yard. How much am I offered per yard? Ten cents, the lady says. I thank you, but listen, I have been doing too much talking and not enough selling. Now the sale is open for sure, and sold for ten cents per yard. Now then, how much a yard for the next piece? Five I have, six, seven, eight. Sold for eight cents per yard.

Here is another twenty yard piece. Buy it as cheaply as you can. But don't keep me in suspense. Five cents I have, six over here. Now I have the seven, eight, nine, ten, sold.

Here's another who wants it at ten. Sold for ten. He takes two. Now the lady wants one. Don't you ever use towels? Or how long do you use the towel you have now? You want two pieces, well, I don't blame you. And this gent takes two. (As fast as she sells them she tosses them out to the purchaser like a flash and she sees that the nearest clerk finds the buyer. All this talk and lingo that goes with auctioneering is well taken care of by Madam's rapid mode of operation, and with her eagle eye she sees almost every move that is made during the auction sale.)

Now then, ladies and gentlemen, I'll see whether you really want toweling, or whether you would prefer to dry your face with a fan. Here I have a whole bolt of forty yards. I'll sell it all at one pass. How much a yard for the whole kaboodle? The lady has looked it over carefully, and bids ten cents per yard. Well, well, at ten, make it fifteen. I have the eleven, now the twelve. Thank you. Thirteen over here. You buy this bolt and be wise, then you have solved the towel problem at your house. Thirteen I have. Now I have the fourteen. Sold to Jones. He pays the freight.

Here is another bolt just like it, forty yards. Twelve and a half I have. Now I have the thirteen, fourteen, fourteen and a half. Sold for fourteen and a half cents per yard to Ed Stretch. Thank you, Mr. Stretch. Now all you have to do is stretch it good and plenty and you will have a hundred yards.

Another bolt on tap and I have twelve and a half to start it. I believe I'll just sell it at twelve and a half. Sold. You are too late, Mr. Doeblen expects me to sell them today.

Well, here is another. Twelve and a half, thirteen, thirteen and a half. Sold to the lady. You will sure have towels from now on.

Here is another bolt. Thirteen, thirteen and a half, fourteen. Sold. You will notice we don't keep

these goods; everything that goes up sells right now.

One more bolt. Thirteen, fourteen, fourteen and a half. Sold to the chief of police.

I'll just sell five more bolts and then we'll change the deal. To save time what will you give me per yard for the first? Thirteen cents. You bought it. Three ladies take a bolt each. Thank you. Only one left and sold to this man at thirteen flat.

Now then, I have sold more than six hundred yards of crash toweling, aside from the other towels we sold. That ought to hold you until later on, and then we will have a real towel sale.

(Screaming) See here! See here! Look! Look! Japanese imported table covers. Aren't they beautiful? They do not soil readily and are very attractive. Block printed by hand. You will notice the two shades of blue, and guaranteed fast colors. (The Madam hands the clerks on the floor a number of covers and they are shown to the people all over the house in a few minutes. Then the Madam calls them in and gives the sizes as follows), Let me give you the sizes, please. No. 1, 48 x 48 inches. No. 2 is 60 x 60 inches, No. 3, 72 x 72 inches. These covers are very popular for breakfast and tea cloths, as well as for table covers. Now then, you people look while the looking is good, for I am going to put twelve napkins to match, 12 x 12 inches, with each cloth I sell. That gives you a complete set, and here we go. This first cloth is 48x48 or four feet square. What is your first bid? One dollar. I thank you. You certainly don't expect to buy thirteen pieces of goods for one dollar, do you? Two dollars I have and sold for \$2.00. Yes, I said sold long ago. What do you know about that, Mr. Doeblor? There are five of them claiming the bid of two dollars. All right, I'll fix them as long as the proprietor doesn't object. Here you go, one, two, three, four, five. You clerks get busy while I am donating this blue mixture of imported Japanese covers. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight,



nine, ten. All right, Jack, keep them coming. This man takes two sets. Look at the hands up. I guess they all want them. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. You folks who purchase near the counter, move up to the counter, please, so the ladies back of the counters can wait on you.

Jack, arrange them so I can have them handy. Here we go. I'll throw them out to you. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. You folks who are buying have your money ready when you see the clerk coming to you. That will surely help us all.

All right, here we go. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve. I thank you. There is some class to that. Here we go again. Hold up your hands if you want them, so I can see where to throw. You must admit I'm some thrower. When I get married, occasionally I will go out in the back yard and give my first husband an exhibition of throwing. That will be plenty, and he will know just where to head in. That kind of throwing will be much different, for these are bargains that we are throwing today. It could be worse. Are you all supplied with the Japanese covers? Remember that we sell nothing at retail during the auction. All right, this lady buys one, and one over here. Some of you clerks take these to the back end and wait on them, while we get ready to sell another line of goods.

Jack, are you ready? Thank you, he says he is waiting with the next line. I thought we were about ready to sell midsummer silks, but he has me almost buried in men's negligee shirts. They usually say that when we have a long siege of warm weather, and a real hot time, there is danger of the elements producing cyclones and storms. Well, there is a great army of men in this room and they really have had no chance today, and I am sure that after so long a quiet dry spell there will be something doing out of the



ordinary. Now then, I am going to sell just two hundred shirts in thirty minutes. That would be a shirt every nine seconds and a fraction of a second. If I succeed in making good in this thirty minute sale, then I'll throw away this one and a half dozen choice negligee shirts from the top of this building immediately after the afternoon sale. That will occur just fifteen minutes after six o'clock, providing the proprietor doesn't object. Thank you. He says let them fly. Good. It will be the next thing to a parachute leap, and they will be looking for a new home.

Now the Madam grabs one half dozen shirts and turns to the audience, in automatic style, with a keen look of satisfaction, that spells the last word in success. Everybody look at the clock yonder, it is just fifteen minutes after two. I'm off.

I hold in my hand six negligee shirts, sixteen and a half in size, custom made. They are beauties, and you will buy them cheaper than you ever bought before, considering the quality. I sell them all. How much apiece? Fifty cents I have. Sixty, seventy, eighty, sold. Here are six more sixteen and a half in size. Fifty cents I have. Sixty, seventy, eighty, sold. Here I have just one dozen fifteen and a half in size. The whole washout goes. Crack down on them, please. What's the matter with you folks? Come alive! Fifty cents, same old fifty cents, sixty, sold for sixty cents.

Here is another dozen just like them. You will never get another special just like this one. Sixty cents. I thank you. Sixty-five, seventy-five, eighty, sold. Here is another dozen just like them except a larger number, size sixteen. Sixty cents I have. At sixty, sixty-five, seventy, eighty, ninety, sold.

All right, you fellows wait until all the large sizes are gone. Here we have a half dozen size fifteen. Fifty cents, sixty, seventy-five, eighty, ninety, sold.

Here is another half dozen just like them. Who will give me ninety cents? Eighty I have and sold

for eighty cents. Look out, here are some daisies, another dozen. I got the sixty, seventy, ninety, one dollar. Sold. Another dozen just like them. One dollar. Sold. Here is the third dozen, sixteen in size, crackerjacks. Don't forget these shirts launder in the finest shape. Seventy-five cents, eighty, ninety, one dollar. Sold.

One dozen seventeen and a half in size, beautiful negligee. Get your supply while the getting is good. One dollar I have. Sold. Here is another dozen, seventeen and a half in size. Same old dollar. Same old sold.

Here we come again. If any one is shirtless after this sale I hope he can jump high enough to grab one in the air at six fifteen. One dollar I have. Sold.

Once more with a dozen, sixteen and a half in size. That's a good size and this is a sure enough shirt. Seventy-five cents, eighty, ninety, sold.

Again we come, sixteen in size. Eighty, ninety, one dollar. Sold. We come again. Time is flying. Size sixteen. Sold for \$1.00.

Jack, you sure are doing your part well, always on hand, and let me bear testimony, Mr. Doebler, this is the livest bunch of workers I ever came in contact with.

Here is another dozen, fourteen and a half in size. Fifty cents, sixty, seventy, seventy-five. Sold.

And another same size, just like them too, at seventy-five cents, he takes them too.

Here is one half dozen, eighteen in size. You big fellows, this is your chance. Seventy-five, eighty, ninety. Sold. Another half dozen, eighteen in size. Sold for ninety cents to the same man.

Let's try a dozen eighteen in size, and see what they will do. Fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty. Sold.

I'll try the dozen again, eighteen in size, if the proprietor discharges me. Sold on the first bid at eighty cents.

Oh, I see, you are watching the clock, and I

have only a few minutes more. Who ever heard of selling shirts by the dozen? And who ever bought the quality of goods for the money? One more dozen on the market at your price, fifteen and a half in size. Seventy-five cents, now I have the eighty. Now sold.

One more dozen just like them in size and all. Seventy-five cents, eighty, ninety, one dollar. Sold.

Just fifteen minutes more and time's up. Last batch, sixteen in size. One dollar, one ten, one twenty-five. Sold.

I certainly thank you for bidding so promptly. Surely you are carrying away bargains. I know you will be well pleased for you have purchased very high class negligee shirts. Mr. Secretary, will you please tell us how many shirts the woman auctioneer sold in thirty minutes, so she will know whether she will climb this building before supper?

(Clerk:) Madam Williams, I am delighted to say that you sold just 258 shirts in thirty minutes. It was wonderful and satisfactory. Every garment is paid for and the cash totals \$261.60.

Now Mr. Doeblar arose and said in part: I am very well pleased with this sale, and I want to thank all my old customers as well as the new ones here today, who are sharing in these bargains, and while I am not in the habit of throwing goods away, yet I am so well pleased with the Madam's modern system of entertaining and successful selling, that I shall contribute to the shower from the top of the building at six-fifteen today, in addition to the negligee shirts. If you are there you will see them fall.

Now the Madam is at her place again, ready for another important move in the sale. She holds up both hands until she has the attention of her audience, then she strikes the bell. That puts on the quietus. Then she introduces another important line of dry goods as follows:

Now then, I will sell one hundred patterns of the high class dress goods in this store as follows: All

silk crepe georgette, all silk charmeuse, all silk canton crepe broadcloth, all wool tricotine, all wool French serge, all wool jersey. I might go on and describe many others. I will only add that you will see one of the most important auction sales of dress goods you have ever witnessed. I will give exact width, number of yards, and quality. If the sale does not move satisfactorily, it will be your only opportunity to buy high class dress goods at auction *where you fix your own price.*

Here comes a good one, four yards all wool tricotine. It sells in the neighborhood of three dollars a yard. What will you give me per yard? You will notice it is a very light tan. That will make a dress good enough for a queen. It is fifty-four inches wide. How much per yard? One dollar by the lady. That would be four dollars for an all wool tricotine dress. One fifty I have. Going at \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.00, \$2.25. Sold. No, I said sold. I have tried to convince you of the high quality of this dress goods. Well, here is another one just exactly like it. Two dollars I have. Two twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty. Sold for \$2.50.

Here is a new deep lavender blue tricotine. Please notice the beautiful pattern. Isn't it a beauty? I have \$2.00 per yard for this one. At \$2.00, make it \$3.00. Two twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy-five. Sold for \$2.75 to the German gentleman over here.

"Vat is it I owed you?"

"Two seventy-five per yard."

"Vat? A yard von't make Betsy a tress. She vayed two hundred and forty pounds ven she vas nineteen. Now she is twendy-doo. It is my only chile."

"No," says the Madam, smiling, "you bought four yards at \$2.75 per yard. That is just \$11.00. That will be enough to make Betsy a dandy dress."

"Sure," says the German farmer. "Here is your money." Then he said, "I bet ven Betsy gets into



dat schky plue tress vid a see-saw du-flinger around de lower edges, she schtrike, and I move out for lower vages."

Big laugh, and the sale goes on.

Here is another pattern like it, fifty-four inches wide, same blue. Two dollars I have to start it. Going at two, two fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty. Sold. Do you folks think I ought to stand here all day to sell a few dress patterns? I have described them. You know just what they are. You know whether they are bargains. Now then, let's come alive.

Here is a medium gray, fifty-four inches wide, four yards tricotine, same quality I have been selling you. Hit the dead line, and I will sell it now. Two dollars and a half. Sold.

Another just like it. \$2.50. Sold.

Another just like it. \$2.50. Sold.

Another just like it. \$2.50. Sold.

Another just like it. \$2.50. Sold.

Another just like it. \$2.50. Sold.

Another just like it. \$2.50. Sold.

Another just like it. \$2.50. Sold.

Another just like it. \$2.50. Sold.

Another just like it. \$2.50. Sold.

Here is another in old rose. This is a rich one, same width and number of yards. \$2.50. Sold.

Another like it. \$2.25, \$2.50. Sold. One more like it. \$2.50. Sold.

Now then, look out. Here is where the fur flies. I imagine I have said enough to sell a thousand patterns. Well, that is just what Mr. Doeblor employed me for. (And here she goes again, with another bargain in her hand.) This time it is an all wool dress serge, thirty-six inches wide, a real plum color. Well, it is another beauty, and makes up fine. Five yards, a large pattern.

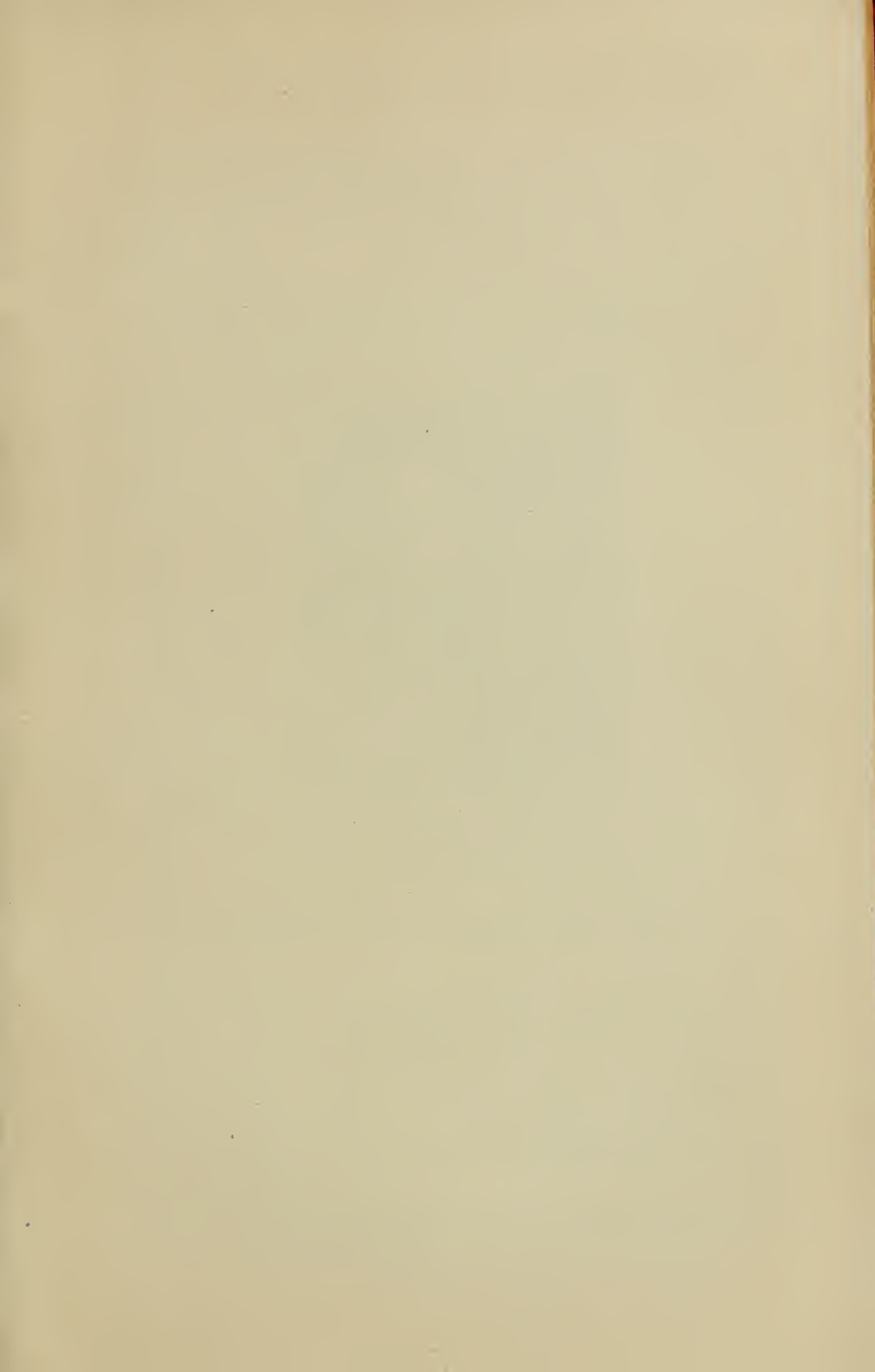
Let's go. How much a yard? Ladies, what do you say? Fifty cents. Well, that's more than any one else bid. That is only \$2.50 for a good large dress



pattern of all wool serge. Sixty I have. Who will make it seventy-five? I am going to see just what you would do to me.

I'll put in two more patterns. Now I have the plum, the brown, and the black, three patterns in all, on one sale. Lady, do you still say sixty cents a yard and take them all three? Yes, she says. I thank you. Now I have the sixty-five, seventy, seventy-five, and sold for seventy-five cents per yard. Now I will do something that surely takes nerve. I am sure you never saw anything just like it. I am going to clothe the wife, grandma, and the three girls. Mr. Doebler, if you stand for that the first thing you know you will be out of dress goods, but here we go. A plum for the wife, the black for grandma, the brown, the green, and the red for the girls. Remember, to everybody the same. You buy three patterns at seventy-five cents per yard, and I throw in two more with the same number of yards and same quality of goods. All right, Jack, have them ready. This lady over here takes five. Over here five. Over here five. Have them ready, Jack. Five over here. Five over here. Five over here. This man takes ten. And ten over here. One of you lady clerks help Jack. Gentlemen, watch your collections. If I sell too fast I'll wait. We must have the money.

All ready? Who wants five more? You people look the goods over and you will find the patterns just as represented. *This is dress day for sure!* All right, the gentleman takes ten. Remember, you only pay for six and get ten. Isn't that enough? Do you want a whole woolen factory with a herd of sheep thrown in? Five over here. Here we go with another five. Well, well, this man has looked them over and now he wants ten more. Good. How many are there in your family? Thirteen, he says. Well, good night, nurse. That's an unlucky number, so I'll just throw in one more pattern to break the monotony. More than that, I'll do the same for any other





ANITA, THE YOUNGEST DAUGHTER, AND HELEN, THE  
OLDEST GRAND-DAUGHTER OF COL. J. P. GUTELIUS

party who buys twenty patterns. Five more patterns called for, and five more. Jack, how are they coming? He says only a few left, and that settles the dress sale for today.

The gentleman over here takes another five. That is ten patterns he bought. That isn't so worse, for a new married man. I'm sure he is justified in buying them. That ought to settle the dress question for awhile, for he has bought ten dress patterns of five different colors, and they are beauties.

Jack says there are only five left, and sold to the barber. Now then, again we thank you for your lively bidding. (To the clerk), Mr. Secretary, how many patterns have we sold? He says we sold in round numbers one hundred dress patterns, and we find we have taken in in cash on dress goods more than \$500. Now then, we have been stepping along in this auction sale for three hours and forty minutes. While it may not be customary at large auction sales like this to take a recess during regular working hours, but we take one just the same, and I know you would enjoy it. It is just twenty minutes of five o'clock. In the meantime we will be ready for a new line of goods. Then we close this afternoon sale promptly at six o'clock, and fifteen minutes after six you will see more hands reaching for things in the air than you have seen in many moons. Again, the auction opens after supper at eight o'clock sharp.

Now there was considerable moving around. Up to this hour the auction sale was the most successful in the history of the town. People were carrying armfuls of goods in every direction. For three hours and forty minutes the Madam displayed the keenest tactics, and legitimate strategy and held the crowd without a break. Auctioneers are born. Sure, the Madam has the personality and the executive ability, and there are plenty of others. The standard price of selling merchandise at auction is ten per cent of the sales, with a minimum of \$10, \$25, and \$50 per day.

This sale is an exception to the rule for the reason that the merchant is a clean business man with a great team of workers.

Then he always carried an extra fine line of goods and the people knew it. The reader can look this sale over up to this hour, and you will be astonished to know that the Madam has sold over \$1,400 worth of goods, which will net her the neat sum of \$140 for three hours and forty minutes work.

Auctioneering is certainly a profession. If the reader has the pep, and the voice, and the personality, and the business is fascinating, there is a territory waiting for you, where you can be your own boss, and I believe you can dig it out of this book. It is healthy, clean, profitable business.

It is just five minutes of five o'clock, then the real sale will be on again, and while the crowd have been visiting during the recess, the Madam has kept the proprietor and the clerks busy arranging for the last hour's sale of the day, and the evening sale that will begin two hours later.

The people are packing the house again for the last run of the afternoon, and standing room is at a premium. The Madam is at her post again, looking at a packed house. She lifts her right hand waiting for attention. Then she touches the bell and says in part:

It is just five o'clock, and I believe in being Johnny on the spot, if you know what that means. Well, this is Mary on the spot, but it means the same thing. We have just one hour to sell and that winds up the afternoon sale. I shall devote thirty minutes to the ladies and thirty minutes to the gents, however it is an open field, for often the men buy for the ladies, and again the ladies buy for the men.

This will be a sale of fifty petticoats, and that closes out this entire line of high class goods. I aim to sell the fifty in thirty minutes. Listen to me, when you see them your own judgment will tell you that they are fine values.

All ready? Here is one, white cambric, embroidery flounce. I'll sell it cheaper than you can possibly make it. Thirty-eight inches in size. How much am I offered for it? Now come alive, the time is short. Fifty cents. I thank you. Seventy-five, eighty, ninety, one dollar, sold. How many do you want? Two she says. Here is another. How much? Seventy-five, eighty, ninety, sold. You say I don't wait. I



hope not. I sell today. How many do you want? Two, thank you. Again I have one just like it, size forty. Fifty cents I have. Sixty, seventy, eighty, ninety, sold. Thank you. Yes, I heard your dollar bid but I said sold, and that makes it so. How many do you want? Two.

Here is your chance, just like it, size forty. Sold for one dollar. That time you was there. How many do you want? Three. I thank you. Here is another size thirty-eight. (Remember, when I call a size I give front lengths.) One dollar for this one and sold. How many? Three. Remember this sale will soon be over and these garments will be gone. Take plenty while you can. Here is a peach. He says there are only four like it. Yes, I have the dollar by two, dollar ten, dollar fifteen, and sold. How many? Four. He takes them all. And still we sell petticoats.

What do you know about this beauty? One dollar I have. Dollar ten, fifteen, twenty, sold. Yes, I said sold. I can not wait only so long. How many, please? Five. Jack says just five more like them, all No. 38. Who will start the five at \$1.00 each? At one, at one, make it twenty-five. Sold for \$1.00. Oh here is a peach with a lace flounce, sure this is a beauty. One dollar I have. One ten, fifteen, twenty-five. Sold. He takes the five.

And still they come, but they won't come long, for the auction sale of petticoats is about over here in this store. Then some one else will fix the price for you. The time is short and so is this petticoat, and here we go. It is 36 in length. Seventy-five cents is the first bid. Eighty, ninety, sold. No, it's sold. How many do you want? She says five. No, Jack says there are only four like this one. Will another do? Yes, 38. All right, I've got you. Here we go again with a beauty. Notice it is white cambric, deep flounce. If this doesn't suit you you are hard to please. It's a bird. Well, let's sell it. One dollar I have to start it. Dollar ten, twenty, thirty,

forty, dollar fifty, sold. How many do you want? Only three of this kind. I'll take the three. You sure made a good choice.

Here is another beauty. I have the seventy-five cents. Eighty, ninety, sold. She takes three. The size is 38. Look out! I have just five left of size 38. I have kept the best. Buy them as cheap as you can. I have the one dollar. Twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, sixty, seventy-five. Sold for \$1.75. How many do you want? All she says. What do you know about that?

I thank you. It is just four minutes of 5:30. What did this sale amount to secretary? All right. I thank you. Just \$57.10. Now then, we have only thirty minutes and then we go over the top with the negligee disaster. I am going to sell some men's pants. Jack, you step up on the counter where they can see the goods, with an armful and call the numbers. Now listen, gentlemen. I am going to sell you all wool garments, and I'll let you fix the price. You should buy two pairs for that reason. I'll sell two pairs at so much a pair, and remember, you will have real dress goods. Hold them up, Jack. If they want to see them throw them out in the crowd. They'll stand inspection. (Jack throws them out.)

How much am I offered a pair for real wool pants? Two dollars. I thank you. Think of buying two good, all wool dress pants. Who ever heard of such prices these times? Two and a half I have. Seventy-five, now I have the three, and sold for \$3. Oh, is that so? This man says I did not give any warning when I am going to sell. You know these are good goods for the money, don't you? Yes ma'am. You don't know when I am going to say sold, do you? No ma'am. Well, you know you are going to die some time, don't you? Sure I do. But you don't know when, do you? No, I don't. Well, you will be in an awful fix if you are not ready. The pants I just sold are 36 waist, 32 length. The next

pair are just like them in quality and numbers. How much am I offered per pair? Two dollars. At two, who will make it the three. Two and a half, sixty, seventy-five, eighty. Sold.

Here is another pair exactly like them in quality and goods, size 38-33. Let's go. Who will give me \$3.00 and take them now? Two and a half I have. \$2.50, seventy-five, \$3.00. Sold.

Another two pairs just like them in size and all. \$3.00, sold. Now you are talking. Here is another. Remember, they are custom made garments, in line with all the high class goods in Mr. Doebl's store. Size, 40-32. \$3.00, and sold. Again we will show you the same numbers. \$2.50, 75, 90, \$3.00, sold.

Here are two more pairs, large ones. You must watch your numbers. These are 44-33. If they are too long you can easily remedy that. Well, I have two and a half, seventy-five, eighty, ninety, \$3.00, \$3.25, sold. Here is another pair, or two pairs, just exactly like them. Watch out for these large numbers. \$3.00 I have, \$3.25, thirty, forty, fifty, sold. Again we have another bargain for you. These two pairs are 40 waist and 32 length. How much for them? Two and a half, seventy-five, sold.

Do you know I am not going to fuss around much longer? You people know when any one conducts an auction on high class goods it is always done at a loss. This man needs the money, and it certainly seems to me you need the goods at these prices. I'll sell only a few more pairs and then we are through on this line for today. Here we have two pairs, 38-33. That's a good size, I'm sure. Two and a half, seventy-five, three, three twenty-five, and sold for \$3.25. Let's try it again. Size 42-33. Three dollars I have, three ten, fifteen, twenty-five, sold for \$3.25. Well, they sold right now, and we have two pairs just like them, size and all. Three dollars, three and a quarter. Sold.

Take it from me, the pants sale is about over,

but here is another bargain, both pair the same number, 42-32. Three dollars, ten, twenty, twenty-five, thirty, sold. Look at the clock. Just ten minutes of six, when those hands are perpendicular it's all off. Well, here is another chance for two more, sizes 42-33. Two and a half, three, three and a quarter, thirty, forty, fifty, sold.

Two more, 38-33. Three dollars, sold. Two more, 36-32. Two and a half, seventy-five, \$3.00. Sold. Two more, size 40-32. Three dollars. Sold. Look out for the hands of the clock. Just two minutes, two last pairs. Three dollars, twenty-five, thirty, fifty, sold.

(The Madam taps the bell. The whole house is at attention, and she speaks as follows:)

The hands of the clock are now perpendicular, and this afternoon's auction is history. To say that I am well pleased, doesn't describe it. Such attention has no parallel anywhere. I surely, from the very bottom of my heart feel grateful to you all. Just wait a minute. Mr. Secretary, how many pairs of pants did we sell? You sold 38 pairs, and the cash should show \$117.60. Now then, in conclusion, I want to thank again this wonderful team of helpers, and the proprietor, in their rapid settlements with the buyers. Remember, auction again in this room at eight. At just fifteen minutes after six I will be on top of this building, in the negligee distribution, and also take care of Mr. Doebler's consignment.

The Madam secures her eighteen negligees while the proprietor is cutting dress patterns to be thrown away. People are leaving the house, for the next attraction will occur on the outside a few minutes later. Mr. Doebler cut off five ten-yard patterns of fast color calico, and five patterns of dress ginghams, which make twenty-eight articles to be thrown away.

The proprietor, the clerks and the Madam step on the sidewalk for a moment, when the people all have left the house, to see the great crowd that are



awaiting the climax of the afternoon jubilee. Then they turn for the stairway to the top of the three-story building, with the goods in their arms, ready for the last act in the drama.

In a few moments the Madam was standing leaning over a two-foot cornice at the very top of the building with a shirt in her hand, looking the crowd over. Every window in the building was full of faces. All the large trucks were standing full, the autos were packed, the entire block was a mass of people, streets and sidewalks alike. All the shirts were opened out ready to put on, should some one be shirtless in the wild rush of the first scuffle.

The Madam swings the shirt around once and then tosses it out as near the center of the street as possible, and down it comes, half filled with air. It looks more like a scarecrow that had blown in from some blackberry patch. It looked like a hundred hands reaching for it, when in reach more than a dozen men grabbed it and it was torn to shreds. Just then another came sailing down, and another, and another, then one started down from the north part of the building rather unexpectedly. Just then, to the surprise of all below a dress pattern ten yards in length opened out near the center of the building. It was red and looked like a real dragon going south. By this time the wild crowd below were surging to and fro, negroes, Indians, and whites, grabbing in every direction, only to find other hands fast on the same garment. Most of them were torn, and many of them destroyed. In this manner the different articles were thrown from the building in rapid succession, keeping the air full until the last garment was thrown. By this time a pandemonium reigned below, and the audience and onlookers were entertained as never before.

Thus ended the wildest and most successful auction sale day, with a woman at the helm. I am sure there is nothing in this sale but what can come to



pass—in fact, the writer has seen the like time and time again at his auction sales. I shall not go into the evening sale. I have said plenty to cover the entire territory of any important sale of merchandise.

The merchant needed \$5,000 in cash. He rather expected to spend ten days at least in auction sales to raise the money. The Madam sold four days and three evenings, of real steady selling, always in the afternoon and evening, and sold over \$6,400.

Very many articles brought a good clean profit—some sold at a loss. On the whole, Mr. Doebler says he needed the money now, and would have been glad to exchange the amount of goods sold at this auction for \$5,000 cash in hand.

The Madam earned \$640 in four days and three evenings work. That would be a fraction over \$91 for each sale, then all necessary expenses until she reached home again. No reader of this article dare to say that it can't be done, neither would you doubt for a moment that she earned the money.

Again I will say that if you can deliver the goods you can get the \$640 or more. A photo cut of the wild scene and mammoth crowd during the battle of the negligees, and a word from Mr. Doebler will get the business sure.

Madam Williams is at home again. Her mother anxious about her success, asked, "How about the auction?"

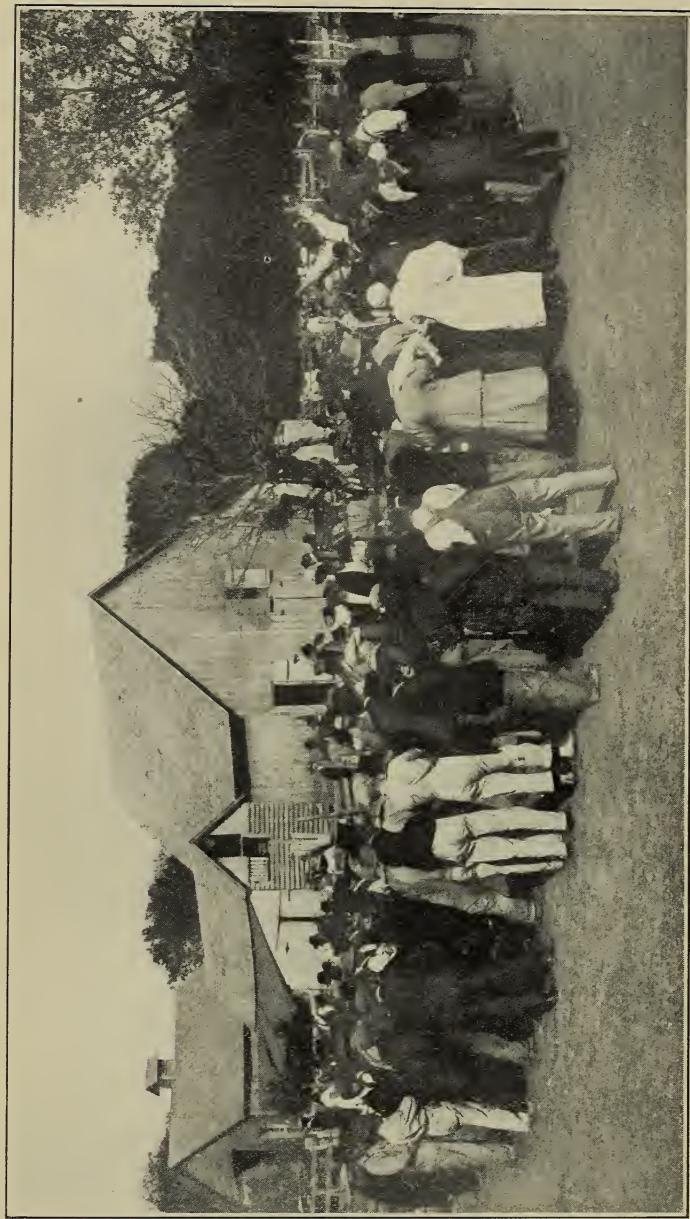
"Oh, mother," said Mary, "it's a great life."

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## LADY AUCTIONEERS

At first thought many persons would laugh at the idea of lady auctioneers. But if you will go with me into the shops, into the offices, into the telephone exchanges, into the schools, or anywhere that the





#### THE BIRTHDAY SALE

*A great dairy sale, where Col. Gutelius, on his sixty-eighth birthday, Oct. 19, 1922, sold 71 head of Holsteins, Jerseys and Shorthorns, besides 25 head of horses, in less than three hours*

real important business of this old world is transacted you will find the women are in evidence, assuming the responsibilities as cleverly and as satisfactorily as any man that ever walked the face of the earth.

Who could find fault if a woman stepped up on an auction block to conduct an auction sale of millinery, goods with which she is so familiar? Picking up her first hat, she puts it on her head, at the same time describing it in detail, showing the trimming and giving the actual cost of completing it, and then she gives the terms of her sale, and begins to sell at auction as follows:

Ladies, this is a quiet season of the year, and the proprietor needs the money, and just as long as you will purchase these hats I will endeavor to show them, describe them, and sell them to the highest bidder.

Here we have a real black straw hat, covered and trimmed in a navy blue velvet, and toned up with a lighter blue ribbon. (She puts it on her head and steps to the end of the counter on which she is selling where she has a large mirror hung for the special sale, and says in part:) I am displaying these hats so you can see them from every angle. This would be a splendid hat for a woman of thirty-five or more. It retails for \$4.00. How much will you give for it? I am satisfied I will have to make a donation of a few until some of your choice ones are gone. Thank you. The lady says one dollar. One dollar, going at one dollar, and a quarter I have. Sold for one dollar twenty-five cents. No, I sold it.

Here is another splendid hat that is so artistically arranged. Don't you like it? (She puts it on and calls for bids.) One dollar she has. One twenty-five, thirty, forty, fifty, and sold for \$1.50. Now another hat is on her head, of the same style. Again she calls for bids. This time she has \$1.50 to start it, and sells immediately on the first bid. Now she begins as follows again:



I just told you that I would do my best in displaying the goods, at least that is what I want you to understand. Now then, when I put a hat on my head so that you can see it, and I describe it, don't expect anything else. It's your move, you begin to bid right now, and I won't be long cleaning up this mess of bargains. Say, isn't this a daisy? (As she shows it.) Yes the lady says, I like that hat. I'll start it at \$1.50. \$1.60 I have, \$1.70, 80, 90, \$2.00, sold. Here is another, one of the cake-eater hats. If they eat anything else they may be dear at any price. The lady says she likes it. I don't blame her. Two dollars I have. Two ten, twenty, twenty-five, fifty. Sold for \$2.50. It seems the neatest hats have the most homely names. We have the cake-eater hat, and it's a beauty. Now here comes the ant eater. I don't know where they find that name, and I don't know where they get that hat. Talk about something keen. I have it here for sure. Two dollars to start it. I thank you. At two, who will make it three? Two and a half, seventy-five, three, three and a quarter. Sold for \$3.25.

Here is a toque, another beauty, close fitting and beautifully trimmed. Two dollars I have to start it. Two and a half, seventy-five, three, three and a quarter, three and a half. Wait a minute, Do you know that these toques sell from five to ten dollars? \$3.75, sold today. No, I said sold. You are too late.

Here is a picture hat, if this one doesn't cover the whole family you can put on a running board. You surely won't buy this one for \$3.75. Some one start it where it belongs. Three dollars I have. The picture hats retail from \$8.00 to \$10, \$15 and \$20. and as high as you want to go. This hat is good enough for a queen. \$3.50, 75, \$4.00, 25, 50, 75. \$5.00 I have, and sold for \$5.00.

See what I have here, another style and another name. This one is off the face. The name sounds



good, and the hat is still better. If I was going to name these hats I would call the pull down over your face hat the night cap, and the turn back, or off the face, a morning glory. Well, they did not pay any attention to me when they named these hats, so all I have to do is to describe and sell. How much for off the face? Two dollars I have. \$2.25, fifty, and sold for \$2.50. Here is another toque. \$2.00, \$2.25, 50, 75, \$3.00, \$3.50, sold for \$3.50. Another one trimmed in gold lace. \$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, 50, 75, \$4.00, sold for \$4.00.

Who could find fault if a woman stepped on the platform (arranged for the occasion) and sell ladies' furnishing goods with which she is so familiar, to the highest bidder. Who could find fault if she sold dry goods at auction, as I have described elsewhere? It is an open field, and it won't be long until lady auctioneers will be in evidence in all the towns and cities of the country.

When I began in merchandise auctioneering, I first wrote an opening talk for the occasion (remember there was no auction school on earth), then I planned in my own way, from what I had seen, how to open a sale. I called the imaginary audience together, and then I delivered my opening talk that I had memorized. I gave the terms and began to sell. While I imagined I was selling dress patterns, and all manner of dry goods, I was handling all the towels, dish rags, and other articles on the place. Occasionally I would look into the mirror, and really I was disgusted with myself, but I kept it up until I could muster enough courage to tackle a real job. Then came the real practical experience, and I stepped off into a field of activity, and you can do the same.

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## AN AUCTION SALE

*Seventy-one Head of Dairy Cattle and Twenty-five Horses, on October 19, 1922*

The reader will notice that there is more significance attached to this sale than any other sale in

this book, especially when you learn that October 19, 1922 was this auctioneer's birthday. I sold seventy-one head of dairy stock and twenty-five head of horses. Everything was in apple pie order, as I had instructed, so there was no delay. The Holstein cows were in their yard; the Holstein heifers that would be fresh soon had their lot; the Holstein yearlings and calves were cared for; the same was true of the Jerseys and the Shorthorns. All the cattle were properly numbered and conveniently located, so that when the auction sale began in the sale ring that had been prepared for the occasion, there was a continual stream of cattle coming and going until the last one had found a new owner.

There were some very choice registered Holsteins in this offering. I shall not give the lingo and the special talk in selling this stock. There are other thoughts that I want to bring out, and I am certain they could not harm any one in any legitimate business in the world.

On October 19, 1922 I was sixty-eight years of age. In our morning family worship I thanked God for keeping me all these years, and somehow I was anxious to make a special record on my birthday, so I just asked the Father for special strength and speed and lung power and vocabulary and wisdom for this birthday sale, and I believe He gave me all I asked, and then some. Don't tell me that God does not care for His own.

My partner, Col. C. L. Everett, who is a graduate of the El Reno Auction School, did the coaching in the sale ring that day, and he did excellent work. All the help on the sale were at their posts; not a ripple anywhere, just one continual round of pleasure. God answered the morning prayer in many ways. I had such physical power and help in every conceivable way, that made me a physical giant, with unlimited energy and efficiency, at sixty-eight years of age, that was an eye-opener to the great

gathering on the ranch, near the South Canadian River.



## A WONDERFUL PHENOMENON

More than ten years before the date of this writing I saw a wonderful and terrifying phenomenon. I would like to say, right in the beginning, that I was just as rational as I am at this time. More than that, I tested it out in every conceivable way, and proved satisfactorily to myself that this scene was intended for this lost auctioneer. The significance was terrible as an army in action. My conscience awoke from a dead sleep to reveal a half century of sin, and while I write my heart burns with sadness, but it is history, and I can not change it. Paul's conversion is not more wonderful to me.

It was far past midnight and was raining. I was on my way home at this unusually late hour. I shall not go into details to tell how the night had been spent up to that hour. Suffice to say, it was in sin. No night could have been darker, and the intense shadows from the electric lights seemed to speak in their dead silence, like the handwriting on the wall of long ago. A panoramic view of a misspent life, a shipwreck, was all I could glean from this midnight of shadows and quietude.

I was walking south on Rock Island Avenue, in the residence district of El Reno, Oklahoma. Not a light in a home could be seen. There was a stillness and a loneliness crept over me, that I shall never attempt to explain. Only one word can touch it—*conviction*. I had reached the point that every man will who forgets God. I thought of a Christian mother who had taught me years before to say "Now I lay me down to sleep," back in the old Keystone State of Pennsylvania. I thought of a Christian

father who never failed to keep up the family altar in the old home so far away, where they ever remembered the wayward boy in the western country. I thought of a Christian sister who had been afflicted for many years who was still praying for me.

Father and mother had gone home to the Glory Land. It had been a real Christian home that I had left long ago. What about my home? Children had grown up and gone out to assume the duties and responsibilities of life without a vision of the Christ. Will they reach the harbor in safety? All this, and, it seemed, a hundred more thoughts of the mistakes of life and lost opportunities appeared like a flash, only to intensify the horrors of that night.

Just then I noticed not far away in the clouds in the east the phenomenon that I shall attempt to describe. It was a string of bright stars, moving slowly to the north. They were shaped like the tail of a kite, hanging perpendicularly. They were connected by a bright electric wire, and were equal distances from each other. At first I thought it might be a cord from the umbrella that I was carrying, and the reflection of the electric lights on drops of water running down the cord produced the effect. I put the umbrella down but it was still there. Then I investigated the many telephone wires above in the direction of the phenomenon, thinking that perhaps somehow they had produced the stars, but no, it was far above them.

Just then the upper star let go and slid down the electric cord to the second star. There it lingered for a moment and then slid down to the third. In this manner it slid from one to the other, lingering a moment with each star until it reached the last. Finally it dropped from the string and disappeared.

The vision then revealed itself to me as follows: The stars represent you and your family. The falling star tells you you will lose one of your family



in a short time. This knowledge was as positive to me as though it had already occurred.

I hurried home, the worst condemned man you will ever know. Looking back at the string of stars, that had brought me the awful message, I saw it disappear in the direction of the home of the girl who went away a few days later.

When I reached home I hurried to the room where my wife was sleeping. She awoke, and I told her what I had seen, and that I was positive that we would lose one of the family soon. Wife was as much shocked as I was, and we were wondering which one it would be. Would it be the boy in New York, or one of the girls at home?

In a few days after this phenomenon I was watching the drillers at a well where they were drilling for oil, in the northeast corner of El Reno, when some one came to me and told me they had been looking all over town for me, that my daughter was dying. I knew that it was too true. I hurried to the bedside, but she was past speaking. She tried her best to speak to me, but in a few minutes she was in eternity.

This was Beulah. When she was about ten years old, during a revival, she begged me to be a Christian. She said, "Papa, won't you go with me?" If I could call Beulah back again, and have the same invitation only once more, I would give ten thousand worlds like this if I had them. I would say, "Yes, I'll go with you." But it's history now, and to think that I refused to go!

A PRAYER—Great God, have mercy on the man who reads this article, especially if he has children, who is not a Christian. *They may not make the harbor in safety without him.* May this simple but awful experience grip him, so that he will become a Christian father at the head of a Christian home, so that the family circle may not be broken "over there." For Jesus' sake. Amen.



Not long after the death of Beulah typhoid fever came into my home, and my youngest daughter was the victim. Reader, you can see that the real battle of life was still on at the auctioneer's home.

Anita went down close to death's door, thinking all the while that she was bound for eternity, and could not recover. Because her sister had died she was sure that she would go too. However, she prayed and asked God to spare her. No one knew that she prayed, and there was no one in the home to pray with her; she kept it all to herself. Dear reader, can you think of anything sadder?

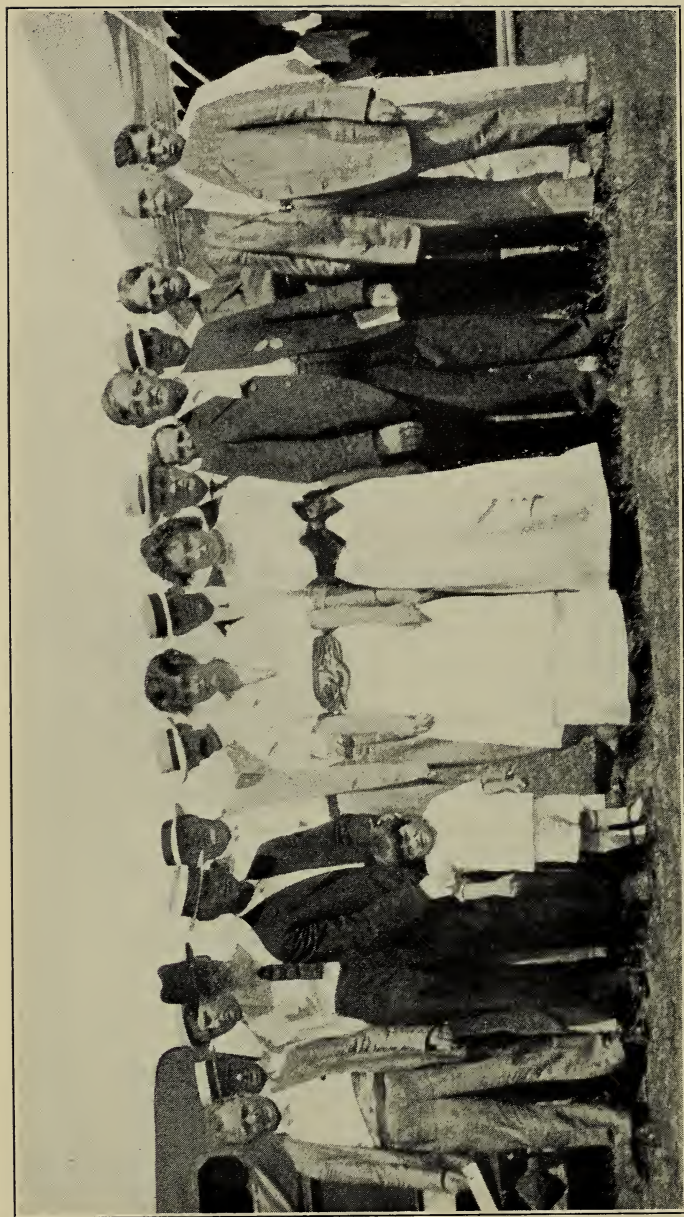
When she prayed she told the Lord that if He would spare her, she would become a Christian. She recovered, and a little later, at a revival in El Reno, she went to the altar and gave her heart to God. This was about February, 1913. Then she came to me and said, "Papa, won't you be a Christian?" I said, "Yes," and on the midnight of February 16, 1913, I surrendered my life and all to Jesus. Mother came too. No one can describe the joy in our home. The family altar is permanently established there, and we do not undertake any business whatever without first talking to the heavenly Father about it.

The writer was no doubt one of the worst tobacco chewers and smokers on earth, but on that memorable night of February, 1913, I threw it away forever, and I have never had a desire for it since.

Oh, what a difference in my life! And while I am writing this article, with my heart full of the love of God, with a sure hope of eternal life, with nearly ten years experience in His service, again I will say, Oh, what a difference from that awful night in July, 1912, when this auctioneer thought he was only a few steps from hell!

May this testimony persuade others to strike the road that leads to Glory. If this experience helps you, tell me in a letter. It would, no doubt, be a





A GREAT REVIVAL MEETING —THE ORIGINAL GOSPEL TEAM

*A wonderful meeting at Heaston, Okla., in June, 1913. Four months after conversion. At two meetings held here 170 bowed at the altar and claimed victory in Christ. The above was the El Reno Gospel Team*

help if I could use it in many of the meetings that I may conduct in the future.

That midnight when I made a complete surrender to the Lord, I promised Him that I would fix all the mistakes in life that I could. I promised to testify for Him all along the way, and as I have mentioned before, if He wants me to open a sale with prayer, I will do that, and I might add that I have opened quite a few with prayer and song. It will surprise you, no doubt, if you have never seen it done.

These final remarks are written especially for Christian auctioneers. Many times one will conduct a sale where the old folks, who were real Christians have gone over to the other side. The sons and daughters are taking their place, and in this age of fun and frolic, Sabbath desecration, speed and money, they might forget. A real prayer from a consecrated Christian auctioneer, asking God to guide him in the disposition of the offerings, asking for help and wisdom in conducting a clean sale, remembering the children and those of the family who are left to assume the duties and responsibilities, asking God to bless and guide them in the battles of life, and to hold them fast and true until there will be a reunion of the whole family in the glory world, might be a lighthouse to shew them into the harbor.

No one need tell me there is anything wrong about this kind of an opening. It is true there are many sales that could not be opened in this manner, or in prayer. A man can not commercialize religion, but it is always in order for a Christian auctioneer to slip away somewhere just before the sale and talk to the heavenly Father, asking for grace, wisdom, physical power, and a clean sale; and let the writer add here, from practical experience, I know that He will never fail you. I have had many wonderful experiences in this way, and I mean to go through on this line.

When the reader stops to think of the narrow



escape this auctioneer had, and how wonderfully God saved him, how he has blessed him in his meetings everywhere, you should not wonder at these testimonies that are sandwiched in between these different sales from cover to cover.

If you intend being an auctioneer, be a good one, and to be a good clean one, you should be a Christian. There is a premium today for clean, Christian auctioneers.

If you are a Christian auctioneer you should show your colors, and never trail the flag in the dust. The world will respect the Christian man who has the courage to keep clean. If you are going to be an auctioneer, may God bless you, and help you to be a real clean live wire.

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### HIGH LIGHT

El Reno, Okla., Nov. 13, 1922.

Nearly ten years ago I stood on Rock Island Avenue, waiting for some one, when an old friend hurried across the street to where I was standing, and said, "Jim, we want you to come out to Highland Schoolhouse, about 12 miles southwest of El Reno, and preach for us on Easter Sunday." To say that I was surprised, would not describe it. The man who came was a wicked fellow, and I feel safe in saying he was about as profane as any man could be. However, I was sure that he respected me, but I was pretty sure that they wanted me to come to Highland schoolhouse, where they usually brought their baskets well filled with good eats annually on Easter Sunday, so they could satisfy their curiosity in hearing an auctioneer preach, one who had been one of the wickedest men that ever lived in that country.

I had just finished my first meeting at Mountain View schoolhouse, where God had wonderfully blest my work in the salvation of souls. The news had



spread like wildfire, though I did not realize it at the time. I finally told my friend that I would be there on Easter Sunday and do my best. I was only a child in the service of the Lord, I might say only a few months old.

Easter Sunday came, and so did the crowd. The schoolhouse was packed and jammed. It was a very stormy day, the very day that Omaha was torn to pieces by a cyclone. The forenoon was devoted to Sunday school service; then came the dinner. No community could beat it. After the dinner all the fragments were gathered up into the baskets. It reminded me of the time when the Master fed the multitude. I had done much praying that day, for I was new in the work, but I had great faith in God; He had done such wonderful things for me, and I wanted to tell the story.

As soon as the dinner was cleared away, the house came to order and we began to sing some of the old-time songs. After the opening exercises of prayer and song, I took my position near the center of the room, where there was just a small spot for me to stand. The house was filled to its utmost capacity.

Then I began with the text, Matthew, 22d chapter, part of the 42d verse, "What think ye of Christ?" Then I asked, "What think ye of this saved auctioneer?" I will not attempt to give the message in this article, as God gave it to me, only to say that I did not need to hesitate for words. I had "Meat to eat that the world knew not of," and while the storm was raging on the outside, the window sashes were rattling, and the building was creaking, there was a "deep settled peace in my soul."

I painted the picture of a wasted life, saved at the eleventh hour. I convinced the people that I had found the Christ, and that the blood had been applied, and they were looking upon a newmade man. God touched the hearts of the people with conviction that Easter Sunday. Nearly every man and

woman, boy and girl that was in that Easter service was converted in a meeting held later, who were not Christians at the time. The profane man who had arranged the service for Easter day was wonderfully saved at the meeting, and he is a consecrated man at this writing. The meeting that followed the Easter service was about a mile east of the school-house. There I erected a tabernacle and a two-weeks meeting was on.

God marvelously blessed the meeting. About 105 prayed through in the old-fashioned way. A great many of them are now on the other side. One old gentleman came down the center aisle late in the evening, when the altar was full of men and women, boys and girls. There was crying and shouting in the camp. It was so crowded around the altar that the man found no place to kneel, and was returning to his seat. I lost no time in getting to him, and with my arm around him we found a place at the altar. A few days later his wife said he prayed through, then in a short time God took him home. Now when I pass the old cemetery where he was laid until Jesus comes, and remember the night I brought him back to the altar, I say, "Glory to God. Amen, amen!"

Dear reader, if I could only tell you so that you could understand the wonderful joy I find in bringing in the sheaves! The harvest is white and the grain is falling down, and the world is starving for the old kind of religion, like Daniel had, like the saints of all ages and the martyrs had, like mother had.

Dear reader, can you get a vision from this simple story in the service of the Master? If you are studying this book to become an auctioneer, or if you are an auctioneer of practical experience, I beg of you to give God the right of way, and you can become one of the most useful men in all your territory. If I had failed to go to Highlaand schoolhouse that

stormy Easter Sunday, what a different story might have been written! But I am glad I went. Amen!

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*Ladies and Gentlemen:*

There is always something new under the sun, for we are living in an age of real modern civilization, and in a day of surprises, so you may expect new and wonderful things to occur, or the unexpected to happen at any time. This is an age of speed and money, and the man who stands folding his arms, waiting for opportunities to come and visit with him, will not only be disappointed, but relegated to the rear.

An organization or a corporation, or any business that won't stand pushing, at this age, has outlived its usefulness, if it ever had any. I sometimes think we forget that the biggest thing we can do is to help somebody, some neighbor, some church, some town, or some organization with which we are associated.

Again, if we should be so unfortunate as to be tied to an enterprise that we must handle with gloves, we are in the wrong business, and had better get out of it and find something that will make the world better.

This is an age of live wires, but in our hurry to outdo all competition we dare not forget that what this generation needs more than ever is *clean, honest, reliable, upright, holy, Christian* men and women. It makes me feel sad to know that the demand is much greater than the supply. It is a battle royal between the corporations to secure the *good ones*, whom they can depend upon in the handling of their money and their merchandise.

I said we are living in an age of modern civilization, and I would like to add, in the most dangerous age we have ever known. The word modern is prominent in many places today where it certainly has no business. I don't think we should say modern civilization, for instance, when we speak of these

outrageous styles of woman's dress and bob-cat hair cuts. They may be modern, but they certainly are not civilization. Neither are these new-fangled dances of squirming and nakedness. No, no! It is from the pit. When we see that the whole nation carried away with this modern dance craze, in high places, even teaching it in the public schools to our boys and girls, on whom rests the destiny of our nation and the church, then God Almighty is almost ready to destroy this nation. I have arrived at the conclusion that we are living in the days spoken of in the Bible as like those of the days of Noah.

I see Daniel praying at the window, with his face turned toward Jerusalem. *This is old-time religion.* I see Jacob wrestling all night with the angel until he was blessed. *This is old-time religion.* I see Abraham with altars everywhere he lived. *This is old-time religion,* and God prospered him. I see Lot as he pitched his tent toward Sodom. He lost his family and barely escaped in poverty, and a tramp. *He was modern.* I see Moses coming down from the mount, his face shining with the glory of God. *This is old-time religion.* I see Hezekiah as he turned his face to the wall and talked with God. *This is old-time religion.*

You will notice that where old-time religion prevails God is well pleased. It has always been so, it could not be otherwise. New, modern religions are not supernatural, and they confuse and compromise to suit the fantastic demands of worldly people. Modern religion and modern times are the Devil's camp ground. No one escapes real battles in active life. The problems of the world can only be solved through the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. There is no other way.

It is low down cowardice for any man to criticize the old-time religion by picking out some weak sister or brother who has failed to live up to his or her opportunities.



The best and most successful auction sales are in Christian territories. There you will always find the best securities and the most satisfactory sales. The most unsatisfactory sales are in territory where the church of the living God has lost its savor, where Russellism, Socialism, or any modern ism predominates. The writer has been there many times, and is writing from practical experience, which is a good teacher.

This talk is sandwiched in this book of descriptive sales to help keep the reader's eyes on the supernatural, so that when he has conducted his last auction sale, or transacted his last business in active life, the coast may be clear for a safe landing in the Glory Land. This talk could, with a little changing be used on many occasions.

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## HIGH LIGHTS

*"Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live" (2 Kings 20:1).*

Good order is the foundation of every home. If this message had been delivered to me ten years ago, this auctioneer would have been lost through all eternity. (Think of it, reader!)

The auction profession has always been a fascinating one to me. Now, since I have given my heart to the Lord, and set my house in order, opportunities to help others come without number. It is the greatest work on earth. Does it interfere with the auction business? Let us see. One day at an important dairy sale of Jersey cows and fine stock, the owner said to me, "My wife has left me and the babies to fight the battles of life alone. She has gone home to the Glory Land. Those dreadful diseases, flu and pneumonia did the work. I wonder if it is possible for me to continue without her? I must care for these babies.



Then he looked me square in the face and asked, "Won't you please open this sale with prayer?" And without hesitating a moment I said, "Why, certainly, yes."

There was a great crowd there and it was a beautiful day. When the hour of lunch arrived I called the crowd together and told them why this man was having the sale. Then I asked them to bow their heads while I would pray. I do not remember that God ever helped me more in prayer than He did that day. After I had prayed a few moments an amen rang out loud and powerful. It was a missionary from Africa who happened to be there that day with friends. After the sale he said to me, "I knew that you had gotten hold of God." Well, it was true that I had an experimental knowledge of His presence.

It was a great day, and a good sale, and will always be fresh in the memories of those who were there.

"Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die, and not live." Dear reader, do you think the real old-time religion that Daniel had would interfere with any legitimate business?

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## HIGH LIGHTS

*"Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved,  
what manner of persons ought you to be?  
(2 Peter 3:11)*

This message is an indication that this world is not our future abiding place. The great pendulum of time swings on. It has been in motion ever since God touched it. Some day He will touch it again. Look out! Look out! Time to you is only the duration of your life. Time is not your own, it belongs to God, to religion, and mankind.

You have no time. 1st, It belongs to God because everything we have is His, this old world, and this house we live in, are His; and the plan of salvation. 2d, It belongs to religion, for this old world could not stand without it. 3d, It belongs to mankind because man is saved through the instrumentality of man.

"Seeing then, that all these things shall be dissolved, what manner of auctioneer should you be?"

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## GOSPEL TEAM WORK

There are several hundred auctioneers in Oklahoma. If they were all consecrated Christians, in the service of the Master, and captains of strong gospel teams, ready to go and do for the Master, holding meetings every Sunday at the schoolhouses in Oklahoma, where services are not held today, as well as in every state in the Union, it would mean more than 1,000,000 conversions in America every year. Then auctioneers would clean up forevermore, and the profession would come to her own again. Why not?

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## 2 TIMOTHY 4:7

*"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."*

In the introduction of this book I carefully mention that there is more significance in the writing of this book than the reader would at first think. Then I mention in definite language that, at a certain place, on a certain date, at midnight, I became a Christian. More than that, I would like to fix up all the mistakes of the past. If possible, I would adjust all disputed accounts, no matter when or where they were con-

tracted. In other words, I would come clean, and clear the deck for action, that God might have the right of way in this auctioneer's heart.

If the reader will just think of the thirty-two years of actual service in the auction business, twenty-two of them without Christ, reaching the age of fifty-eight years, almost three score, a sinner; serving the Devil more than half a century; and again, think that only one-fifth of one per cent of men and women who reach the age of 55 to 60, who have spent a life in sin, are ever saved; what does it mean? It means that just one in 500 of them ever reach the golden shore, and the rest are lost through all eternity!

Could Christ save them? Sure He could, but the man or woman who has lived fifty-eight or sixty years in the service of the Devil is so thoroughly fixed in prejudice, and no doubt has established a religion of his own, and has long since reached the danger line, where conscience is asleep, and if he should stop for a moment and take a retrospective view of the past, he will see so many mistakes, that *he knows must be adjusted*. It may be theft, or it may be murder. He may have to go thousands of miles to fix them. He may have mistreated a brother, a sister, mother, father. He may have hatred in his heart, and the lust of the flesh may predominate. He is steeped in sin, and such a slave to it, that all the enemy of the soul has to do to confuse him is to paint a panoramic view of the magnified mistakes of his life, flash it before him whenever he would dare to entertain even a good thought.

After he has reached the age of fifty-eight without Christ the chances are against him, and the Devil knows it. The Devil knows also that if this man should find his way to Jesus and touch the hem of His garment, the blood would be applied, and, like this saved auctioneer who is writing this message, he would be gloriously saved. But the Devil is on the alert and using every precaution in his clever decep-

tions, knowing that if he can hold him a little while longer, the old-time sinner will soon be off his bearing, and down the stream he goes, bewildered, rushing pell-mell into hell.

I was just a step from hell. It was my last move. Thank God that I moved in the right direction. Oh, reader, if I could tell you the story of my conversion, so that you could realize the wonderful joy and the satisfying peace that comes to those who love the Lord—but it can't be told; no language can describe it. I can only say that it is a foretaste of the Glory Land, and I know "I'll understand it better by and by."

I am just sixty-eight years and thirty days old as I am writing this part of this message, which will be the final one of this book. I am determined, by the grace of God, that this last message to the reader, whether a student auctioneer, or an old-timer on the block, or some other candidate for eternity, will be a high light that will write the title of this book indelibly on the hearts and mind of its readers, as "High Lights on Auctioneering."

I am determined to witness for the Master, whether in writing or selling, preaching or testifying, and when I have passed over to the other side, rest assured that, by the grace of God, I can say, "I have fought a good fight."

To be a successful auctioneer, clean, always reliable, an authority on real estate, merchandise, live stock, or any other line you make a specialty of, is a real profession worth while, and will command the greatest respect of the best citizens of any country.

Again, the auctioneer who takes the clean road, and lives a consecrated Christian life, can be the most useful citizen in any community. What a premium on real men today, who do not deal in vulgarity profanity, cigarettes, and deception. It is a great pleasure to me to have the man and his wife and daughters and small children follow me clean through a stock



sale. For nearly ten years, at this writing, I have tried to live so close to God that if some accident should occur during a sale, or on the way coming or going, and this auctioneer should meet death, all would be well, and if I was conscious at the last moment I could sing:

Oh, come, angel band,  
Come and around me stand,  
Oh, bear me away on your snowy wings  
To my immortal home.

I just mentioned that a consecrated Christian auctioneer could be the most useful citizen in any community. Let us see how that can be. I reach the sale ground and find a large crowd from all parts of the surrounding country and I am personally acquainted with the majority of them, men, women and children. I first meet some man about forty years of age, who was converted at a meeting that I conducted two years before. I take him by the hand, and ask him, "Well, John, are you still keeping up the family worship?" Possibly he will say, "No, Colonel, I am sorry to say we are not." Then I usually quietly ask God to give me a message of encouragement for the man.

Then I may begin, looking him square in the face, as follows: "What in the world will your children do if you fail them, in these days of Sabbath desecration, false doctrines, speed and money, frolic and fun? What a battle for your wife! May God help you. Won't you promise me before I leave that the family altar will be re-established again tonight?" And finally I can see that God is answering prayer, the Spirit is doing its work, and he straightens up like a real soldier and answers, "Yes, Colonel, I'll put her back tonight." And then I can only say, as I hold his hand tight, "God bless you. Tell your little girls and your only boy and faithful wife this evening when I talk to God to thank Him for the blessings of



the day I'll ask Him to give you a double portion of grace. I'll put you down on my prayer list, and I want you and your family to pray for me." Then I step away, shaking hands right and left until another opportunity presents itself.

This time it is an older man, who has become skeptical of Christianity and the Bible. He has seen fifty years or more. Again I pray and ask God for wisdom (quietly, while he is talking), and when the opportunity presents itself, I talk to a man who never knew God. I never argue religion. I tell him how I was saved at fifty-eight years of age; of Jesus and His wonderful love; how He has kept me; how I talk to Him almost continually; my hope of eternal life. Then I tell him that I will pray for him, and often tell him that if he ever hears that this auctioneer has dropped dead or gone suddenly, be sure to tell his friends and know that I have gone (then I point straight up with my index finger) to the Glory Land.

A moment later I may be talking with a saint, and together we testify for the Master. Oh, what a feast to be associated occasionally with His saints who have been in the service of the King for a half century or more!

Then another, and another, I meet, all different subjects. Some who are lukewarm, some backsliders, but the majority are frivolous, careless, too busy with the world and its attractions, drifting with the tide. Then the unfinished business in the Master's service seems to crowd me, and I am burdened for the whole multitude. Then I often pray, "Oh, Lord, if I could only turn this sale into a revival!"

Understand, dear reader, I don't commercialize religion. I do all these things as the Holy Spirit dictates them to me, and God blesses them. He will do the same for you if you will give God the right of way in your heart. Oh, what wonderful opportunities for Christian auctioneers, eternity alone can tell. I shall continue by His grace, faithful and true. Again I

will be able to say with Paul, in that day, "I have finished my course."

As I come to the close of this book many thoughts crowd into my mind and heart, and I wonder whether I have done my best for the student auctioneer who will read these lessons on auctioneering and profit by them, as I am sure I could have done thirty-two years ago.

When I was a boy I learned the trade of painting. I served nearly five years to learn it well. When I finished or served my time I could mix any color or shade that any one could suggest. I understood the harmony of colors. I understood the nature of the different varnishes. I had learned the lesson of cleanliness, so that I could go into any home and decorate it without a streak or spot. I was a real mechanic. I had gone through and learned the trade. Again, I would like to say, it was not all roses. There were hardships and little money, but the boy who stuck to the job through thick and thin, always won.

Just so it will be in the auction profession. I was just talking about a trade, and a mechanic. Now I am talking about a profession, and I want to caution the young auctioneer, and I am certain it will benefit some of the old-timers too, especially those who indulge in vulgarity and profanity. People today want the man who can get the high dollar, the man who keeps abreast of the times, and to be anything more than a scrub auctioneer you must learn in detail the values, blood lines and complete pedigrees, individualities, and the profits they can return on the investments.

Never destroy the confidence of the people by running up bids on them. You may turn it into a joke to cover up your tracks, but by and by the joke will be turned on you, and some one else will have a strong foothold in your territory while you are slipping.

Auctioneers are the most envious people in the world, and as a rule they will magnify, more or less,

every animal that steps into the sale ring. For instance, here comes a fine looking Jersey cow into the sale ring. The proprietor says she is a choice milker and gives five gallons of very rich milk, just what every dairy man wants, and everybody else who appreciates a good milker. Now the auctioneer has the ambition of all auctioneers—to sell her as high as possible—and so here he goes as follows:

“Here we have an extra choice milker, a real dairy cow. I don’t know what you will pay for her, but I do know she ought to sell for \$150. She is a perfect picture of a dairy cow, four good teats, an easy milker, and gives five gallons of milk a day; and see,” as he pets her, “she is as gentle as a lamb.”

The cow sells for \$130, a real high price, to some widow who lives in town, expecting to sell milk from her to the neighbors to bring in some revenue to help make ends meet in the high cost of living. The beautiful Jersey cow pans out to be a hard milker, and a real kicker and breachy, so it would be almost impossible to hold her in any pasture.

Has the auctioneer given the lady a square deal? Will it profit the auctioneer in the aggregate? Any live wire auctioneer, or any auctioneer with horse sense, can spot those fellows who have sales and try to unload their undesirables on the public. The farmer said he was selling this good cow because he had too many. That was his excuse. But an excuse is a lie, and the auctioneer helped to round it out.

Reader, don’t you do it. How would this sound? When the cow walks into the ring call the proprietor to the front and ask loudly, “Please tell the people about this cow.” Then when he says she is a rich milker and gives five gallons of milk a day, you ask him if he guarantees her first class in every way, and if he says he will, probably he will have a cow on his hands, the auctioneer will be clean and entitled to his commission, and the widow will still have her \$130.

There is no excuse whatever for an auctioneer to

be party to a crooked deal. "Be sure you sins will find you out." If you take the position of a square deal, and always hold it, you will lose a sale occasionally, because they have your measure, and they can't use you, but you will get two where you lose one.

See how old-time religion shines in such places. In our family worship in the morning on our knees as follows: "Dear Lord, you know just what we need today. We don't know. You said, 'Ask anything, and we shall receive it.' We thank you for this sale. Bless the man and his family for whom we sell today. Forbid that we should be party to any unclean deal. Forbid that we should bring reproach on your cause. Give us a splendid sale, may our influence be irresistible in thy service. Lord, we love thee more than ever. Hold us fast, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

That is my established system today. How can you beat it? I know that it can't be done. That is what I call *Safety First*.

Again, I just mentioned learning a trade. The auctioneer who would grow and be up-to-date must be a student, and have something new at every sale. I have such faith in prayer that I am sure God will bless this book from cover to cover.

It can do no harm to just touch on the financing of this book. To show the reader how God takes care of His own, and how He can take care of you. I have mentioned elsewhere about going into evangelistic work in 1923, but I have accounts that must be settled before I can go, so I told our heavenly Father about it and asked Him to open the way that it might come to pass. One day after I had prayed it out, I had the evidence that God would finance the publication of the book, but not in the town where I lived. So, when the time came for me to go, I was off on the mission to learn more about how it would be done. Suffice to say, I found a man who was deeply interested in this auctioneer, in fact he was a warm friend when I first enlisted in the service of the King, and





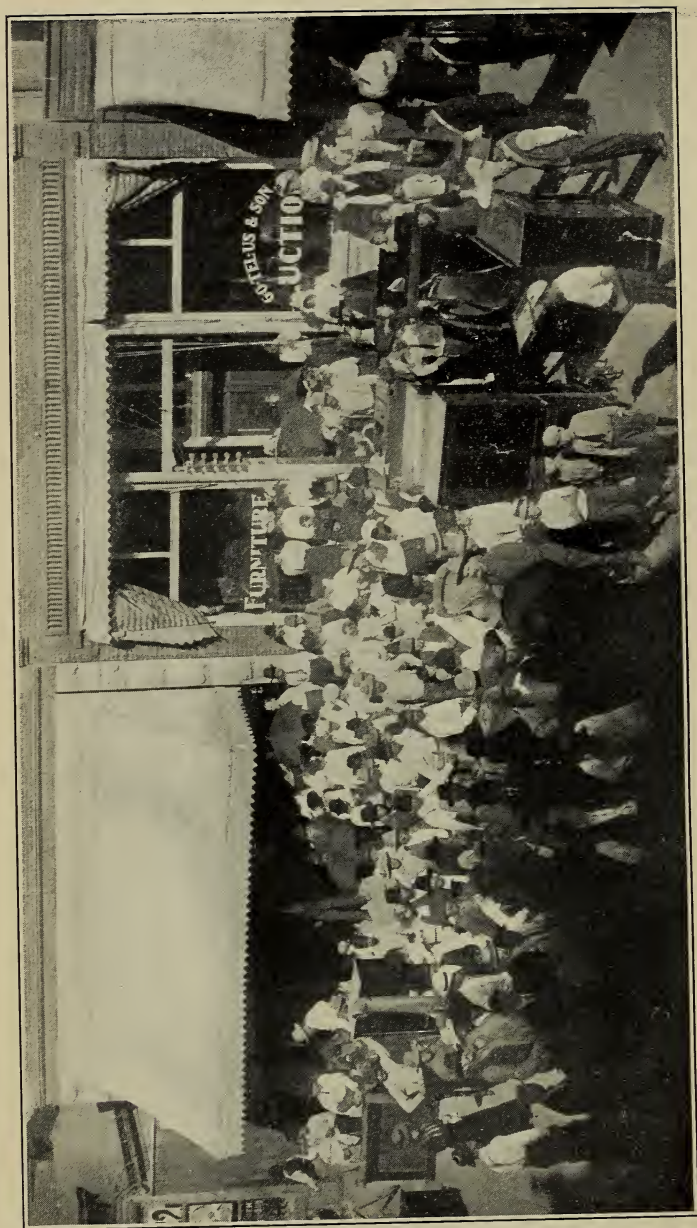
TO MY SAINTED MOTHER, ELIZABETH GUTELIUS  
NOW IN THE GLORY LAND

*Mother, I heard you sing and pray for me, long, long ago.  
Those tears of joy, sometimes sorrow, I saw them flow.  
Mother, they were not in vain, for I see them still,  
Sparkling like dewdrops of heaven, in the Master's will.  
Mother, I understand it better now, they have shown me the way,  
Now I'm singing "the old, old story," I'll meet you in the morn-  
ing, mother, some day.*









A FURNITURE SALE

*One of the Saturday auction sales on a hot day in El Reno, Okla.*

has been close to me ever since. I told him my mission, and plans for the future. He showed great faith in the book enterprise, and the saved auctioneer, so much so that with a few of his suggestions, I was practically in possession of \$300 an hour later. I came to town several times and in a short time I was in possession of eight \$100 checks, and four \$50 checks, making a total of \$1,000, the required amount.

This may sound strange to those who are not acquainted with God, who have never tasted of His wonderful love, but, praise the Lord, it is not strange to me. I just took Him at His word. I know when He commands us to go and do, He will be so close that, if you have the faith, you can feel His presence all the way, a present help in time of need. I am sure that, by His grace, I shall be able to say with Paul, in that day, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.

Dear reader, you might have a part in the great revivals, that would mean many stars in your crown of rejoicing, if you will become a real *consecrated* Christian, entirely sanctified; so that God can depend on you. When you reach that point, rest assured, God will have plenty for you to do. Then write me and tell me your experience as a Christian auctioneer, and I will tell the story in meetings somewhere, it may be thousands of miles from where you live, and you will be surprised when you get to heaven, to see them coming to you to tell you that your testimony that you sent to me led them to Jesus.

I have a great interest in the auctioneers who shall purchase this book, that you may be rewarded in a thousand ways for this investment. I want you to be a high class auctioneer. Always familiarize yourself with everything that you have to sell at each sale. Often at farm sales the farmer leaves everything scattered all over the place, and then you run the buyers crazy trying to find them on sale day.

If you think you know it all, and go to sales and tell stories and visit until time to begin the sale, rest assured that you will be an easy mark for the first live wire auctioneer who comes along looking for a new territory. Poor sales will occur occasionally, circumstances will be against you; you may not be able to avoid it, but be sure that you do your best in arranging things. Help the man you are selling for. You are always getting good money. Remember, a poor sale is always damaging to the auctioneer, and you can not afford to have a bad one. If it looks bad on the face of it, better let some other fellow secure it. I have done that many times.

A word to the student auctioneer, especially to young men: There is an old saying, "Every dog has his day." You must expect to get bumped some time. You have yours coming, but as it has always been, it is the man who never says die till he's dead that wins.

In teaching the auction school, I found that some of the most promising graduates, who came out of the school with flying colors, faded away when they came up against the real thing. Others, whom the students laughed at as a joke, kept on, and on, and I receive letters from them occasionally. Business is picking up, and the laughs are gone.

Young man, young woman, there is a hill to climb, and it takes a real man or woman to climb it, and be an acceptable, satisfactory auctioneer. It always takes a real man and a real woman to be anything worth while. It takes a real man and a real woman to be a Christian.

May God bless the readers of this book, and may all find a safe landing in "the sweet by and by."



## IN CONCLUSION

The writer has prayed over every word in this book, and has faith that God will bless the sale of the same. Many articles that were written for it have been thrown out.

One-tenth of all net profits derived from the sale of the book goes directly into the Lord's work.

Some time in May, or before, the writer will step out into evangelistic work, saying good-by to the profession of auctioneering. I have been in the service of the Lord ten years on the 16th of February, 1923.

The profits derived from this book will go to pay all back accounts, and when the deck is clear for action this will be the shoutingest auctioneer in the world. You may never have heard that word before, but it is the only one I can find that fits the occasion, and it sounds good to me, so let it stand. Hallelujah! Praise His holy name forever!

When the book is completed business will begin to pick up around here. By the grace of God I will do my best. God has done wonderful things for me in the way of helping me in the writing and financing of this book, preparatory to the coming campaigns.

I shall always pray for the coming auctioneers, as well as the old-timers. What golden opportunities!

"Shall we gather at the river?"

## A UNIQUE AD. FOR FURNITURE STORE

*It Was Appreciated by the General Public and  
Brought the Response*

## ARRESTED ON THE BRIDGE

Isaac Shoemaker, who lives in Caddo County, was arrested while driving across the South Canadian River bridge this morning.

His horses were galloping at full speed. Isaac was standing on the seat and yelling like a wild man, "Go-Get-'Em, Go-Tel-'Em, Go-Eat-'Em," when the officers snatched him off of the seat and stopped the team, and told him he was under arrest.

They informed him that there was a \$25.00 fine for riding or driving across this bridge faster than a walk.

Isaac turned pale and gave an expression of disappointment that would make a channel cat ashamed of himself, and exclaimed, "Bridge or no bridge, my wife spent all day in El Reno yesterday trying to buy furniture. She said she read the sworn statements on prices. She read all kinds of advertisements and found it almost impossible to break away. On her way home she met a friend, who put her wise and told her that she had missed the Bargain House.

"She gave me this \$25.00 that I hold in my hand—and let me inform you right now, I'll never pay it for the bridge drive. She said she would give me only three hours to make the trip—and I'll do it, or burst a hame string."

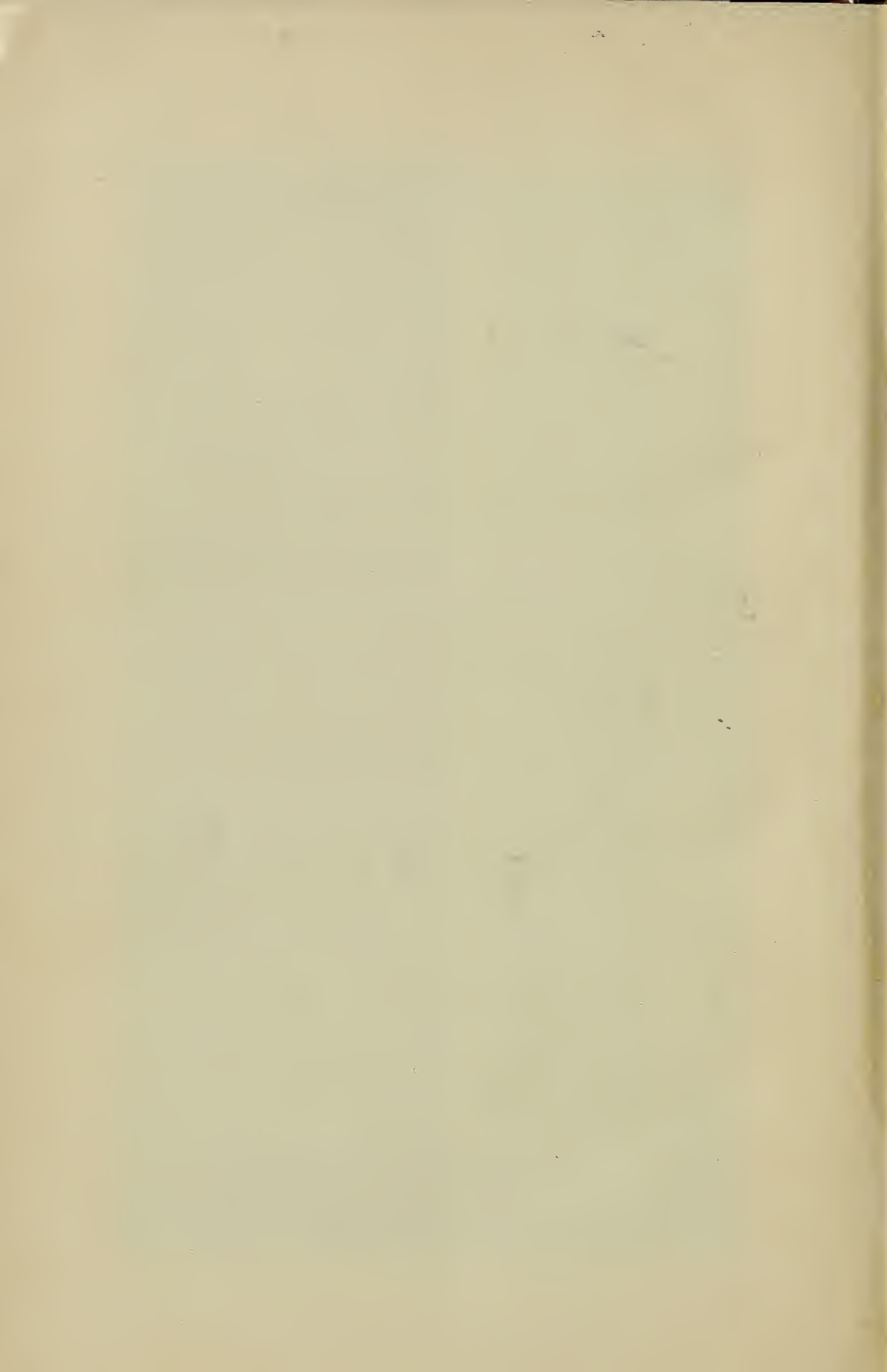
The officers turned him loose and he was off like a flash for El Reno. From the great cloud of dust, resembling a young cyclone, that hung on his trail you could hear these words until lost in the distance, "Go-Tel-Him, Go-Get-'Em, Go-See-Him, Go-Tel-Us."

*He made good.* On schedule time he returned across the bridge, wearing a smile that would cure any disease, with the biggest load of furniture for \$25.00 that ever happened out of El Reno.

Where did he get it? Where the least cash will buy the most furniture—of Gutelius & Son, opposite Tinkelpaugh's—where they *eat 'em alive* on low prices. See?



JUST BEFORE THE WAR  
*Some of the boys wanted the picture of the front of the School*



## J. P. GUTELIUS

BETTER KNOWN AS  
GO-TEL-USLive Stock and Real Estate  
AUCTIONEER

Ex-President of the International Association of Auctioneers

Ex-President of Oklahoma Association of Auctioneers

OFFICE-209 SOUTH BICKFORD AVENUE

DATE THIS



Experience the Only Teacher

In conducting Sales for many years, and all that time improving my spare moments in studying values and quality as well as individuality, at the same time never losing sight of the Great Study of Human Nature, I have now reached the point in active life and practical experience, that I love to stand on the Block, where my reputation as an auctioneer runs parallel with my offerings.

My experience and success has been so WONDERFUL that I can safely say to all parties, everywhere: "I AM A MONEY GETTER."

I EAT 'EM UP  
ALIVE

EL RENO, OKLAHOMA.

March-28<sup>th</sup> 1922

To The Reader:  
The Letter Heads, AND  
THE MODES OF ADVERTISING,  
USUALLY serve AS A Thermometer  
so you can get the Temperature of  
ANY AUCTIONEER, AND KNOW WHETHER  
he IS A LIVE WIRE OR A DEAD  
ONE. The writer secured  
MANY IMPORTANT SALES WITH JUST  
ONE LETTER IN CORRESPONDENCE  
THIS LETTER HEAD IS ONE  
of MANY STYLES WE USED IN OUR  
32 YEARS EXPERIENCE  
A FINE CUT OF THE AUCTIONEER  
ON AN AUCTION SALE, OR ANY GOOD  
PICTURE, PERTAINING TO AUCTIONEERING  
IS ALWAYS IN ORDER, AND PUTS LIFE  
INTO THE LETTER OR SALE BILLS  
AN AUCTIONEER should be  
IN EVIDENCE IN ALL PUBLIC  
ENTERPRISES, IN THE COMMUNITY IN  
WHICH he LIVES, BUT NEVER A  
BUT-IN-SKY  
J.P.G.



PRESIDENT'S OFFICE  
International.  
**Association of Auctioneers**  
 1912 AND 1913  
**Oklahoma Association of Auctioneers**

International Association Organized August 22, 1904  
 Membership Fee of International, \$5; Annual Dues, \$2.50  
 Membership Fee, Oklahoma Association, \$2.50; Annual Dues, \$1.

Next International Convention will be held at Peoria, Illinois, first Monday and Tuesday in June, 1908



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EL RENO, OKLAHOMA, APRIL-12-22-

TO THE READER,  
 ANYWHERE -

—DEAR SIR:—

WHEN A CORPORATION,  
 MANUFACTURER, OR ANY BUSINESS MAN  
 WRITES TO YOU FOR INFORMATION, OR FOR  
 YOUR SERVICE, HE WANTS YOU TO TELL IT  
 ALL IN THE FIRST LETTER, IF POSSIBLE.  
 HE DON'T DESIRE TO OPEN A CORRESPONDENCE  
 IN THIS AGE OF SPEED AND MONEY.  
 EFFICIENCY, AND QUICK SERVICE.

ARE THE KEY NOTES.—

THERE'S A PREMIUM FOR ACTIVE,  
 MODERN, LIVE WIRES IN THE BUSINESS WORLD  
 TO-DAY.

IF A MAN NEEDS A REAL AUCTIONEER  
 TO TAKE CARE OF AN IMPORTANT SALE,  
 IT IS CERTAINLY COMPLIMENTARY TO YOU WHEN  
 HE WRITES FOR INFORMATION OR HELP, AND  
 ITS UP TO YOU TO GIVE HIM SUCH INFORMATION  
 RIGHT OFF THE REEL, AND IF YOUR LETTER-HEAD  
 SPARKLES WITH EVIDENCE OF YOUR PRACTICAL  
 KNOWLEDGE IN THE PROFESSION, HE WILL  
 LOOK NO FARTHER, AND SEEK NO OTHER, AND  
 YOU WIN.—

Yours.

J. P. G.

This is the first farm sale the writer ever conducted, thirty-two years ago in December. He had the desire to be an auctioneer, but we are *now* sure that he made no hit that day. It was an awfully poor mess of stuff to sell, and nobody wanted it. Like the lightning bug, we did not light there very soon again. WARNING: No student should tackle a poor mess on his first sale.

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# Public Sale!

---

We will sell at public sale at our residence 2 1-2 miles north of Burr Oak, on

## FRIDAY, DEC. 12, 1890,

Beginning at 10 o'clock a.m., all of the following property, to-wit:

span of Brown Mares, 3 and 4 years old.  
 „ Bay Geldings, 5 and 7 „  
 „ Brood Mares, 10 and 11 „  
 „ Gray Geldings, 6 and 11 „  
 one Pony, one Colt and one Cow. Also five  
 sets of Heavy Harnes, one set of Buggy Har-  
 ness, two Farm Wagons, one single seat Top  
 Buggy, two Cultivators, a lister harrow, corn  
 in crib, and about 900 shocks of fodder.

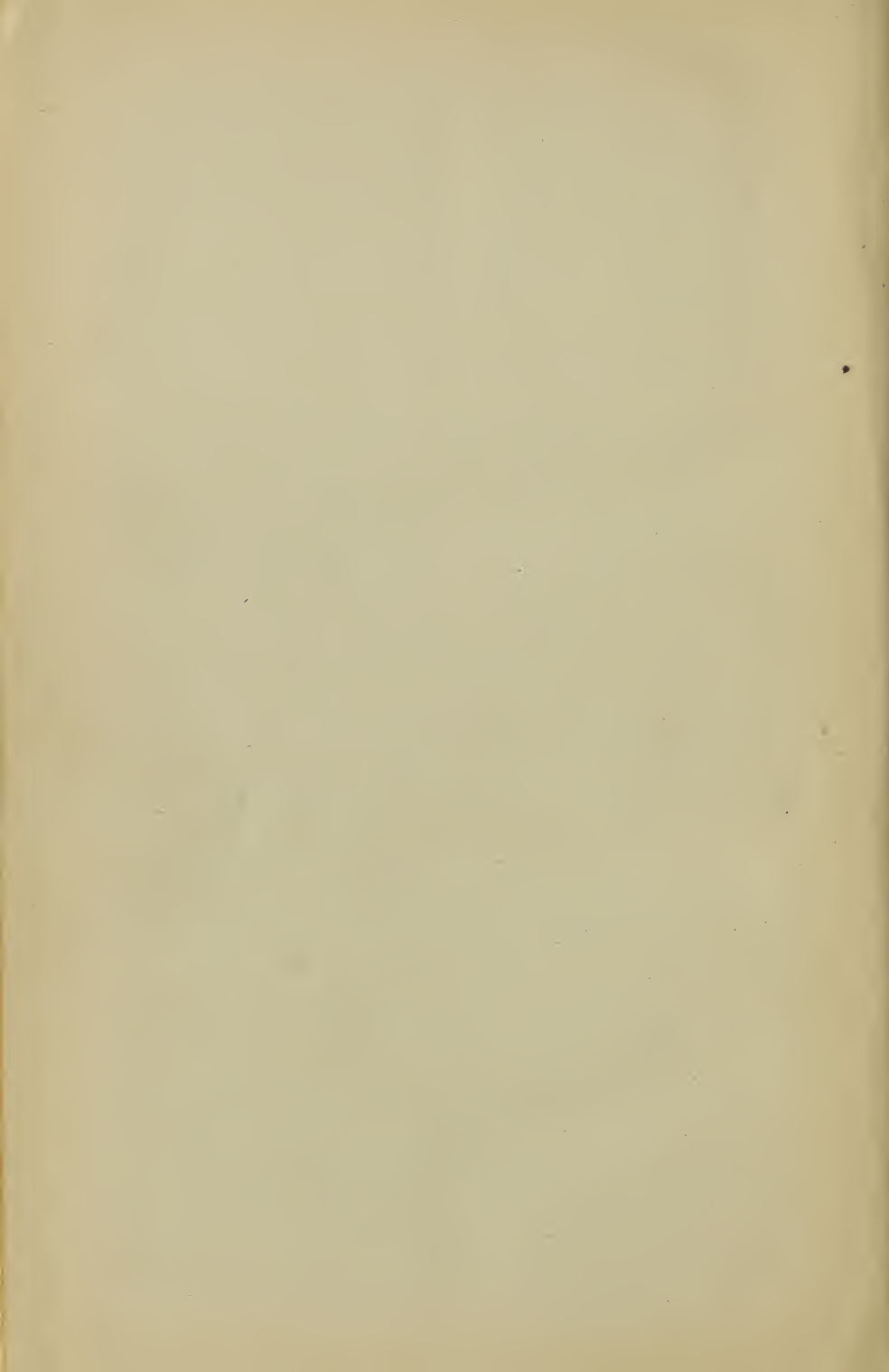
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**TERMS** - A credit of 12 months time, on approved security, 10 per cent interest from date, will be given. 10 per cent discount for cash. Sums \$5 and under, cash in hand. No property to be removed until terms of sale are complied with.

E. S. & J. B. ELDER, Prop's.  
 J. P. GUTELIUS, Auctioneer.



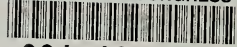








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